

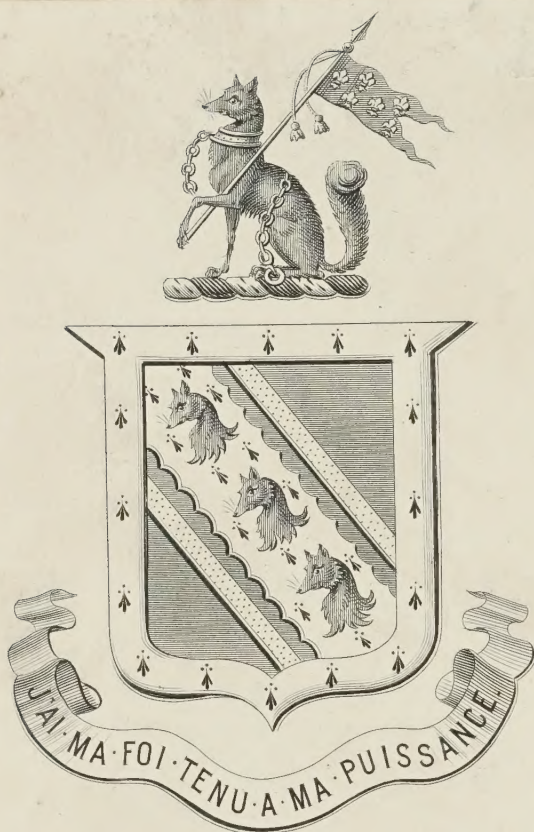
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*Francis Frederick Fox.*



THE  
JACOBITE RELICS  
OF  
*Scotland.*









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*Prince Charles Edward Stuart.*

*Engraved by M<sup>r</sup>. J. Freeman.  
from the Celebrated Portrait by Le Tocquet,  
painted at Paris in 1748.*



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THE  
JACOBITE RELICS  
OF  
**Scotland;**  
BEING THE  
*SONGS, AIRS, AND LEGENDS*  
OF THE  
**Adherents to the House of Stuart.**

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
JAMES HOGG,  
AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S WAKE." &c., &c.

[Vol. 1]

*Reprinted from the Original Edition.*

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TO THE  
MOST NOBLE AND HONOURABLE  
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS  
OF THE  
HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.

---

To the sons of the men who ne'er flinched from their faith,  
But stood for their sovereign to ruin and death,  
These songs I consign, as memorials that tell  
Of the poets that sung, and the heroes that fell,  
Whom interest ne'er moved their true king to betray,  
Whom threat'ning ne'er daunted, nor power could dismay ;  
They stood to the last, and, when standing was o'er,  
All sullen and silent they dropped the claymore,  
And yielded, indignant, their necks to the blow,  
Their homes to the flame, and their lands to the foe.

Then flowed the wild strains to the rock and the wood,  
Of the fall of the mighty, the Royal, and good ;  
So plaintive and sweet, all were moved by the tone,  
From the child of the cot to the prince on the throne :  
The fates of the heroes they learned to deplore,  
For our rocks never echoed such wailings before.  
These strains, which a Shepherd has travailed to save,  
With joy he consigns to the sons of the brave :  
He loved them when fancy was ardent and young,  
Even then of the clans of the Highlands he sung ;\*

\* The Editor's first song was *Donald Macdonald*.



And oft has he journeyed the dwellings to view,  
And the graves of the heroes so gallant and true :  
Yes, oft o'er their mountains, unnoted, unknown,  
All weary and barefoot, he wandered alone ;  
For his Whiggish heart, with its Covenant tie,  
Was knit to the Highlands, he could not tell why—  
Was knit to the cause they espoused to their cost,  
And grieved that the name of the STUART was lost !

Then blest be the hands that have pointed the way  
To rescue these relics from utter decay !  
On the brink of oblivion all trembling they hung,  
To die with the names of the loyal that sung ;  
And wild though they be to the ear and the eye,  
They still are the carols of ages gone by,  
The strains of our country, unshackled and strong,  
The lays of the land of proud honour and song.

When kings were degraded, to ruffians a prey,  
Or driven from the thrones of their fathers away,  
Who then could sit silent ? Alas for the while,  
That now there are myriads, the worst of the vile,  
Whose highest ambition is bent to defame  
All greatness and sovereignty, order and name !  
But whether in high or in humble degree,  
My country, such spirit dishonours not thee !

Ah ! woe to the nation, its honours fall low,  
When mendicant meddlers dare Majesty brow,  
And turn up the snout of derision and scorn  
At those who to honour or titles are born !  
All beggarly power is the bane of mankind :  
“ It leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.”

And now, Noble Highlanders, sons of the North.  
That land of blue mountains, and birth-place of worth,  
These strains that were chanted o'er many a wild heath,  
These strains of your fathers, to you I bequeath ;  
And with them this blessing, the best that I may :  
O, long be you loyal and gallant as they !



## INTRODUCTION.

---

It has always been admitted that our Jacobite songs and tunes are the best that the country ever produced. The apophthegm is so well established in popular opinion, that it is never controverted, and has become in a manner proverbial ; yet to this day scarcely any attempt has been made to collect these together, and give them to the public in their original spirit and simplicity. Ritson gave a few of them, with the melodies. Cromeek added a number of beautiful ones to the list ; and though some of these are evidently of modern manufacture, yet have they been copied with avidity into many subsequent collections ; such is their influence over the mind, and such a charm do they possess above song composed on light or imaginary evils.

When we calculate on the thousands of volumes of songs and ballads that have been published in every size and form imaginable, it appears not a little extraordinary that the attempts at collecting those party songs should have been so feeble, especially if it is considered what an animated picture they give of the battles and times to which they allude. They actually form a delightful though rude epitome of the history of our country during a period highly eventful, when every internal movement was decisive toward the establishment of the rights and liberties which we have since enjoyed ; and they likewise furnish us with a key



to the annals of many ancient and noble families, who were either involved in ruin by the share they had in these commotions, or rose on that ruin in consequence of the support they afforded to the side that prevailed.

These songs are, moreover, a species of composition entirely by themselves. They have no affinity with our ancient ballads of heroism and romance; and one part of them far less with the mellow strains of our pastoral and lyric muses. Their general character is that of a rude energetic humour, that bids defiance to all opposition, in arms, sentiments, or rules of song-writing. They are the unmasked effusions of a bold and primitive race, who hated and despised the overturning innovations that prevailed in Church and State, and held the abettors of these as dogs, or something worse—drudges in the lowest and foulest paths of perdition—being too base to be spoken of with any degree of patience or forbearance. Such is the prevailing feature; but there are amongst them specimens of sly and beautiful allegory. These last seem to have been sung openly and avowedly in mixed parties, as some of them are more generally known, while the others had been confined to the select social meeting of confirmed Jacobites, or hoarded up in the cabinets of old Catholic families, where to this day they have been preserved as their most precious lore. Many of these beloved relics have been given up to me with the greatest liberality; yet I have reason to believe, that in some distant counties numbers still remain; for a locality prevails in many of them, that gives them an interest only in certain families and districts.

It is for this reason that I have published only a portion of the songs at this time, confining myself to those that are apparently of the earliest date, concerning which authentic anecdotes could

not now be so easily collected. I have subjoined such of these in the notes as I have been able to come at ; and I take this opportunity of requesting the descendants of those families that rose in support of the Stuarts, to furnish me with such songs and anecdotes as still remain in their possession, and are not generally known to the public. The most grateful attention will be paid to all information of this kind, whether contained in original letters or statements of traditionary facts, and the manuscripts returned carefully, if desired. Now, when all party feelings on that score are at an end—when the only representative of our ancient and revered race of kings fills their chair—such reminiscences are honourable, and are so estimated by every one of our princes of the blood royal. Indeed, had it not been rendered necessary for our kings of the house of Brunswick to maintain the sovereignty to which they were called by the prevailing voice of the nation, they seem never to have regarded those the law denominated rebels otherwise than with respect ; which one or two instances which I shall here copy will sufficiently serve to prove.

When the Princess of Wales, mother of his present Majesty, mentioned, with some appearance of censure, the conduct of Lady Margaret M'Donald, who harboured and concealed Prince Charles, when, in the extremity of peril, he threw himself on her protection ; “ And would not you, madam,” answered Prince Frederick, “ have done the same, in the same circumstances ? I am sure—I hope in God you would.” Besides the great measure of restoring the forfeited estates to the chiefs, our venerable sovereign shewed, on every occasion, how little his heart was capable of nourishing any dislike against those who had acted upon principle against the authority of his house. The support which he afforded to the exiled branch of the Stuarts will form a bright trait in his



history ; and secluded as he now is from his government and people, we may, as of a deceased monarch, relate one of those trifling traits which marked the generous kindness of his disposition, as well as his sentiments of those who stood for the cause of his unfortunate relative. His Majesty having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire who had not only refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named as king in his presence, “Carry my compliments to him,” said the King—“but—what—stop—no ; he may perhaps not receive my compliments as King of England—Give him the Elector of Hanover’s compliments, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles.” The same kindness to the memory of those who hazarded themselves in the cause of the Stuarts has been inherited by the present administrator of royal authority ; and to him, as to his father, their descendants have been ever prompt to repay it. He was heard to express himself one day before a dozen of gentlemen of both nations, with the greatest warmth, as follows : “I have always regarded the attachment of the Scots to the Pretender—I beg your pardon, gentlemen—to Prince Charles Stuart, I mean—as a lesson to me whom to trust in the hour of need.”

But to put this matter beyond the chance of being disputed, I have only to add, that the first proposal for the rescuing of these Jacobite Relics from oblivion emanated from the royal family. It was made by the Highland Society of London, while one royal duke was in the chair and another present, to Colonel Stuart of Garth, who, as may well be supposed, readily engaged in the promotion of a scheme so congenial with his feelings ; and it was in consequence of his immediate application to Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, that the task of selection devolved on me. Captain

Stuart of Invernahoyle's singular remark was not, it seems, quite without foundation. A gentleman, in a large company, gibed him for holding the King's commission, while, at the same time, he was a professed Jacobite. "So I well may," answered he, "in imitation of my master: the King himself is a Jacobite." The gentleman shook his head, and remarked, that the thing was impossible. "By G—," said Stuart, "but I tell you he is, and every son that he has. There is not one of them who (if he had lived in my brave father's days) would not to a certainty have been hanged."

Upon the whole, I conceive that the cruelties complained of, and not without cause, on the suppression of the two rebellions, proceeded rather from the natural dispositions of those in whose hands the executive power was placed, than from any exterminating intentions on the part of the reigning monarchs; so that, all things considered, there has not been much to blame on either side. And now, when the horrors of the Catholic religion have ceased to oppress the minds of men, there is but one way of thinking on the rights of the Stuarts throughout the realm.

In order, therefore, that as much curious and authentic matter may be recovered as possible, I have confined myself, in this volume, to the songs previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, with the exception of a few general ones that may be of later date, but which relate to no particular period. Indeed there is no scarcity of them during that era. In the reign of Queen Anne, the hopes of the Jacobites were at the full, and they seem to have adopted the sentiment lately expressed by a modern lawyer, "Suffer us to make the songs of our country, and do you make its laws." Every muse that could string a rhyme must certainly have then been put in requisition; for of the songs which I have received, that



have apparently been written about that time, I have not thought proper to admit above *one-fifth*, and yet I am sure the peruser will think that there is enough of them in all conscience. It was not on account of any inferiority in point of merit that I excluded so many ; but because, when they were altogether, there was such an endless repetition of these sentiments, a chime on terms and epithets, that was quite intolerable. Nor is it possible to obviate this altogether in such a collection ; but, as they now appear, it will not be much felt ; for they are considerably varied, and many of them highly spirited and whimsical, and altogether extraordinary for such an age.

With regard to the music, it is requisite for me to state, that though I am perhaps better acquainted with the Lowland melodies of Scotland, as sung by the peasantry, than any person now living, yet I am so little of a musician, that I can scarcely be said to understand the first principles of the art. But having been directed by the Society to preserve such of the Jacobite airs as are still extant, I set about it with great diligence and greater delight, but with very slender prospects of success ; for I found that the people of every county in the eastern parts of Scotland sung them to their own favourite tunes. The Galloway people's music appears to be, like themselves, a kind of Irish, mixed with something else, nobody knows what it is. So that, on my first general application to rural musicians, I began to suspect that my efforts would in a great measure be unavailing. On looking more narrowly into my old manuscripts, I found that, of three manuscript volumes of unpublished Jacobite songs that I had from John Steuart, Esq. younger of Dalguise, almost every one had the name of the air marked to which they were composed or sung. The Honourable Miss Rollo's old manuscripts had the

same advantage ; so that, in adapting these, I had only to turn up our oldest collections of music. But the modern fashion of changing the name and style of these old tunes has been the cause of much perplexity and confusion of ideas to me. I look upon this as extremely reprehensible, if not disgraceful, in the collectors of our national airs. It is scarcely possible to ascertain the original name of one tune from these modern collections.

On the other hand, of all the innumerable songs that I got from Mr Walter Scott (which he must have picked out of every cabinet and portfolio in the kingdom), as well as those sent me from Aberdeenshire by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Buchan, and Mr. Graham, scarcely one had the name of the air mentioned ; and unless the tune and song chanced to be coeval, and bore the same name, which is the case in many instances, for all these I was forced to take the country at large, a very uncertain standard to go by. It has had, however, this advantage, that a great number of skeletons of old tunes will be found, that have never been published before, which, if improven by accompaniments, and set upon proper keys, will be found not unworthy of the delightful law of music to which they belong. As I make no pretensions to science in music, I have attempted nothing further than the preservation of these old airs in their most naked and primitive style ; well knowing, that, should any of them become favourites with the public, it would be an easy matter for any composer, or professional player on the piano, to harmonize them.

I have searched in vain for the songs of the other party, in order to contrast them with those of the Cavaliers. There are but few of them existing in Scotland worthy of preservation, previous to 1715. Such as remain will be found in the appendix. In the succeeding era there are a few indifferent ones. I would fain



have had a larger portion of them, as a counterpart to the others ; but it is impossible to preserve that which is not. Though the government and revolutionary principles of the house of Hanover have always been popular in the Lowlands of Scotland, yet the Caledonian Muse, with a romantic attachment, has all along clung to exiled royalty, and kindled at the injuries sustained by the sufferers, and their heroical deportment, in its cause ; at the same time loading the inflictors of those sufferings with every opprobrium that bitterness of soul could suggest. Whoever is versant in the national poetry of Scotland will readily subscribe to this position. The generosity displayed by these unfortunate men will always be remembered to the honour of the nation, and it even powerfully interested those who were adverse to their cause. The national feeling was strongly roused, and its bards partook of the common sympathy. It would therefore have been doing injustice to our country, to its heroes as well as its poets, to have suffered these effusions to have perished. To offer any apology now for their publication, would only be to insult those who might be expected to require it. The rival claims of Stuart and Brunswick, are not more to the present generation than those of Bruce and Baliol, or York and Lancaster. The question of *right* has been submitted to the arbitration of the sword, and is now invariably decided. But neither that decision, nor any other motive, should deter the historian from doing justice to the character of those men who fell in a cause which they at least judged to be right, and which others, perhaps only thought wrong as it proved unsuccessful.

“ Treason does never prosper. What’s the reason ?  
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.”

I have in no instance puzzled myself in deciding what reading of each song is the most genuine and original, but have constantly taken the one that I thought the best ; judging, that in ten instances the song loses by the abridgements and interpolations of those who sing it, for once that it is improven. For that reason, though I have often got a great many copies of the same song, I have not only always taken the best, but the best verses of each, as far as I could judge ; and this renders it impossible for me to acknowledge the songs individually, as I am generally indebted to many for the same song, and almost every copy differing from another. I have followed the same course with regard to the illustrations, picking them up wherever I could find them, without confusing the narrative with individual acknowledgments.

An extensive appendix is subjoined, consisting of such Scottish Jacobite songs as had no tunes remaining that I could find ; and also of great numbers beside, that appear to be of English composition. Many of these are likewise excellent in their kind, and certainly much above the general effusions of the nation at that period. Of all the Whig songs subjoined, there is not one that I can trace to be of Scottish original.

The collection and arrangement of the songs, airs, and corresponding anecdotes and characteristics, has proved a task so difficult and complex, that perfect accuracy can scarcely be expected, even with the best assistance and advice ; and of these I have had as good as any that the nation afforded, both in choosing the songs and correcting the music. For the latter I have been much indebted to my friend William Stenhouse, Esq., accountant in Edinburgh, a gentleman whose science, good taste, and general information of all that relates to Scottish song and music, is not, perhaps equalled by any contemporary.



In collecting the songs, my friends have exerted themselves in no ordinary degree. Such numbers have I collected, that I actually grew terrified when I heard of a MS. volume of Jacobite songs. Among my principal contributors I must mention Walter Scott, Esq., my constant and unbiassed friend ; John Steuart, Esq. younger of Dalguise ; Mr. David Laing, Mr. John Moir, Mr. James Hardy, junior, Glasgow ; Mr. John Wallace, Mr. P. Buchan, Mr. John Graham, Mr. William Gordon, Mr. David Bridges, junior, and the Honourable Miss Rollo. These sent me volumes ; but to enumerate all that have sent me single songs is impracticable. Many of those sent were bespoke by Colonel David Steuart, who has taken an anxious and most friendly concern in the publication. A number of Charlie Stuart songs are still lacking, both Gaelic and English. May I hope that I shall have many others, both gentlemen and ladies, to add to my next list ?

J. H.

ALTRIVE LAKE, }  
*September 6th, 1819.* }

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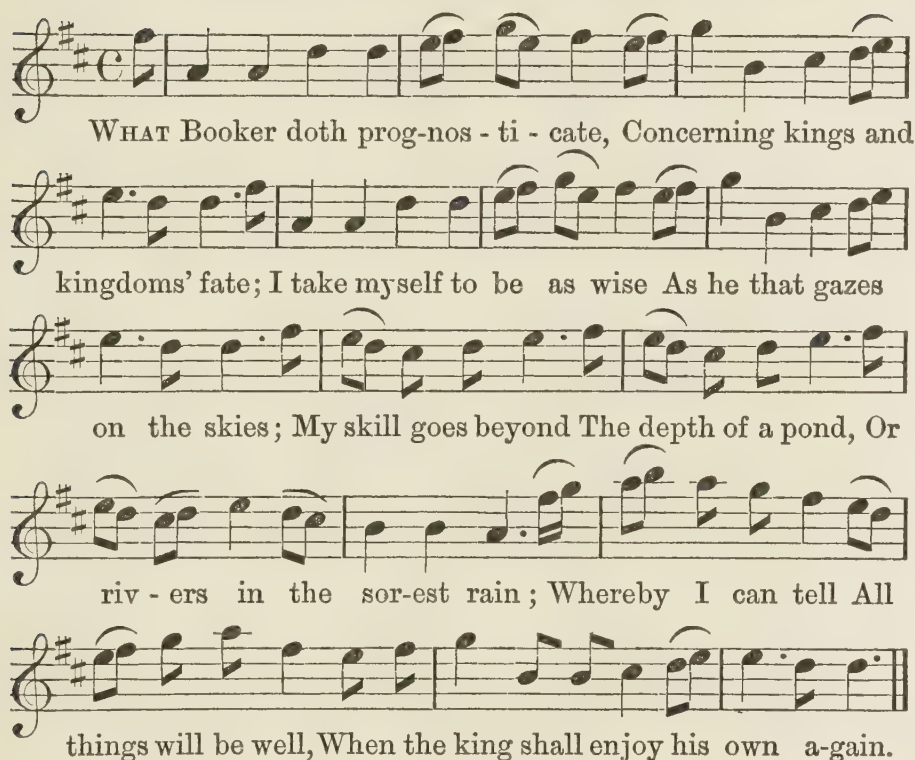


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SONG I.

**The King shall enjoy his own again.**



WHAT Booker doth prog-nos - ti - cate, Concerning kings and  
kingdoms' fate; I take myself to be as wise As he that gazes  
on the skies; My skill goes beyond The depth of a pond, Or  
riv - ers in the sor-est rain; Whereby I can tell All  
things will be well, When the king shall enjoy his own a-gain.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,  
Can soar more high, or deeper wade,  
Or show more reasons from the stars,  
What causes peace, what causes wars.

The man in the moon  
May wear out his shoon,  
By running after Charles' wain ;  
But all to no end,  
For the times will never mend  
Till the king shall enjoy his own again.



For forty years our royal throne  
Has been his father's and his own,  
Nor is there any one but he,  
With right can there a sharer be ;  
    For who better may  
    Our high sceptre sway,  
Than he whose right it is to reign :  
    Then look for no peace,  
    For the wars will never cease  
Till the king shall enjoy his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall  
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,  
Instead of gold and silver bright,  
That glanc'd with splendour day and night,  
    With rich perfume  
    In every room,  
All to delight that princely train ;  
    These again shall be,  
    When the time we see  
That the king shall enjoy his own again.

Did Walker no predictions lack,  
In Hammond's bloody almanack ?  
Foretelling things that would ensue,  
That all proves right, if lies be true ;  
    But why should not he  
    The pillory see,  
Wherein poor Toby once was ta'en ?  
    And also foreknow,  
    To the gallows he must go,  
When the king shall enjoy his own gain ?

Then far upon the northern hill,  
My hope shall cast her anchor still,  
Until I see some peaceful dove  
Bring home the branch I dearly love :

And there will I wait  
 Till the waters abate,  
 Which now surround my swimming brain,  
 For rejoice will never I,  
 Till I hear the joyful cry,  
 That the king enjoys his own again.

## SONG II.

*The Haughs of Cromdale.*

As I came in by Achindoon, A lit - tle wee bit  
 frae the town, When to the Highlands I was bound, To  
 view the haughs of Cromdale, I met a man in  
 tar-tan trews, I speer'd at him what was the news ; Quo'  
 he, The Highland ar-my rues, That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,  
 When the English host upon us came ;  
 A bloody battle then began,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.  
 The English horse they were so rude,  
 They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,  
 But our brave clans, they boldly stood  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.



But, alas ! we could no longer stay,  
 For o'er the hills we came away,  
 And sore we do lament the day  
     That e'er we came to Cromdale.  
 Thus the great Montrose did say,  
 Can you direct the nearest way ?  
 For I will o'er the hills this day,  
     And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,  
 You scarcely have two thousand men,  
 And there's twenty thousand on the plain,  
     Stand rank and file on Cromdale.  
 Thus the great Montrose did say,  
 I say, direct the nearest way,  
 For I will o'er the hills this day,  
     And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,  
 When great Montrose upon them came ;  
 A second battle then began,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.  
 The Grant, Mackenzie, and M'Ky,  
 Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
 O then, they fought most valiantly !  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,  
 The Camerons did their standard join,  
 M'Intosh play'd a bloody game  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.  
 The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,  
 M'Phersons, none could them controul,  
 M'Lauchlins fought, like loyal souls,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neils,  
 So boldly as they took the field,  
 And made their enemies to yield,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.  
 The Gordons boldly did advance,  
 The Frasers fought with sword and lance,  
 The Grahams they made the heads to dance,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

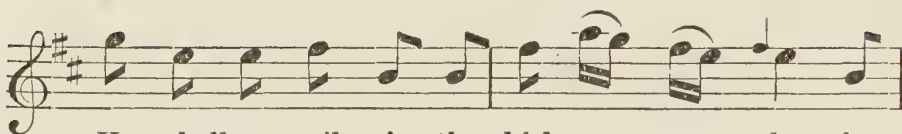
The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,  
 So boldly set upon their foes,  
 And brought them down with Highland blows,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.  
 Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,  
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,  
 The rest of them lie on the plain,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

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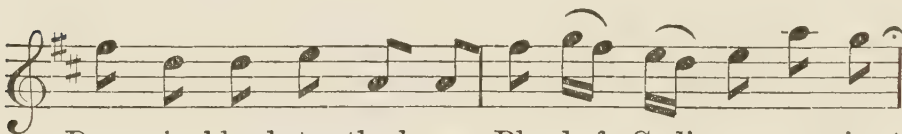
 SONG III.

**Lesley's March to Scotland.**

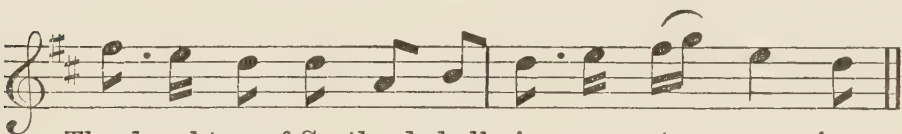
MARCH! march! pinks of e - lec - tion, Why the devil  
 don't you march on-ward in order? March! march! dogs of re-  
 demption, Ere the blue bonnets come o - ver the border.  
 You shall preach, you shall pray, You shall teach night and day,



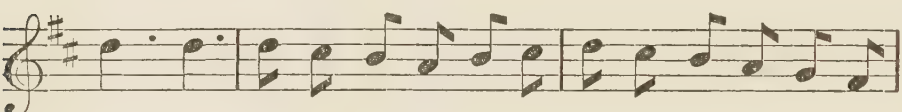
You shall pre-vail o'er the kirk gone a - whor - ing ;



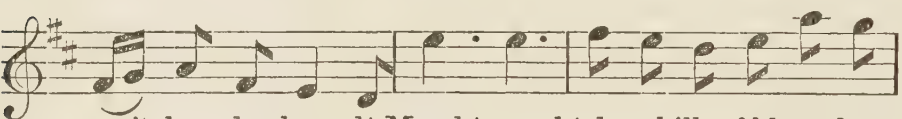
Dance in blood to the knees, Blood of God's e - ne-mies !



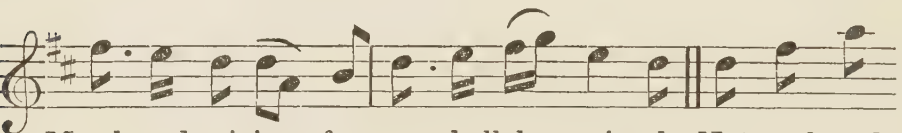
The daughters of Scotland shall sing you to snor - ing.



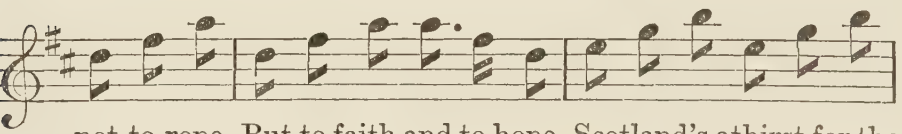
March! march! dregs of all wickedness! Glory that lower you



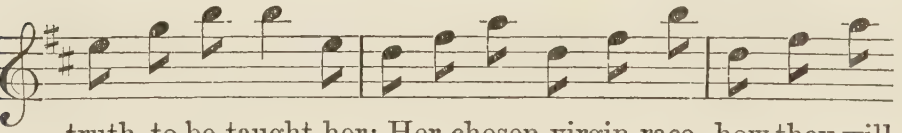
can't be de - bas-ed! March! march! dunghills of blessedness!



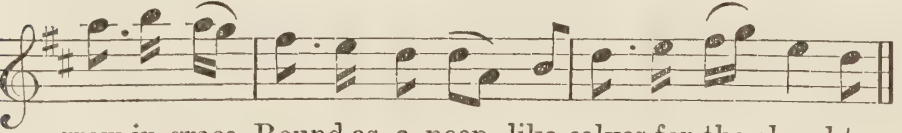
March and rejoice, for you shall be rais-ed, Not to board,



not to rope, But to faith and to hope, Scotland's athirst for the



truth to be taught her; Her chosen virgin race, how they will



grow in grace, Round as a neep, like calves for the slaughter.



March !—march !—scourges of heresy !  
 Down with the kirk and its whilliebaleery !  
 March !—march !—down with supremacy !  
 And the kist fu' o' whistles, that maks sic a cleary.  
     Fife-men and pipers braw,  
     Merry deils, tak them a',  
 Gown, lace, and livery—lickpot and ladle ;  
     Jockey shall wear the hood,  
     Jenny the sark of God—  
 For codpiece and petticoat, dishclout and daidle.

March !—march !—blest ragamuffins !  
 Sing, as ye go, the hymns of rejoicing !  
 March !—march !—justified ruffians !  
 Chosen of Heaven ! to glory you're rising.  
     Ragged and treacherous,  
     Lousy and lecherous,  
 Objects of misery, scorning, and laughter ;  
     Never, O happy race !  
     Magnified so was grace ;  
 Host of the righteous ? rush to the slaughter !

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SONG IV.

**Lesley's March to Longmaston Moor.**

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

MARCH !—march !—why the devil don't you march ?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads ; fight in good order !  
 March !—march !—why the devil don't you march ?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads ; fight in good order !  
 Front about, front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Until ye come to the English Border :  
     Stand till't, and fight like men,  
     True gospel to maintain,  
 The parliament's blythe to see us a-coming.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka room,  
 Frae popish relics and a' innovation.  
 That all the world may see  
 There's nane in the right but we,  
 Of the sons of the auld Scottish nation.

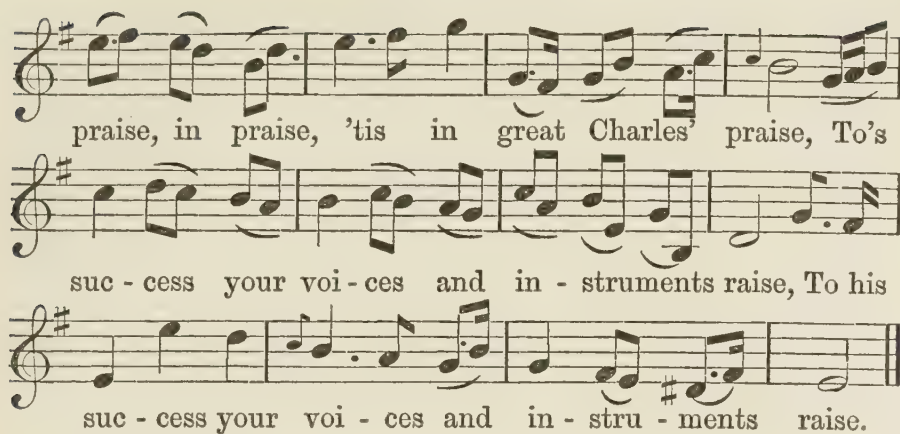
\* \* \* \* \*

Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Jocky the sark o' God!  
 And the kist fu' o' whistles that maks sic a cleary,  
 Our pipers braw shall have them a',  
 Whate'er comes on it;  
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.

## SONG V.

**The Restoration.**

To curb u - sur - pa - tion by th' as - sistance of France, With  
 love to his country see Charlie advance! He's  
 welcome to grace and dis - tinguish this day, The  
 sun brighter shines and all na - ture looks gay. Your  
 glass - es charge high, 'tis in great Charles' praise, In



Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,  
 And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand ;  
 The nations shall rise, and join as one man,  
 To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of the Clan.  
 Your glasses, &c.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,  
 Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,  
 Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry, and fear,  
 At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.  
 Your glasses, &c.

Whilst in pleasure's soft arms millions now court repose,  
 Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes ;  
 To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,  
 And in liberty's cause he conquers or dies !  
 Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,  
 To satiate his pride sets our country in flame !  
 How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind  
 Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind !  
 Your glasses, &c.

Ye brave Clans, on whom we just honour bestow,  
 O think on the source whence our dire evils flow !  
 Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,  
 And fix them in chains who would Britons enthal.  
 Your glasses, &c.



## SONG VI.

*The Royal Oak Tree.*

YE true sons of Sco-tia to - ge - ther u - nite, And  
 yield all your sens-es to joy and de - light; Give  
 mirth its full scope, that the na - tions may see, We  
 hon - our our standard, the roy - al oak tree, We  
 hon - our our standard, the roy - al oak tree.  
 All shall yield to the roy - al oak tree,  
 All shall yield to the roy - al oak tree; Bend to thee, ma-  
 jes- tic tree! Honour'd was he who sat in thee, Honour'd was  
 he who sat in thee, And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt  
 be, And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt be.

When our great sovereign, Charles, was driv'n from his throne,  
And dared scarce call kingdom or subjects his own,  
Old Pendril the miller, at the risk of his blood,  
Hid the King of our Isle in the king of the wood.

All shall yield, &c.

In summer, in winter, in peace, and in war,  
'Tis known to ourselves, and to nations afar,  
That the oak of our forest can screen us from harm,  
Can shield our protectors, and ride out the storm.

All shall yield, &c.

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,  
And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast ;  
There's none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,  
Can ever compare, great royal oak, with thee.

All shall yield, &c.

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SONG VII.

**Tree of Friendship.**

A CANTATA—IN SIX AIRS.

AIR I.—“ *Welcome, brother Debtor.*”

MANY are the toils of mankind,  
Num'rous are the toils we bear ;  
Let us then unite in friendship,  
And each other's troubles share ;  
For men were made to help each other,  
To share alike their grief and joy ;  
Let us then, when toil is over,  
In harmless mirth our time employ.

AIR II.—“ *The Hounds are all out,*” &c.

Without friendship in mankind society's lost,  
And life is a bubble of air ;  
But though fortune should drive us on Greenland's black coast,  
We're contented, if friendship comes there.  
My brave boys, &c.

It happened once, that a king, without friends,  
 Was plagued by a hard-hearted crew ;  
 When he look'd round the fields, to make him amends,  
 The oak rose with grace to his view,  
 My brave boys, &c.

AIR III.—“ *Rule Britannia.*”

The trees that in the woods are seen,  
 Struck by the winter's blast, shall fall ;  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish on the green,  
 The mighty monarch of them all.  
 Hail to the royal—hail to the royal tree !  
 Protector of our liberty.

AIR IV.—“ *Lillibulero.*”

This much-honoured tree such wonders hath done,  
 That Britain still names it as her greatest boast ;  
 There is nothing can equal it under the sun ;  
 Without it our lives and our liberty's lost.  
 Abroad it does sail before the brisk gale,  
 And brings home the spices and juices divine ;  
 Then, sing round the great tree with friendship and glee ;  
 Around it, around it, like woodbines let's twine.

AIR V.—“ *Belleisle's March.*”

From the east to the west,  
 By all men 'tis confest,  
 That the oak is the best of all trees ;  
 There's not one, we are sure,  
 Can such hardships endure,  
 Or brave with more courage the seas.  
 Should any pretend,  
 To affront our great friend,  
 Let the foe be a duke, lord, or clown,  
 With our oaks fast in hand,  
 By our friends we'll firm stand,  
 And then knock the proud boaster down.



AIR VI.—“*Hearts of Oak.*”

CHORUS.

Then shaded beneath this great royal tree,  
 Let us from all strife, from all discord, be free ;  
 Though hardships surround us, let this make amends,  
 A friend in our need is the surest of friends.

Firm as the oak let us stand, friends sincere let us be,  
 Our purses are ready,  
 Open to the needy,  
 In this let all Britons,—all mankind agree.

## SONG VIII.

**The Drowning of Care.**

A MEDLEY—IN FOUR AIRS.

AIR I.—“*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*”

THOUGH winter may fright us, and chill us with cold,  
 Bright Phoebus can cheer us with rays pure as gold ;  
 Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain,  
 For *he* that took sunshine can give it again.

The oak, that all winter was barren and bare,  
 Again spreads his branches to wave in the air ;  
 All nature, rejoicing, appears clad in green ;  
 Then let mirth and friendship enliven the scene.

The true Sons of Freedom together are met,  
 And each by his neighbour in order is set ;  
 While mirth and true friendship give life to the song,  
 The voice of Contentment the notes shall prolong.

AIR II.—“*Once I was blind.*”

A lady once her husband lost,  
 And, sighing, look'd around,  
 And saw her children sadly cross'd,  
 And deep in sorrow drowned,

But thus assuaged their grief and pain,  
 "Your father will return again,"  
 With my fa, la, &c.

Though he has left you for a day,  
 Be not sunk in despair,  
 For orphans, as the Scriptures say,  
 Are Heav'n's peculiar care :  
 Then, fear not, boys, you'll get command,  
 As broken a ship has come to land,  
 With a fa, la, &c.

Then throw your grief and care away,  
 Let mirth your hours employ,  
 This is the *twenty-ninth of May*,  
 My heart o'erflows with joy !  
 So bid adieu to grief and pain,  
 And drink the Laird's return again !  
 With my fa, la, &c.

The lads took heart and dressed themselves  
 In rural garments gay,  
 And round about, like fairy elves,  
 They danced the live-long day ;  
 Around, around an oaken tree,  
 They danced with joy, and so do we,  
 With my fa, la, &c.

AIR III.—"*The Lass of Patie's Mill.*"

The sprightly dance now done,  
 They all, as was their use,  
 Upon the grass sat down  
 To taste the balmy juice :  
 The sparkling goblet smiled,  
 And went the circle round,  
 While Mirth (Contentment's child),  
 Cried, "Care in joy is drowned."

AIR IV.—“*Let our mirth still abound.*”

Let us, as well as they, be merry while we may,  
 For we know not how long we may sing, brave boys!  
 Let us still be content with whatever is sent,  
 Or what providence pleases to bring, brave boys!  
 For I love, from my soul, a friend and a bowl,  
 So here goes a health to our king, brave boys!  
     Here's a health to the king;  
     Let every true man sing  
     Long live our noble king.

## SONG IX.

*Hey, then, up go we.*

KNOW this, my brethren, heav'n is clear, And  
 all the clouds are gone; The righteous man shall  
 flourish now, Good days are coming on. Come then, my brethren,  
 and be glad, And eke rejoice with me; Lawn sleeves and  
 rochets shall go down, And hey, then, up go we.

We'll break the windows, which the whore  
 Of Babylon hath painted,



And when the Popish saints are down,  
Then Burges shall be sainted.  
There's neither cross, nor crucifix,  
Shall stand for men to see ;  
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

Whate'er the Popish hands have built,  
Our hammers shall undo,  
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,  
And burn down churches too ;  
We'll exercise within the groves,  
And preach beneath the tree ;  
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

We'll down with all the 'versities,  
Where learning is profest,  
Because they practise and maintain  
The language of the Beast ;  
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,  
And parts whate'er they be ;  
We'll cry all arts and learning down,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

We'll down with deans and prebends too,  
And I rejoice to tell ye,  
How that we will eat pigs our fill,  
And capon by the belly ;  
We'll burn the fathers' learned books,  
And make the schoolmen flee ;  
We'll down with all that smells of wit,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

If once the antichristian crew  
Be crush'd and overthrown,  
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,  
And keep the gentry down :

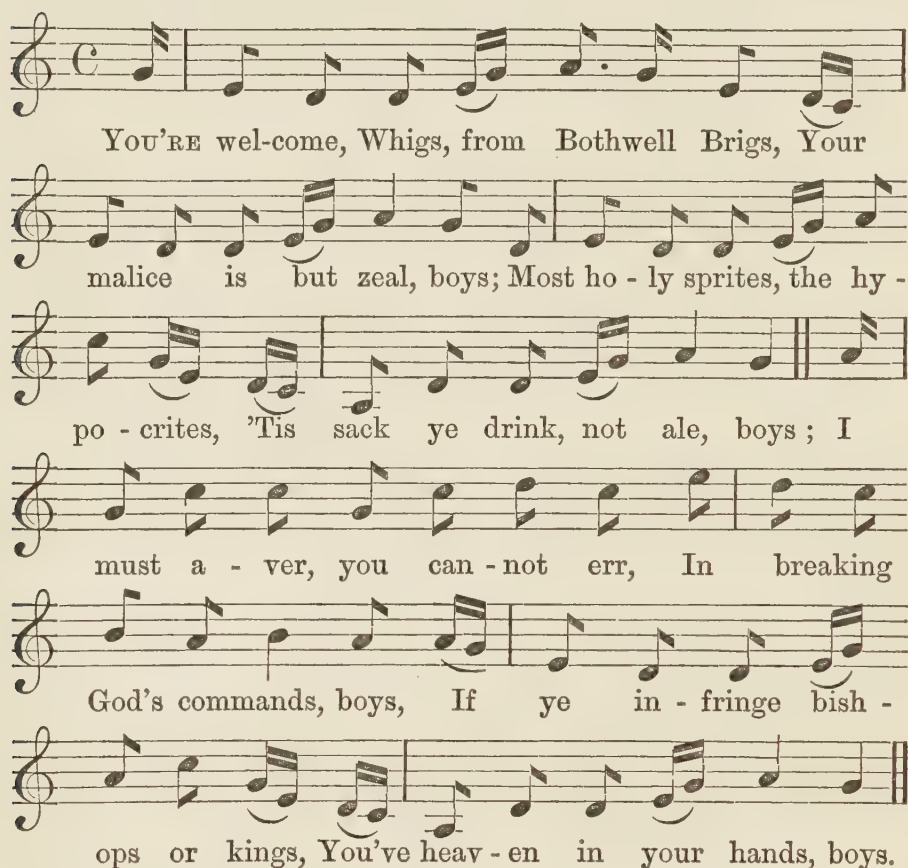
Good manners have an ill report,  
And turn to pride we see,  
We'll therefore cry good manners down,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

The name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,  
For every man's a brother ;  
No reason why, in church or state,  
One man should rule another.  
But when the change of government  
Shall set our fingers free,  
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

What though the king and parliament  
Do not accord together,  
We have more cause to be content :  
This is our sunshine weather ;  
For if that reason should take place,  
And they should once agree,  
Who would be in a roundhead's case ?  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

What should we do then in this case ?  
Let's put it to a venture ;  
If that we hold out seven year's space,  
We'll sue out our indenture.  
A time may come to make us rue,  
And time may set us free,  
Except the gallows claim his due,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

## SONG X.

**You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs.**


You'RE wel-come, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs, Your  
malice is but zeal, boys; Most ho - ly sprites, the hy -  
po - crites, 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys ; I  
must a - ver, you can - not err, In breaking  
God's commands, boys, If ye in - fringe bish -  
ops or kings, You've heav - en in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the State,  
And steep the land with blood, boys ;  
If secretly your treachery  
Be acted, it is good, boys.  
The fiend himsel', in midst of hell,  
The Pope, with his intrigues, boys,  
You'll equalize in forgeries ;  
Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech in homely speech,  
To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys ;



Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,  
And bless and not blaspheme, boys.  
Your teachers they can kiss and pray,  
In zealous ladies' closets ;  
Your wits convert by Venus' art ;  
Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,  
Her members on the vail, boys,  
For horned beasts the truth attest,  
That live in Annandale, boys.  
But if one drink, or shrewdly think  
A bishop ere was saved,  
No charity from presbytrie,  
For that need once be craved.

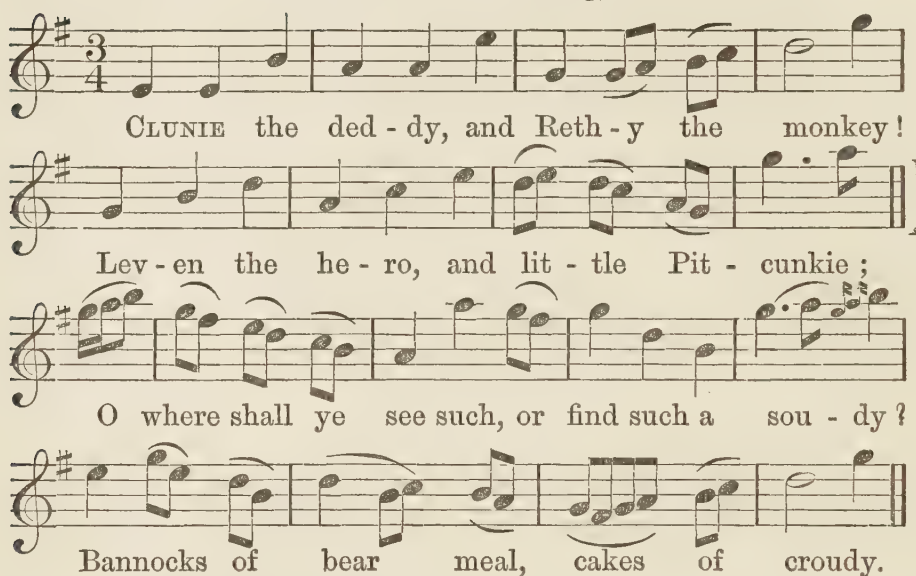
You lie, you lust, you break your trust,  
And act all kinds of evil,  
Your covenant makes you a saint,  
Although you live a devil.  
From murders, too, as soldiers true,  
You are advanced well, boys ;  
You fought like devils, your only rivals,  
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,  
You kill'd more than you saw, boys ;  
At Pentland-hills ye got your fills,  
And now you seem to crawl, boys.  
Let Websters preach, and laddies teach  
The art of cuckoldry, boys,  
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,  
Then welcome presbytrie, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,  
You're decking with good speed, boys ;  
If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,  
And then have at his head, boys.

You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,  
 To drink your last confusion,  
 That grace and truth we may possess  
 Once more without delusion.

## SONG XI.

*Cakes o' Croudy.*


CLUNIE the ded - dy, and Reth - y the monkey!  
 Lev - en the he - ro, and lit - tle Pit - cunkie;  
 O where shall ye see such, or find such a sou - dy?  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,  
 As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;  
 And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of Levy,  
 Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherrytrees Davy.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,  
 For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what think ye?  
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,  
 Weel kend Mr. Wm. Veitch, and Mass John Goudy,  
 For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lassies,  
 There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses,  
 They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Macky for lying, lean Lawrence for griping,  
 Grave Bernard for stories, Dalgleish for his piping,  
 Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,  
 And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,  
 There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater,  
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,  
 For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous;  
 Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie—  
 Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

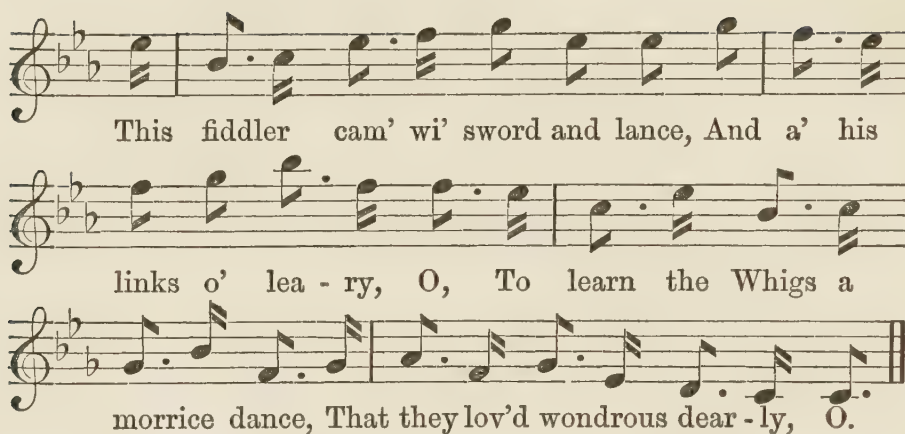
My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,  
 The reproach of mankind and disgrace of our nation;  
 Deil hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy,  
 Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

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SONG XII.

*There cam' a Fiddler out o' Fife.*

THERE cam' a fid - dler out o' Fife, A  
 blink be-yond Bla - weary, O, And he has coft a  
 gool - ly knife, To gie the Whigs a blea - ry, O.



Now he has danced the lads frae hame,  
Out o'er the hills o' Seiry, O,  
An' may the deil ride after them,  
Upon his good grey meary, O :  
They grew sae bauld on sturt an' strife,  
That nae man durst gang neary, O,  
Until the fiddler cam' frae Fife,  
That bang'd them wi' his geary, O.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SONG XIII.

#### Ne'er to Return.

TUNE.—“*There cam' a fiddler out o' Fife.*”

NE'ER to return, let Whigs be sent  
Out o'er the hills of Syria,  
Our nation's plague and punishment,  
Since first we gowns did weary, O !  
No more in Britain shall be stay,  
Nor pulpits ere come neary, O !  
Swith, pack, begone, without delay,  
There's ane at hand will fear ye, O !

Now your false principles decay,  
As treacherous base deliria ;  
Lo ! once more you must out of play,  
An' take the transportear, O.



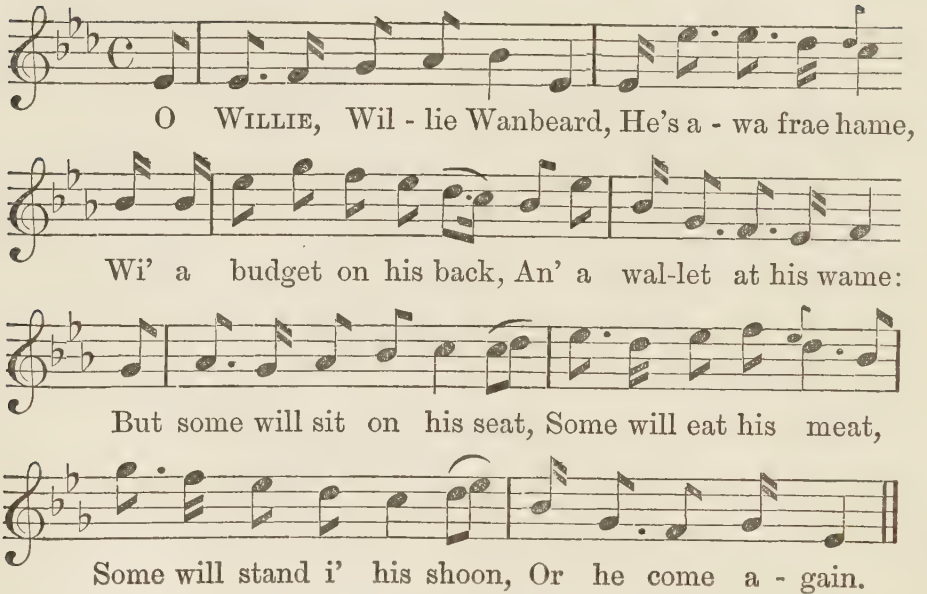
No more shall villany defile  
Our sacred church most deary, O !  
Nor you most holy folks be styled,  
Who God nor king do feary, O !

Away, ye holy cheats, begone !  
No more our kirk come neary, O !  
For you must to the hills anon,  
Dear Cameronianeary, O !  
Rear treason and rebellion,  
To put folks in a steary, O !  
But Christians all shall join in one,  
To turn you tapselteary, O !

That cursed usurping Orange, you  
Your saviour styled most deary, O !  
Soon to the Stygian shade withdrew,  
And left you in a feary, O !  
That treacherous reign did you support,  
In all your wild deliry, O ;  
Now by the hand of vengeance struck,  
We'll hang you by the eary, O !

When your weak sandy fabric shook,  
Whilk put you in a feary, O !  
His life, like's nose, had mony a crook,  
Till he went tapselteary, O !  
But let the villanous wretch begone,  
And Heaven our just prayers heary, O !  
That royal James may mount the throne,  
Nor thief nor knave come neary, O.

## SONG XIV.

*King William's March.*


O WILLIE, Wil - lie Wanbeard, He's a - wa frae hame,  
 Wi' a budget on his back, An' a wal-let at his wame:  
 But some will sit on his seat, Some will eat his meat,  
 Some will stand i' his shoon, Or he come a - gain.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,  
 He's awa to ride,  
 Wi' a bullet in his bortree,  
 And a shabble by his side ;  
 But some will white wi' Willie's knife,  
 Some will kiss Willie's wife,  
 Some will wear his bonnet  
 Or he come back again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,  
 He's awa to sail,  
 Wi' water in his waygate,  
 An' wind in his tail ;  
 Wi' his back boonermost,  
 An' his kyte downermost,  
 An' his flype hindermost,  
 Fighting wi' his kail.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,  
He's awa to fight ;  
But fight dog, fight bane,  
Willie will be right :  
An' he'll do, what weel he may,  
An' has done for mony a day,  
Wheel about, an' rin away,  
Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard  
Riding through the rye ?  
Or saw ye Daddy Duncan  
Praying like to cry ?  
That howe in a 'tato fur  
There may Willie lie,  
Wi' his neb boonermost,  
An' his doup downermost,  
An' his flype hindermost,  
Like a Pesse pie.

Play, piper, play piper,  
Play a bonny spring,  
For there's an auld harper  
Harping to the king,  
Wi' his sword by his side,  
An' his sign on his reade,  
An' his crown on his head,  
Like a true king.

## SONG XV.

**It was a' for our Rightfu' King.**

It was a' for our rightfu' king We left fair Scotland's  
strand! It was a' for our right-fu' king We e'er saw  
Ir-ish land, my dear, We e'er saw Ir-ish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
An' a' is done in vain :  
My love an' native land, fareweel,  
For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
For I maun cross the main.

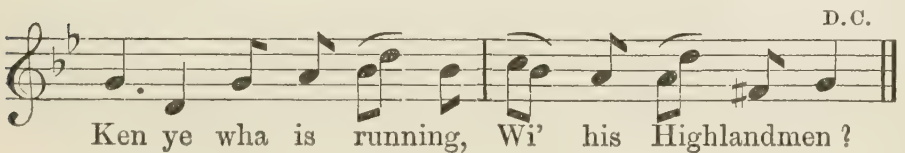
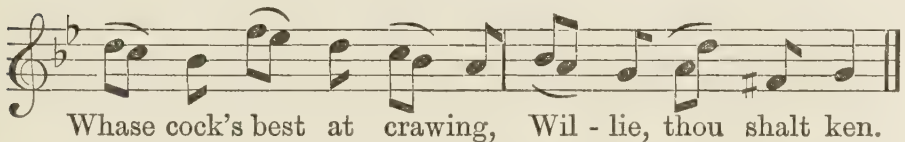
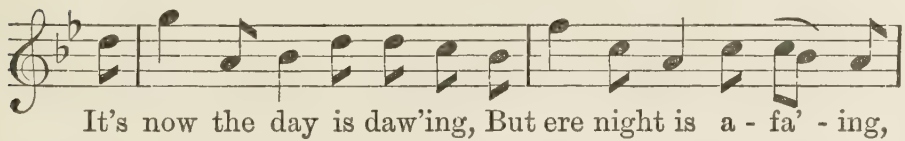
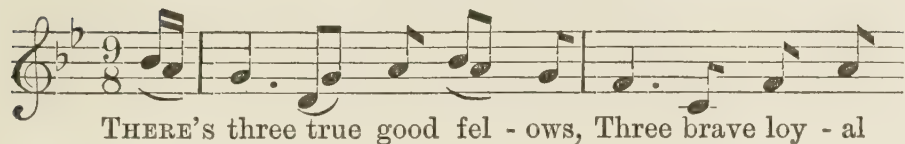
He turn'd him right an' round about,  
Upon the Irish shore,  
An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,  
With, Adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main ;  
But I hae parted frae my love,  
Never to meet again, my dear,  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,  
An' a' folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa,  
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,  
The lee-lang night, an' weep.



## SONG XVI.

**Three Good Fellows ayont yon Glen.**

'Tis he that's ay the foremost  
 When the battle is warmest,  
 The bravest and the kindest  
 Of all Highlandmen.  
 There's three true good fellows, &c.

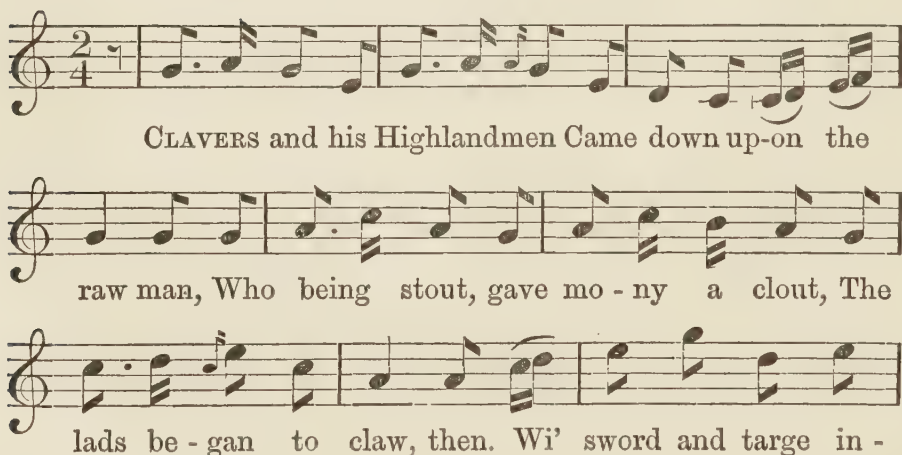
There's Skye's noble chieftain,  
 Hector, and bold Evan,  
 Reoch, Bane Macrabrach,  
 And the true Maclean.  
 There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's now no retreating,  
 For the clans are waiting,  
 And every heart is beating,  
 For honour and for fame !  
 There's three true good fellows,  
 Whate'er they may tell us,  
 Thrice three good fellows,  
 Down ayont yon glen.

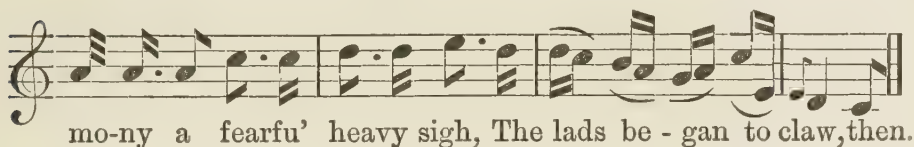
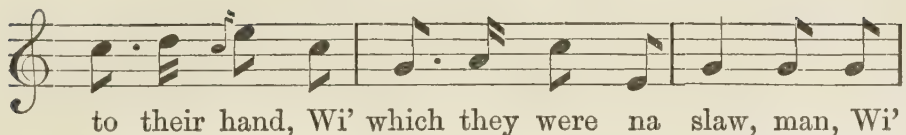
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 SONG XVII.

## The Battle of Killicrankie.



CLAVERS and his Highlandmen Came down up-on the  
 raw man, Who being stout, gave mo - ny a clout, The  
 lads be - gan to claw, then. Wi' sword and targe in -



O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,  
 She flang amang them a', man ;  
 The butter-box got mony knocks,  
 Their riggings paid for a', then.  
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,  
 Which to their grief they saw, man ;  
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,  
 The lads began to fa', then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,  
 And flang amang them a' man ;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa, then ;  
 The durk and door made their last hour,  
 And prov'd their final fa' man :  
 They thought the devil had been there,  
 That play'd them sic a paw, then.

The solemn league and covenant  
 Came whigging up the hills, man,  
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse  
 For to subscribe their bills, then :  
 In Willie's name they thought nae ane  
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;  
 But hur nain sell, wi' mony a knock,  
 Cried, " Furich, Whigs awa, man."

Sir Evan Dhu, and his men true,  
 Came linking up the brink, man ;

The Hogan Dutch they feared such,  
 They bred a horrid stink, then.  
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,  
 Came in amang them a', man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,  
 A' fled and ran awa, then.

*Oh on a ri ! oh on a ri !*  
 Why should she lose King Shames, man ?  
*Oh rig in di ! oh rig in di !*  
 She shall break a' her banes, then ;  
 With *furichinish*, and stay a while,  
 And speak a word or twa, man,  
 She's gie a straik out-o'er the neck,  
 Before ye win awa, then.

O fie for shame, ye're three for ane !  
 Hur nain sell's won the day, man ;  
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
 Because they ran away, then.  
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trues,  
 And made as lang a stay, man,  
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,  
 And Willie'd run away, then.

## SONG XVIII.

**Prælium Gillicrankianum.**

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

GRAHAMIUS notabilis coegerat Montanos,  
 Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos ;  
 Fugerant Vallicolæ, atque Puritani,  
 Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani.



Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,  
Cujus Regi fuerat intemerata fides,  
Agiles Monticolas marte inspiravit.  
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunensis,  
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis ;  
Nobilis et sanguine, nobilior virtute,  
Regi devotissimus intus et in cute :  
Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,  
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus,  
Capita rebellium, is excerebravit,  
Hostes unitissimos ille dimicavit.

Glengarius magnanimus atque bellicosus,  
Functus ut Eneas, pro rege animosus,  
Fortis atque strenuus, hostes expugnavit,  
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit ;  
Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insulanus,  
Pugnaverat viriliter, cum copiis Skyanis,  
Pater atque filii, non dissimularunt,  
Sed pro rege proprio, unanimes pugnarunt.

Macleanius, circumdatus tribo martiali,  
Semper, devinctissimus familiæ regali,  
Fortiter pugnaverat more Atavorum,  
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum,  
Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,  
Hostes ense peremit, et abrio pugione,  
Istos et intrepidus Orco dedicavit,  
Impedimento hostium Blaro reportavit.

Nacneillius de Bara, Glencous Kepochanus,  
Ballechinus, cum fratre Stewartus Apianus,  
Pro Jacobo Septimo, fortiter gessere,  
Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

Canonicus clarissimus, Gallovidianus,  
 Acer et indomitus, consilioque sanus,  
 Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,  
 Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit Bellona.

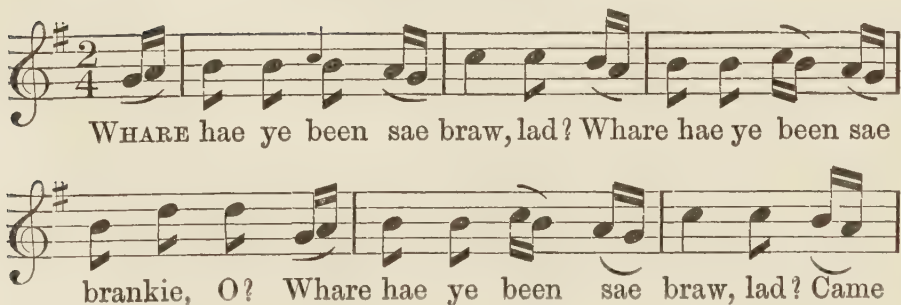
Ducalidoni dominum spreverat gradivus,  
 Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus,  
 Nam cum nativum, principem, exulem, audiret,  
 Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inserviret ;  
 Illic et adfuerat, tutor Ranaldorum,  
 Qui strenue pugnaverat cum copiis virorum,  
 Et ipse Capetaneus, ætate puerili,  
 Intentus est ad prælium, spiritu virili.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator,  
 Subito jam factus, hactenus venator ;  
 Perduelles Whiggeos, ut pecora prostravit,  
 Ense et fulmineo Mackaium fugavit.  
 Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,  
 Vos clypeis et gladiis pro principe pugnantes ;  
 Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria :  
 In cantis et historia perpes est memoria.

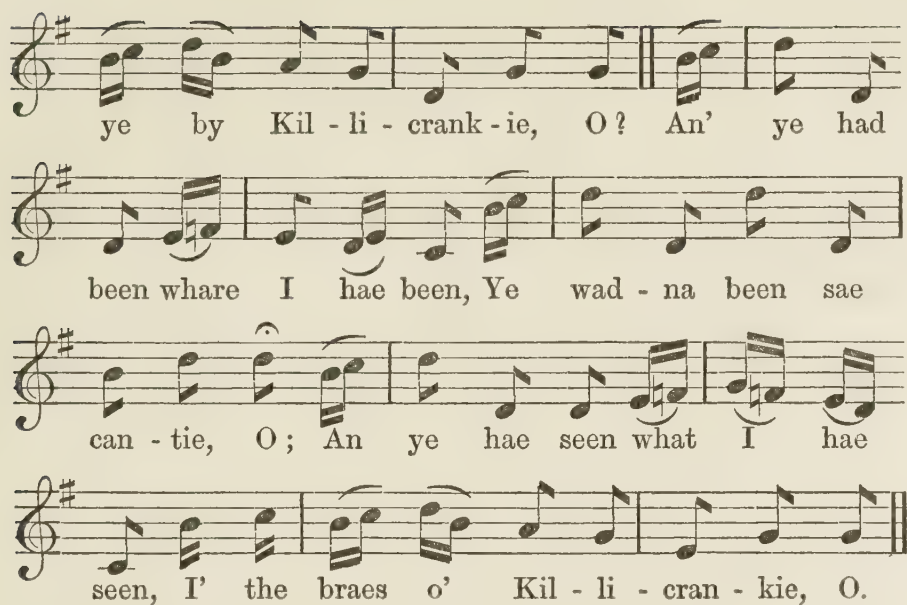
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SONG XIX.

**Killicrankie.**



WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad? Whare hae ye been sae  
 brankie, O? Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Came



I faught at land, I faught at sea,  
 At hame I faught my auntie, O;  
 But I met the devil and Dundee  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
 An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,  
 And Clavers gat a clankie, O,  
 Or I had fed an Athol gled  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
 An ye had been, &c.

O fie, Mackay, what gart ye lie  
 I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?  
 Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,  
 Than come to Killiecrankie, O.  
 It's nae shame, it's nae shame,  
 It's nae shame to shank ye, O;  
 There's sour slaes on Athol braes,  
 And deils at Killiecrankie, O.

## SONG XX.

**The Devil o'er Stirling.**

As the de-vil o'er Stirling was looking one day (For when  
Sa-tan looks sharp, he can see a great way), He spied an odd  
figure on Bloomsbury steeple, With his horns high exalted sur-  
veying the people. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

“How now!” quoth the devil, “what spy I at London?”

“Should I suffer a rival, myself will be undone.”

And whilst a man scarce could toss off his flagon,

The devil was mounted on Bow steeple dragon.

Derry down, &c.

From thence Satan kenn'd the sweet face of the creature ;

He knew his old friend in each line and each feature :

Without further preface he address'd his ally,

With a “How the plague, Willie, came you mounted so high ?

Derry down, &c.

“Speak—how got you up?—I shall humble your pride :

“What a pox ! have you learnt on a broomstick to ride ?”

“No, softly,” quoth Willie, “you be vastly mistaken,

“Me be ne'er for de vitch nor de conjuror taken.

Derry down, &c.



“ But, to tell you de true, vas plac'd here by my brewer,  
“ Ven I vas as ignorant of it as you are :  
“ But though I'm a fool, as you plainly may see,  
“ You have not von more humble servant dan me.  
Derry down, &c.

“ Do your highness have place your own council about me,  
“ Yet still you must acknowledge you can't do vidout me ;  
“ 'Tis I who to all your damn'd projects give birt,  
“ And each plot form'd in hell go in my name on eart,  
Derry down, &c.

“ Vat has lately been done may convince you full vell,  
“ Dat in my reign you should ne'er vant subjects in hell :  
“ Our late swearing act, you'll allow, vas a trapa ;  
“ Me leave not a loophole for one to escapa.  
Derry down, &c.

“ Vat divel could e'er have done more in my station,  
“ Since, vit von single acta, me damn de vole nation ?  
“ Men of every degree ; vomen, rich and mean,  
“ From de street-vaiking lass to her highness de queen.  
Derry down, &c.

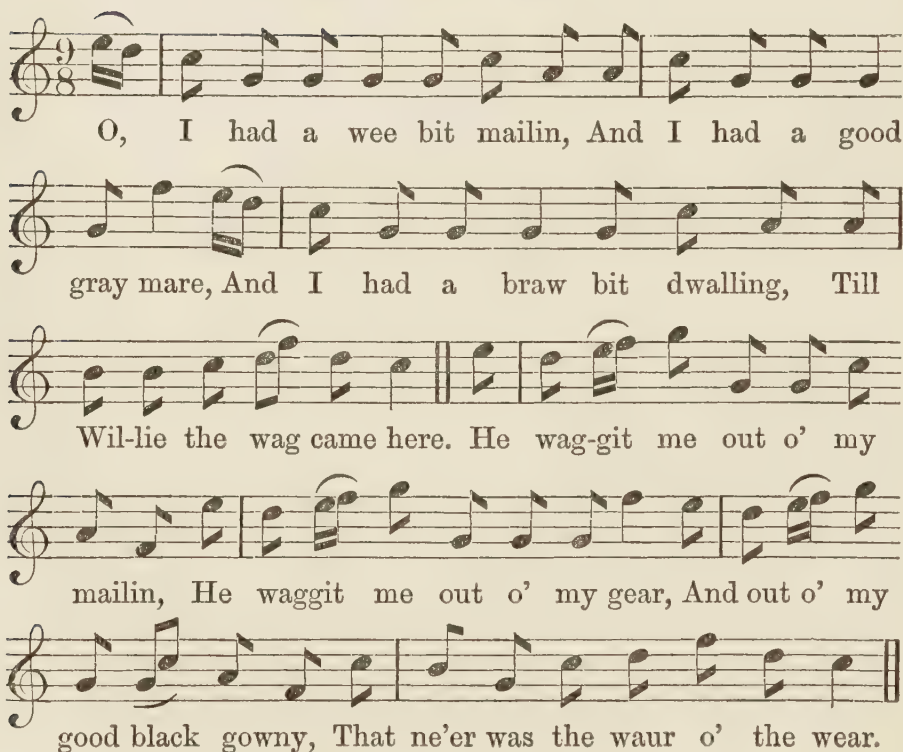
“ Vere it not for me you'd be plagued vit de clergy,  
“ And some of dem, sir, would confoundedly scourge ye :  
“ Should me souffre deir dam convocation to sitta,  
“ Oh den, broder Satan, ve bote might be bitta.  
Derry down, &c.

“ But my bishops from all deir attempts vill secure ye,  
“ And dey are your best vriends on eart, I'll assure ye ;  
“ Dere is but very few on dat reverend bench,  
“ But adore you as much, sir, as me do my vench.”  
Derry down, &c.

“These, these are brave souls, worthy Satan’s alliance ;  
 “With such troops I’d boldly bid Heaven defiance.  
 “Since you make such bishops, Willie, you may reign on,  
 “For the devil can’t find such a pack when they’re gone.”  
 Derry down, &c.

The monarch of hell flew away in a trice ;  
 The monarch of Britain look’d wondrous wise.  
 Thus ended their treaty, as most people say ;  
 He’d be glad to come off half so well at Cambray.  
 Derry down, &c.

## SONG XXI.

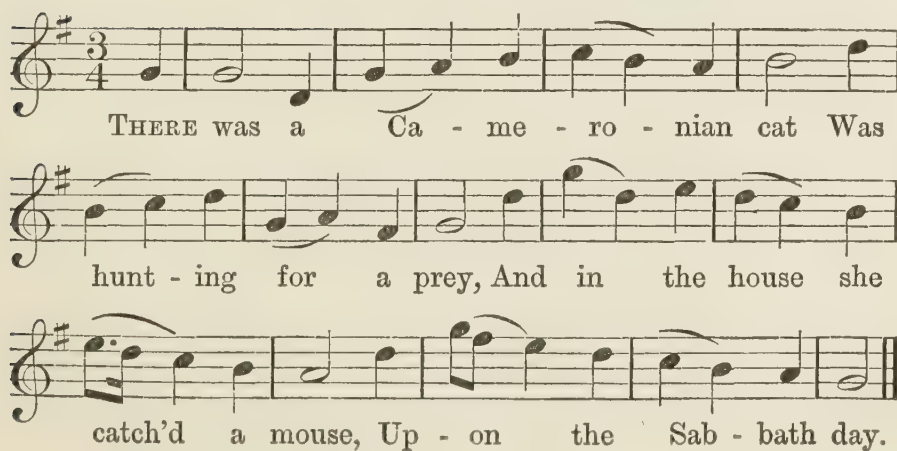
*Willie the Wag.*


O, I had a wee bit mailin, And I had a good  
 gray mare, And I had a braw bit dwalling, Till  
 Wil-lie the wag came here. He wag-git me out o' my  
 mailin, He waggit me out o' my gear, And out o' my  
 good black gowny, That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd, and he waggit his tail,  
 Till he poison'd the true well-e'e :  
 And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue,  
 He gart the brave Monmouth die.  
 He waggit us out o' our rights,  
 And he waggit us out o' our law,  
 And he waggit us out o' our king,  
 That grieves me warst of a'.

The toad rules o'er the lion,  
 The midden's aboon the moon,  
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe  
 To a fause and a foreign loon.  
 O walyfu' fa' the piper  
 That sells his wind sae dear !  
 And walyfu' fa' the time  
 Whan Willie the wag came here !

## SONG XXII.

*The Cameronian Cat.*


THERE was a Ca - me - ro - nian cat Was  
 hunt - ing for a prey, And in the house she  
 catch'd a mouse, Up - on the Sab - bath day.

The Whig, being offended  
At such an act profane  
Laid by his book, the cat he took,  
And bound her in a chain.

“Thou damn’d, thou cursed creature,  
“This deed so dark with thee,  
“Think’st thou to bring to hell below,  
“My holy wife and me ?

“Assure thyself, that for the deed  
“Thou blood for blood shalt pay,  
“For killing of the Lord’s own mouse  
“Upon the Sabbath-day.”

The Presbyter laid by the book,  
And earnestly he pray’d,  
That the great sin the cat had done  
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution  
Poor baudrons she was drawn,  
And high hang’d up upon a tree ;  
Mess John he sung a psalm.

And when the work was ended,  
They thought the cat near dead ;  
She gave a paw, and then a mew,  
And stretched out her head.

“Thy name,” said he, “shall certainly  
“A beacon still remain,  
“A terror unto evil ones,  
“For evermore. Amen.”



## SONG XXIII.

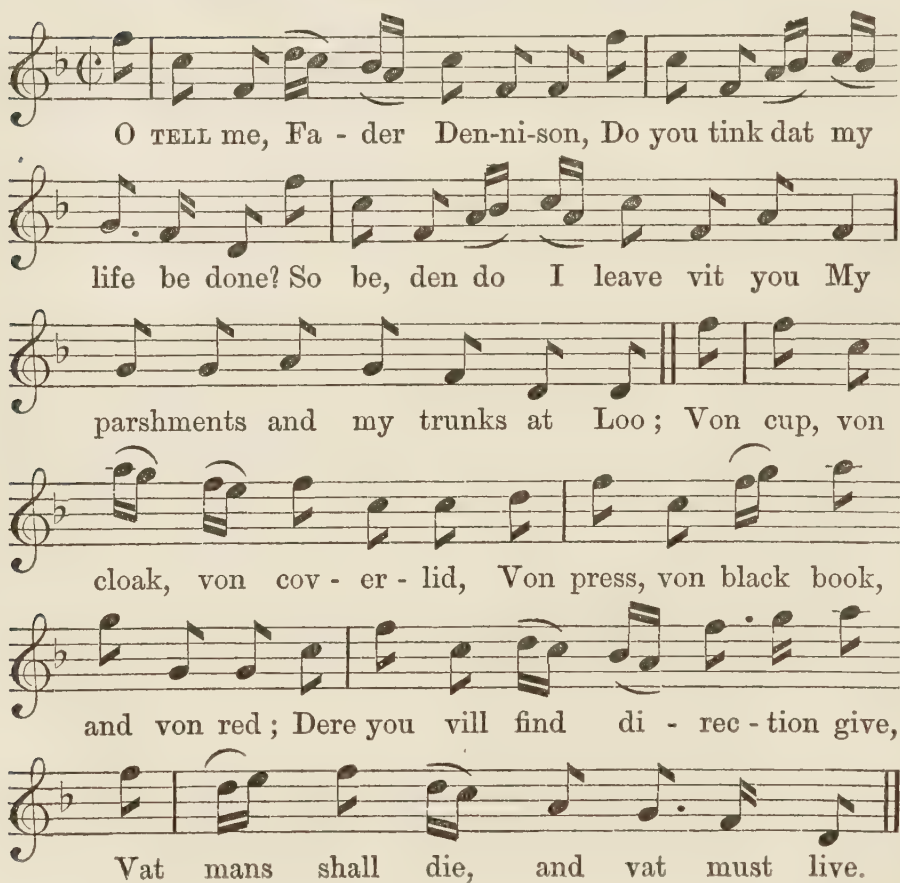
**Carle, an' the King come.**

CARLE, an' the king come, Carle, an' the king come,  
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing, Carle, an' the king come.  
 An some-bo-dy were come a-gain, Then  
 some-bo-dy maun cross the main, And ev'-ry man shall  
 hae his ain, Ca-rle, an' the king come.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse,  
 We ga'e the boot and better horse,  
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,  
     Carle, an' the king come.  
 When yellow corn grows on the rigs,  
 And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,  
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,  
     Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,  
 As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,  
 But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,  
     Carle, an' the king come.  
 Coggie, an' the king come,  
 Coggie an' the king come,  
 I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,  
     Coggie, an' the king come.

## SONG XXIV.

*Willie Winkie's Testament.*


O TELL me, Fa - der Den-ni-son, Do you tink dat my  
 life be done? So be, den do I leave vit you My  
 parshments and my trunks at Loo; Von cup, von  
 cloak, von cov - er - lid, Von press, von black book,  
 and von red; Dere you vill find di - rec - tion give,  
 Vat mans shall die, and vat must live.

Dere you vill find it in my vill,  
 Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,  
 And, if dey please, who dem must quit ;  
 Mine good vench Anne must look to it.  
 Voe's me dat I did ever sat  
 On trone !—But now no more of dat.  
 Take you, moreover, Dennison,  
 De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.

Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,  
 And all de curses of de Scot,  
 Dat dey did give me vonder vell,  
 For Darien and dat Macdonell.  
 Dese are de tings I fain vold give,  
 Now dat I have not time to live :  
 O take dem off mine hands, I pray !  
 I'll go de lighter on my vay.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,  
 Von cap vold better fit von man,  
 And vit it all de firebrands red,  
 Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.  
 All dis I hereby do bequeath,  
 Before I shake de hand vit death.  
 It is de ting could not do good,  
 It came vit much ungratitude.

And tell her, Dennison, vrom me,  
 To lock it by most carefully,  
 And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,  
 Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.  
 I have von hope, I have but von,  
 'Tis weak, but better vit dan none ;  
 Me viss it prove not von intrigue—  
*De prayer of de selfish Whig.*

## SONG XXV.

*The Act of Succession.*

The musical score is written for a single voice in G major, 9/8 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The melody is characterized by dotted rhythms and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score concludes with a double bar line on the eighth staff.

I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys, The like you ne'er  
heard of be - fore ; Old Scotland at last is grown wise, And  
England shall bully no more. Succession, the trap for our  
slav'ry, A true Pres - by - te - ri - an plot, Ad -  
vanced by by - ends and knav'ry, Is now kicked  
out by a vote. The Lutheran dame may be gone, Our  
foes shall address us no more ; If the treaty should  
ne - ver go on, She for ev - er is kick'd out of door.



To bondage we now bid adieu,  
The English shall no more oppress us ;  
There's something in every man's view,  
That in due time, we hope, shall redress us.  
This hundred years past we have been  
Dull slaves, and ne'er strove to mend ;  
It came by an old barren queen,  
And now we resolve it shall end.  
But grant the old woman should come,  
And England with treaties should woo us,  
We'll clog her before she comes home,  
That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,  
From parties and quarrels abstain ;  
Let us English councils defeat,  
And Hanover ne'er mention again.  
Let grievances now be redress'd ;  
Consider, the power is our own :  
Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,  
Nor England lay claim to our crown :  
Let us think with what blood and what care  
Our ancestors kept themselves free ;  
What Bruce and what Wallace could dare :  
If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in,  
As later examples before you ;  
And hold out but as you begin,  
Like them, the next age will adore you.  
Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke, then,  
Who has the great labour begun ;  
He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him,  
To Holland for shelter shall run  
Here's a health to those that stood by him,  
To Fletcher, and all honest men ;

Ne'er trust the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,  
Since all our just rights they maintain.

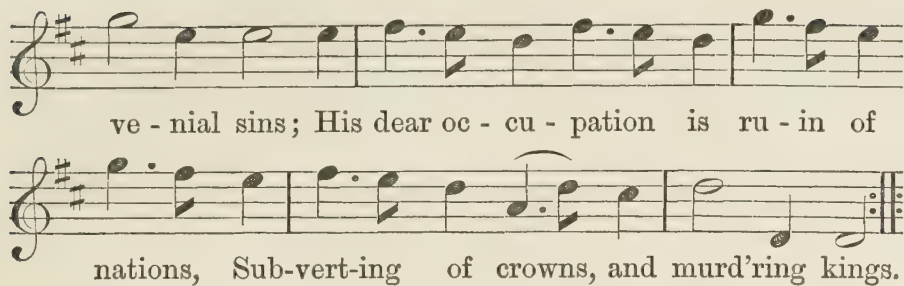
Once more to great Hamilton's health,  
The hero that still keeps his ground ;  
To him we must own all our wealth :—  
Let the Christian liquor go round.  
Let all the sham tricks of the court,  
That so often have foil'd us before,  
Be now made the country's sport,  
And England shall fool us no more.

---

SONG XXVI.

**Would you know what a Whig is ?**

WOULD you know what a Whig is, and al-ways was? I'll  
shew you his life, as it were in a glass; He's a  
re - bel by nature, with a vil - lan-ous face, A  
saint by profession, who never had grace. Cheating  
and ly-ing are pun - y things, Rapine and plunder but



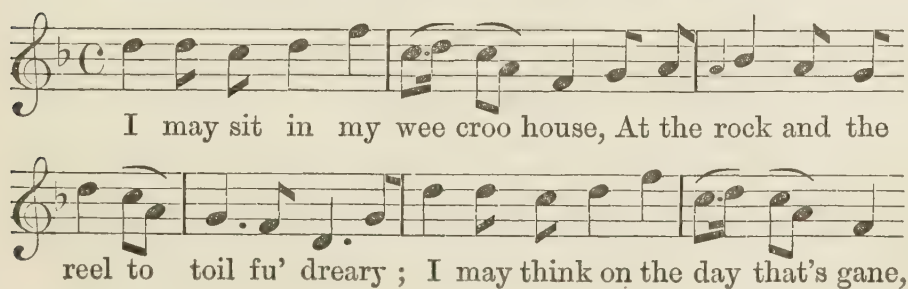
To shew that he came from a wight of worth ;  
'Twas Lucifer's pride that bore the elf ;  
'Twas bloody barbarity gave him birth ;  
Ambition the midwife that brought him forth ;  
Judas his tutor was, till he grew big ;  
Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig  
For all that was sacred : so thus was created,  
And brought to the world, what you call a Whig.

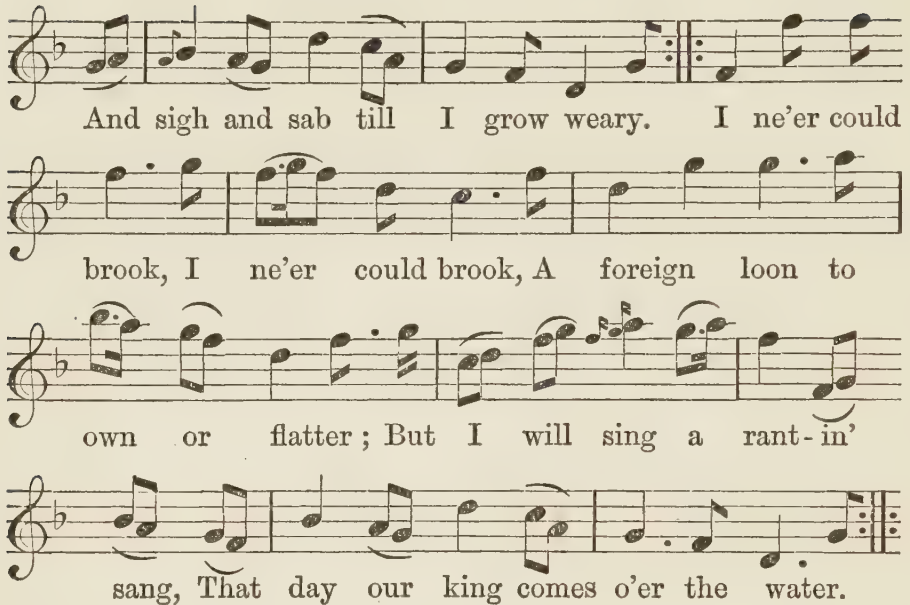
Spew'd up among mortals from hellish jaws,  
He suddenly strikes at religion and laws,  
With civil dissensions, and bloody inventions,  
And all for to push on the good old cause.  
Still cheating and lying he plays his game,  
Always dissembling, yet still the same,  
Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,  
Then goes to the devil, from whence he came.

---

SONG XXVII.

*When the King comes o'er the Water.*





And sigh and sab till I grow weary. I ne'er could  
brook, I ne'er could brook, A foreign loon to  
own or flatter; But I will sing a rant-in'  
sang, That day our king comes o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day,  
That I ha'e begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,  
I'll fling my rock and reel away,  
And dance and sing frae morn till even.  
For there is ane I winna name,  
That comes the beingin bike to scatter;  
And I'll put on my bridal gown,  
That day our king comes o'er the water.

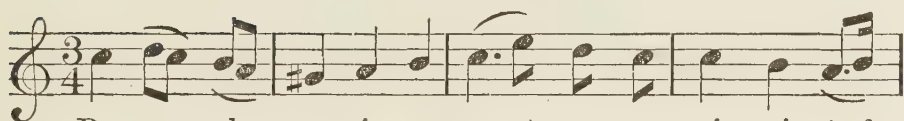
I hae seen the gude auld day,  
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,  
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,  
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.  
Though lyart be my locks and gray,  
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter?  
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,  
That day our king comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,  
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,



Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,  
 And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver ;  
 My father was a good lord's son,  
 My mother was an earl's daughter,  
 And I'll be Lady Keith again,  
 That day our king comes o'er the water.

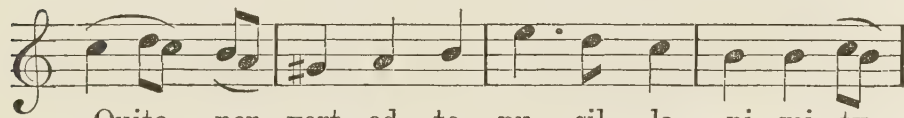
## SONG XXVIII.

*Freedom's Farewell.*

BRITONS, where now is your great mag-na - ni - mi - ty ?



Where is your boast - ed cour - age flown ?



Quite per - vert - ed to pu - sil - la - ni - mi - ty,



Scarce dare you say your souls are your own.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,  
 Crown'd with laurels in many a field,  
 You have relinquish'd, and O, most ingloriously,  
 To foreign oppression thus tamely to yield !

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,  
 Weeping she'll quit her once-loved shore ;  
 Then shall our loss be past all reparative ;  
 Once she leaves us, we see her no more.

Gracious Heaven, to assist us excurgitate,  
 We look for thy mighty vindictive hand,  
 To make our oppressors their plunder disgorgitate,  
 And yet preserve a poor sinking land.

## SONG XXIX.

**Come, fill your Bowls.**

AIR—"The King shall enjoy his own again." See p. 1.

COME, fill your bowls, come, fill them high,  
 While these are here, we'll scorn to fly ;  
 Shall honest Tories fear disgrace,  
 When loyalty glows in the face ?  
     Great laurels have been won  
     On the glorious tenth of June,  
 By the force of Burgundy and Champagne ;  
     While bumpers go in rounds,  
     There's nought but blood and wounds,  
 And the king shall enjoy his own again.

Were our glasses but turn'd into swords,  
 Or our actions half as great as our words ;  
 Were our enemies turn'd into quarts,  
 How nobly we should play our parts !  
     The least that we would do,  
     Each man should kill his two,  
 Without the help of France or Spain ;  
     The Whigs should run a tilt,  
     And their damn'd blood be spilt,  
 And the king should enjoy his own again.

## SONG XXX.

**The King shall enjoy his own.**

[For the Air, see p. 1.]

IN a summer's day, when all was gay,  
The lads and lasses met  
In a flowery mead, when each lovely maid  
Was by her true love set.  
Dick took the glass, drank to his lass,  
And Jamie's health around did pass.  
Huzza, they cried ; Huzza, they all replied,  
God bless our noble king.

“To the queen,” quoth Will. “Drink it off,” says Nell ;  
“They say she's wondrous pretty.”  
“And the prince,” says Hugh. “That's right,” says Sue ;  
“God send him home,” says Katy ;  
“May the powers above this tribe remove,  
“And send us back the man we love.”  
Huzza, they cried, &c.

The liquor spent, they to dancing went ;  
Each youngster took his mate :  
Ralph bow'd to Moll, and Hodge to Doll ;  
Hal took out black-eyed Kate.  
“Name your dance,” quoth John. “Bid him,” says Anne,  
“Play, The king shall enjoy his own again.”  
Huzza, they cried, &c.

## SONG XXXI.

*Here's a health to them that's away.*

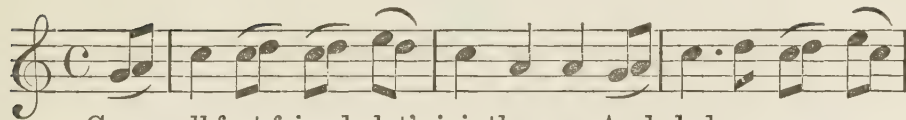
HERE'S a health to them that's a-way, Here's a health to  
 them that's a - way, Here's a health to him that was  
 here yestreen, But durst - na bide till day.  
 O wha win - na drink it dry? O wha win - na  
 drink it dry? Wha win - na drink to the  
 lad that's gane, Is nane o' our com - pan - y.

Let him be swung on a tree,  
 Let him be swung on a tree ;  
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,  
 Can ne'er be the man for me.  
 It's good to be merry and wise,  
 It's good to be honest and true,  
 It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,  
 Afore we be on wi' the new.

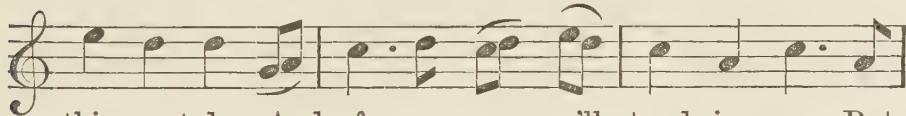


## SONG XXXII.

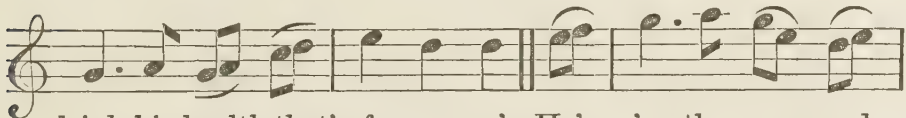
## Ober the Seas and far awa'.



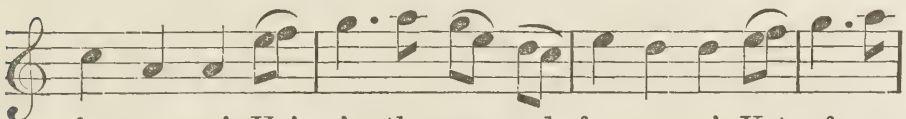
COME, all fast friends, let's jointly pray, And pledge our vow on



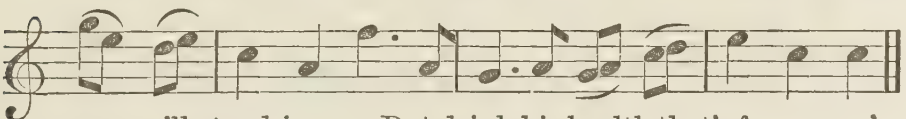
this great day; And of no man we'll stand in awe, But



drink his health that's far a - wa'; He's o'er the seas and



far a - wa', He's o'er the seas and far a - wa'; Yet of no



man we'll stand in awe, But drink his health that's far a - wa'.

Though he was banish'd from his throne  
By parasites who now are gone  
To view the shades which are below,  
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.  
He's o'er the seas, &c.

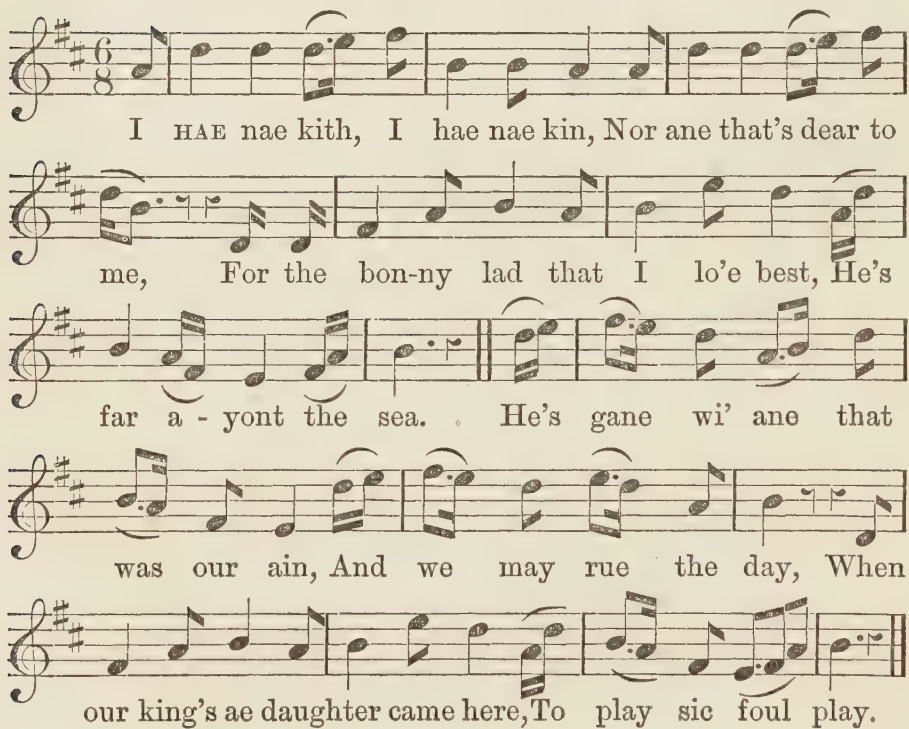
Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,  
Go home and keep your sheep and kye;  
For it was fitting for you a'  
To drink his health that's far awa'.  
He's o'er the seas, &c.

But I hope he shortly will be home,  
 And in good time will mount the throne ;  
 And then we'll curse and ban the law  
 That keepit our king sae lang awa'.  
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

Disloyal Whigs, despatch, and go  
 To visit Noll and Will below ;  
 'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,  
 Whilst we drink their health that's far awa'.  
 He's o'er the seas, &c.

## SONG XXXIII.

**I hae nae Kith, I hae nae Kin.**

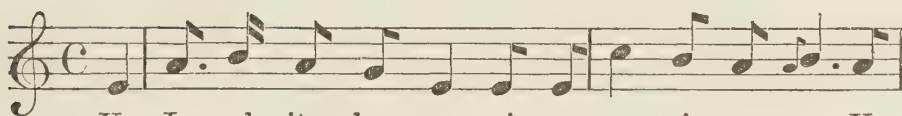


I HAE nae kith, I hae nae kin, Nor ane that's dear to  
 me, For the bon-ny lad that I lo'e best, He's  
 far a - yont the sea. He's gane wi' ane that  
 was our ain, And we may rue the day, When  
 our king's ae daughter came here, To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,  
 Wi' wings that I might flee,  
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,  
 My ae true love to see :  
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale  
 To ane that's dear to me,  
 And sit upon a king's window,  
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,  
 Aneath the corbie's wame,  
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood  
 Shall blaw our good king hame.  
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,  
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,  
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,  
 And ane I daurna name !

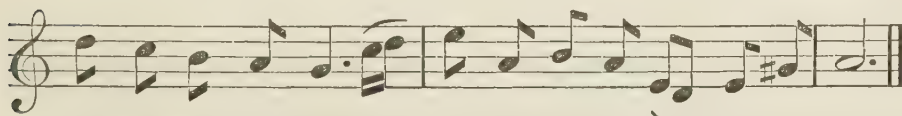
## SONG XXXIV.

**Ye Jacobites by Name.**

YE Ja - cob - ites by name, give an ear, give an ear, Ye



Ja-cob-ites by name, give an ear ; Ye Ja-cob-ites by name, Your



fauts I will proclaim, Your doctrines I maun blame, You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law ?

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law ?

What is right, and what is wrang ?

A short sword and a lang,

A weak arm and a strang,

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar ?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar ?

What makes heroic strife ?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bloody war.

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state ;

Then let your schemes alone in the state :

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

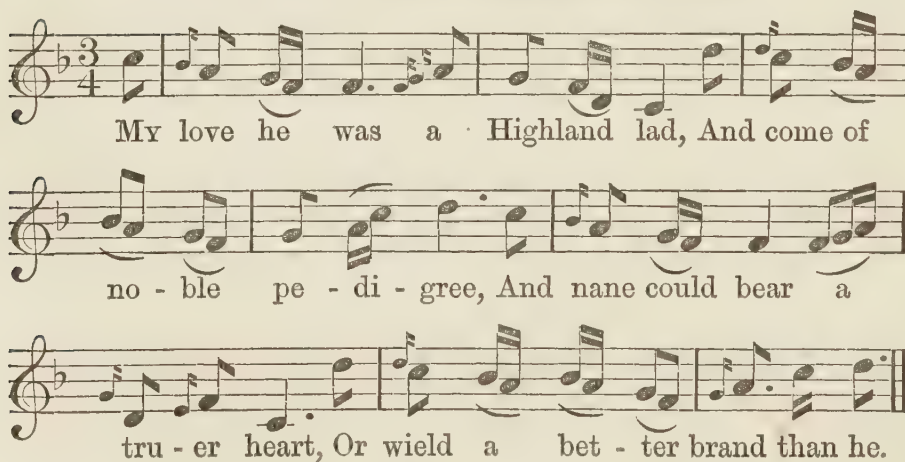
And leave a man undone

To his fate.

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SONG XXXV.

**My Love he was a Highland Lad.**



My love he was a Highland lad, And come of  
no - ble pe - di - gree, And nane could bear a  
tru - er heart, Or wield a bet - ter brand than he.



And O, he was a bon - ny lad, The bravest  
 lad that e'er I saw! May ill be - tide the  
 heart - less wight That ba - nish'd him and his a - wa'.

But had our good king kept the field,  
 When traitors tarrow'd at the law,  
 There hadna been this waeful wark,  
 The weariest time we ever saw.  
 My love he stood for his true king,  
 Till standing it could do nae mair :  
 The day is lost, and sae are we ;  
 Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

But I wad rather see him roam  
 An outcast on a foreign strand,  
 And wi' his master beg his bread,  
 Nae mair to see his native land,  
 Than bow a hair o' his brave head  
 To base usurper's tyrannye ;  
 Than cringe for mercy to a knave  
 That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,  
 A bud weel kend in glamourye ;  
 And in that bud there is a bloom,  
 That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three ;

And in that bloom there is a brier,  
 Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,  
 Or there is neither faith, nor truth,  
 Nor honour left in our countrie.

## SONG XXXVI.

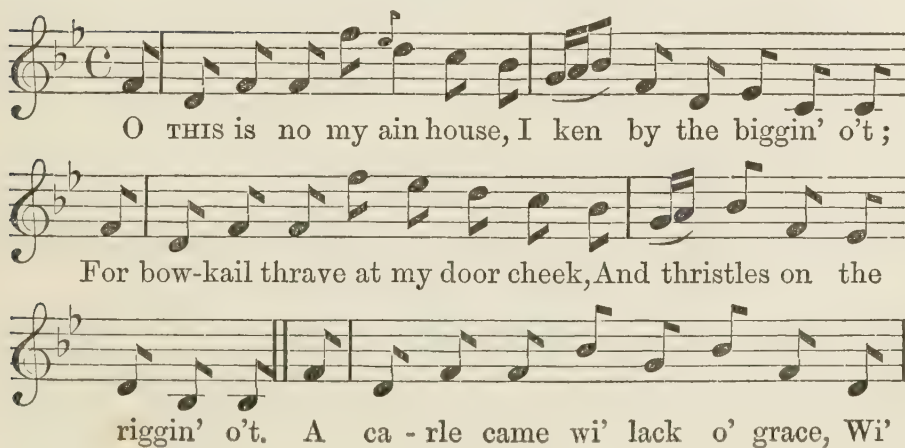
## Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame, Fareweel our  
 ancient glo - ry, Fareweel ev'n to the  
 Scot-tish name, Sae fam'd in mar - tial stor - y.  
 Now Sark rins o'er the Sol-way sands, And Tweed rins  
 to the o - cean, To mark where England's province  
 stands : Such a par - cel of rogues in a na - tion.

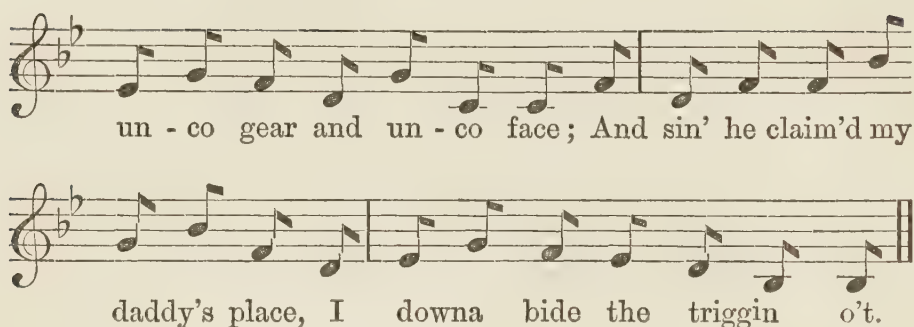
What force or guile could not subdue,  
 Through many warlike ages,  
 Is wrought now by a coward few,  
 For hireling traitors' wages.  
 The English steel we could disdain,  
 Secure in valor's station,  
 But English gold has been our bane :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, or I had seen the day  
 That treason thus could sell us,  
 My auld gray head had lain in clay,  
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !  
 But pith and power, till my last hour  
 I'll make this declaration,  
 We're bought and sold for English gold :  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

## SONG XXXVII.

**This is no my ain House.**


O THIS is no my ain house, I ken by the biggin' o't ;  
 For bow-kail thrive at my door cheek, And thistles on the  
 riggin' o't. A ca - rle came wi' lack o' grace, Wi'



Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,  
 My daddy's door it wadna steek;  
 But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,  
 And girdle-cakes the riggin o't.  
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bag his housie weel,  
 By dint o' head and dint o' heel,  
 By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,  
 And muckle weary priggin o't.  
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,  
 For ony cringing foreign goose,  
 To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,  
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't?  
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,  
 To come a hunder mile and mair,  
 For to ding out my daddy's heir,  
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?  
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

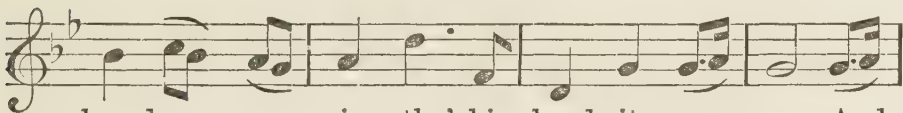


## SONG XXXVIII.

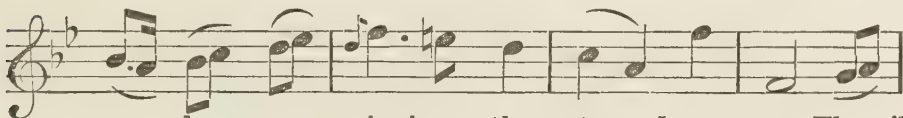
There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes hame.



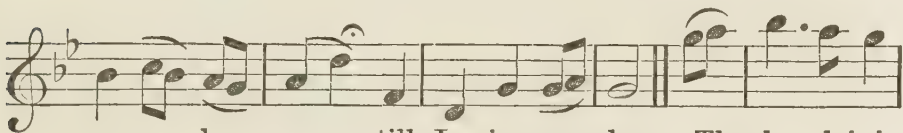
By yon cas-tle wa', at the close of the day, I



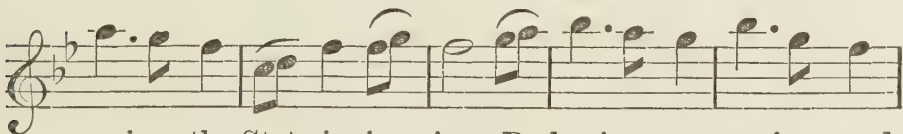
heard a man sing, tho' his head it was gray; And



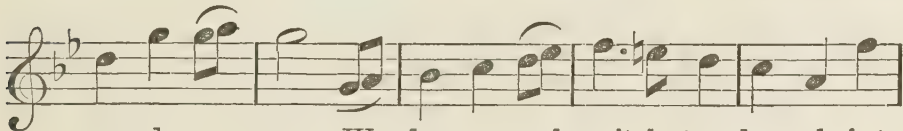
as he was singing, the tears down came, There'll



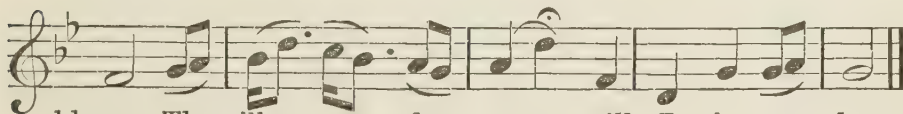
never be peace till Jamie comes hame. The church is in



ruins, the State is in jars, De-lu-sions, oppressions, and



murderous wars : We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to



blame ; There'll ne-ver be peace till Jamie comes hame.

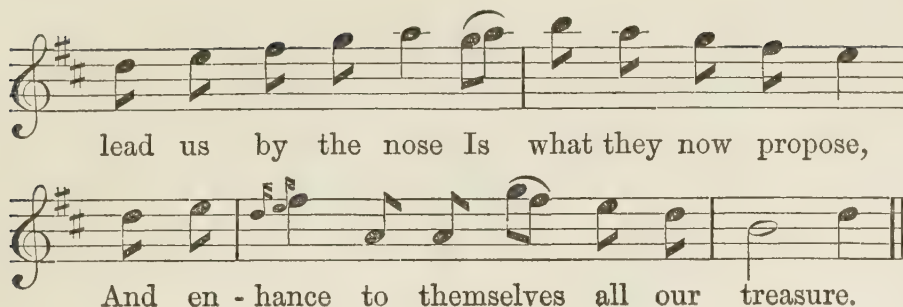
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yaird :  
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame :  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;  
 But till my last moments my words are the same,  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

---

 SONG XXXIX.

## The Awkward Squad.

SHAME fa' my een, If e'er I have seen Such a  
 parcel of rogues in a nation ; The Campbell and the  
 Graham Are e-qual-ly to blame, Seduc'd by strong in - fa - tu -  
 a-tion. The Squadronie and Whig Are uppish and look  
 big, And mean for to rule at their pleasure ; To



The Dalrymples come in play,  
Though they sold us all away,  
And basely betrayed this poor nation ;  
On justice lay no stress,  
For our country they oppress,  
Having no sort of commiseration.  
No nation ever had  
A set of men so bad,  
That feed on its vitals like vultures :  
Bargeny, and Glencoe,  
And the Union, do show  
To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,  
Though at best a very tool,  
Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him ;  
To promise he'll not stick,  
To break will be as quick ;  
Give him money, you cannot disgust him.  
It happen'd on a day,  
" Us cavaliers," he'd say,  
And drink all their healths in a brimmer ;  
But now he's changed his note,  
And again has turn'd his coat,  
And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothes now may huff,  
And all the ladies cuff ;  
Couilly Black must resolve to knock under ;

Belhaven hath of late  
Found his father was a cheat,  
And his speech on the Union a blunder :  
Haddington, that saint,  
May roar, blaspheme, and rant,  
He's a prop to the kirk in his station ;  
And Ormiston may hang  
The Tories all, and bang  
Every man that's against reformation.

Can any find a flaw  
To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,  
Or doubt of his deep penetration ?  
His charming eloquence  
Is as obvious as his sense ;  
His knowledge comes by generation.  
Though there's some pretend to say  
He is but a lump of clay,  
Yet these are malignants and Tories,  
Who to tell us are not shy,  
That he's much inclin'd to lie,  
And famous for coining of stories.

Mr. Cockburn, with fresh airs,  
Most gloriously appears,  
Directing his poor fellow-creatures ;  
And who would not admire  
A youth of so much fire,  
So much sense and such beautiful features ?  
Lord Polworth need not grudge  
The confinement of a judge,  
But give way to his lusts and his passion,  
Burn his linens every day,  
And his creditors ne'er pay,  
And practice all the vices in fashion.



Mr. Bailey's surly sense,  
 And Roxburgh's eloquence,  
 Must find out a design'd assassination ;  
 If their plots are not well laid,  
 Mr. Johnstoun will them aid,  
 He's expert in that nice occupation.  
 Though David Bailey's dead,  
 Honest Kersland's in his stead ;  
 His grace can make use of such creatures ;  
 Can teach them how to steer,  
 'Gainst whom and where to swear,  
 And prove those he hates to be traitors.

• Lord Sutherland may roar,  
 And drink as heretofore,  
 For he's the bravo of the party ;  
 Was ready to command  
 Jeanie Man's trusty band,  
 In concert with the traitor M'Kertney.  
 Had not Loudon got a flaw,  
 And been lying on the straw,  
 He'd been of great use in his station :  
 Though he's much decay'd in grace,  
 His son succeeds his place,  
 A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,  
 We by no means must forget  
 That man of renown, Captain Monroe ;  
 Though he looks indeed a-squint,  
 His head's as hard as flint,  
 And he well may be reckon'd a hero.  
 Zealous Harry Cunninghame  
 Hath acquir'd a lasting fame  
 By the service he's done to the godly :

A regiment of horse  
 Hath been given away much worse  
 Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food  
 Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,  
 And he did disturb much devotion :  
 Although he did design  
 To o'erturn King Willie's reign,  
 Yet he must not want due promotion.  
 Like a saint sincere and true,  
 He discover'd all he knew,  
 And for more there was then no occasion.  
 Since he made this godly turn,  
 His breast with zeal doth burn  
 For the king and a pure reformation.

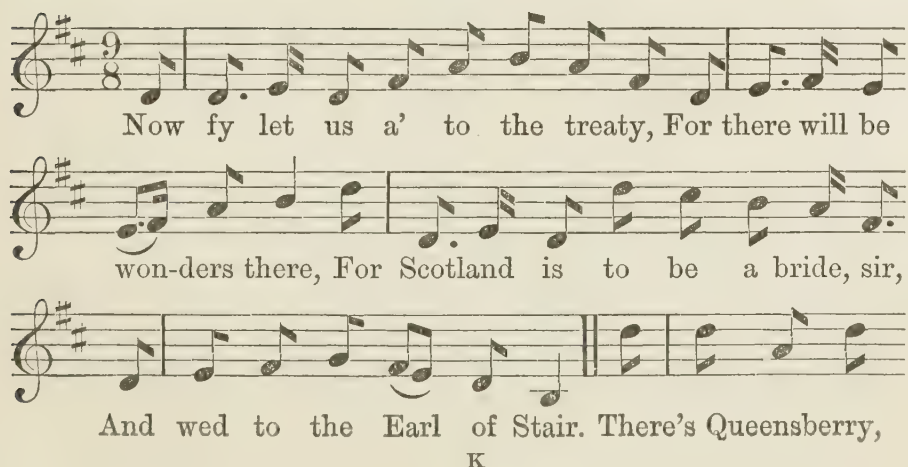
The Lady Lauderdale,  
 And Forfar's mighty zeal,  
 Brought their sons very soon into favour,  
 With grace they did abound,  
 The sweet of which they found,  
 When they for their offspring did labour.  
 There's Tweeddale and his club,  
 Who have given many a rub  
 To their honour, their prince, and this nation.  
 Next to that heavy drone,  
 Poor silly Skipness John,  
 Have establish'd the best reputation.

In making of this list,  
 Lord Ilay should be first,  
 A man most upright in spirit.  
 He's sincere in all he says,  
 A double part ne'er plays,  
 His word he'll not break, you may swear it.

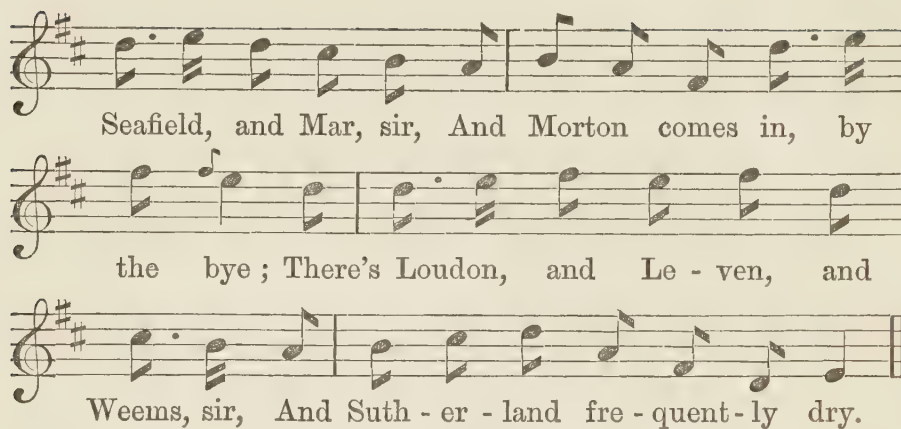
Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,  
 Have serv'd with all their pith,  
 And claim some small consideration.  
 Give Hyndford his dragoons,  
 He'll chastise the Tory loons,  
 And reform ev'ry part of the nation.

Did ever any prince  
 His favours thus dispense  
 On men of no merit nor candour ?  
 Would any king confide  
 In men that so deride  
 All notions of conscience and honour ?  
 Hath any been untold,  
 How these our country sold,  
 And would sell it again for more treasure ?  
 Yet, alas ! these very men  
 Are in favour now again,  
 And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

## SONG XL.

*The Union.*


Now fy let us a' to the treaty, For there will be  
 won-ders there, For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,  
 And wed to the Earl of Stair. There's Queensberry,  
 K



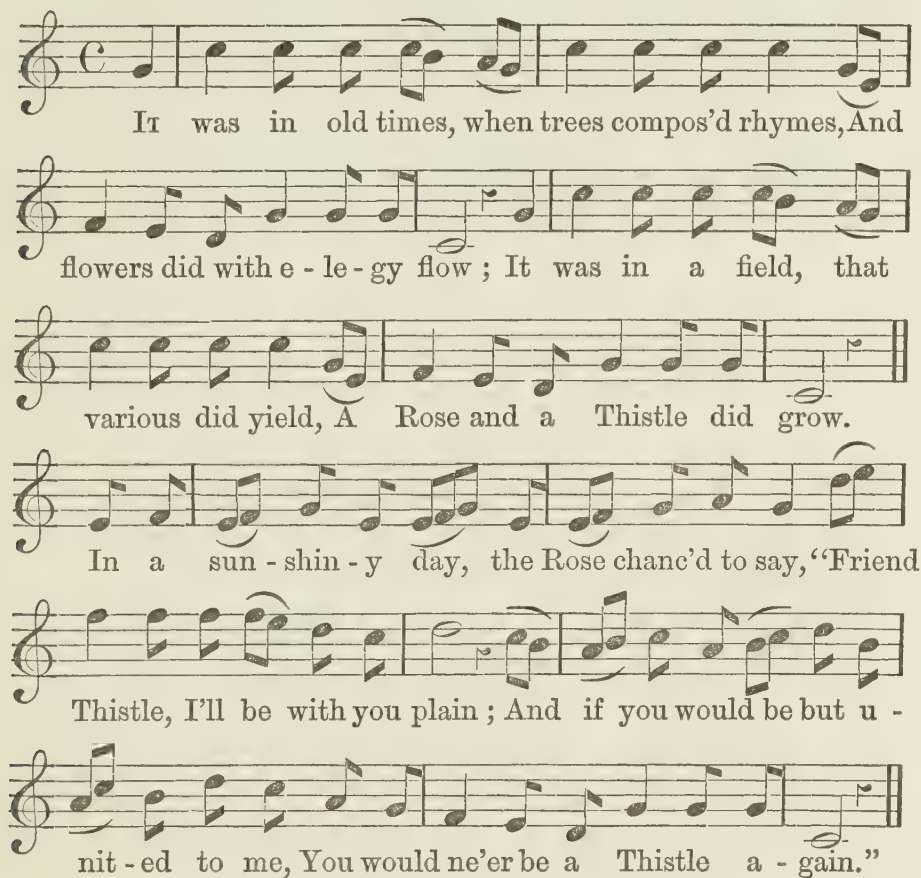
There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,  
And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross ;  
The president, Francis Montgomery,  
Wha ambles like ony paced horse.  
There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,  
Whom the court hath had still on their hench ;  
There's solid Pitmedden and Forglan,  
Wha designed jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormiston and Tillicoultie,  
And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton ;  
There's Arniston, too, and Carnwathie,  
Put in by his uncle, L. Wharton ;  
There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,  
Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple ;  
There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,  
Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,  
If they prove not traitors in fact,  
But see that their bride be well drest, sir,  
Or the devil take all the pack.  
May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,  
Away on his back with a bang ;  
Then well may our new-buskit bridie  
For her own first wooer think lang.



## SONG XLI.

*The Thistle and Rose.*


It was in old times, when trees compos'd rhymes, And  
flowers did with e - le - gy flow ; It was in a field, that  
various did yield, A Rose and a Thistle did grow.  
In a sun - shin - y day, the Rose chanc'd to say, "Friend  
Thistle, I'll be with you plain ; And if you would be but u -  
nit - ed to me, You would ne'er be a Thistle a - gain."

Says the Thistle, "My spears shield mortals from fears,

"Whilst thou dost unguarded remain ;

"And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,

"I'd wish to turn Thistle again."

"O my friend," says the Rose, "you falsely suppose ;

"Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain ?

"You would take so much pleasure, in beauty's vast treasure,

"You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

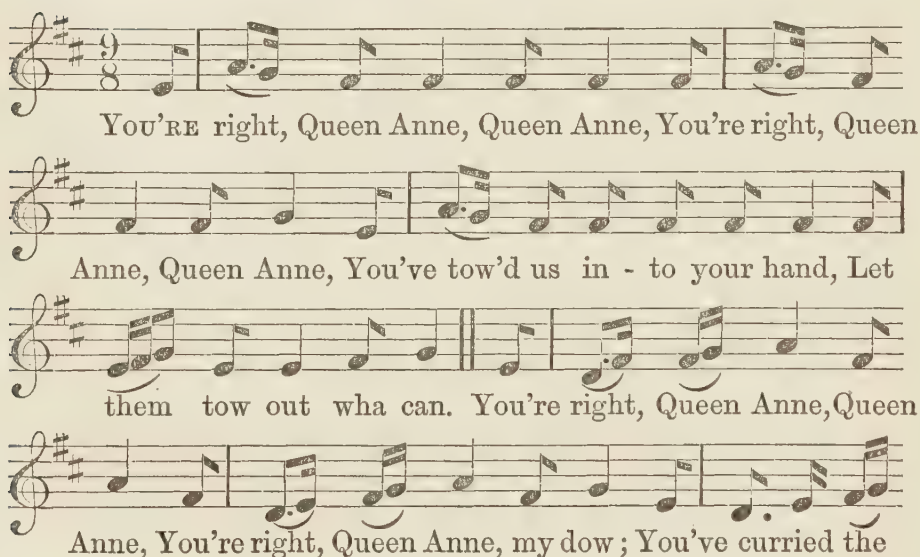
The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose  
 To all the gay flowers of the plain,  
 Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,  
 And now are united the twain.  
 But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,  
 Nor longer could sorrow refrain,  
 She fetch'd a deep groan, with many Ohon !  
 " O were I a Thistle again !

" For then I did stand on yon heath-cover'd land,  
 " Admir'd by each nymph and each swain ;  
 " And free as the air I flourished there,  
 " The terror and pride of the plain.  
 " But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,  
 " Nor dare I presume to complain ;  
 " Then remember that I do ruefully cry,  
 " O were I a Thistle again !"

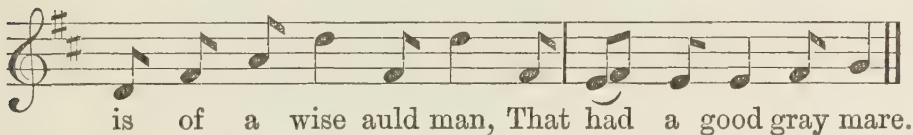
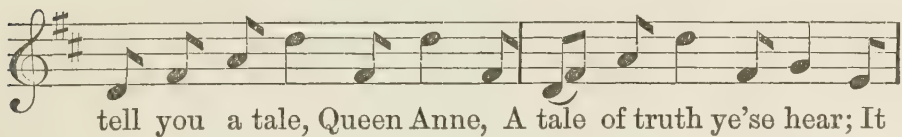
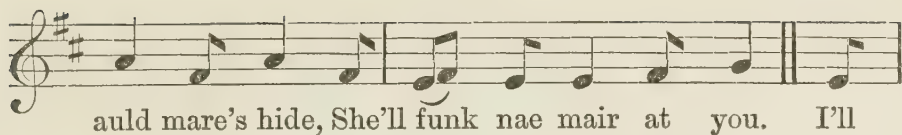
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 SONG XLII.

## Queen Anne ; or, the Auld Gray Mare.



You'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne, You're right, Queen  
 Anne, Queen Anne, You've tow'd us in - to your hand, Let  
 them tow out wha can. You're right, Queen Anne, Queen  
 Anne, You're right, Queen Anne, my dow ; You've curried the



He'd twa mares on the hill,  
 And ane into the sta',  
 But this auld thrawart jade,  
 She was the best of a'.  
 This auld mare's head was stiff,  
 But nane sae well could pu';  
 Yet she had a will o' her ain,  
 Was unco ill to bow.  
 Whene'er he touch'd her flank,  
 Then she begoud to glowr;  
 And she'd pu' up her foot,  
 And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,  
 Or curried her hide fu' clean,  
 Then she wad fidge and wince,  
 And shaw twa glancing een.  
 Whene'er her tail play'd whisk,  
 Or when her look grew skeigh,  
 It's then the wise auld man  
 Was blythe to stand abiegh.  
 "The deil tak that auld brute,"  
 Quo' he, "and me to boot,  
 "But I sall hae amends,  
 "Though I should dearly rue't."

He hired a farrier stout,  
 Frae out the west countrie,  
 A crafty selfish loon,  
 That loe'd the white moneye ;  
 That lo'ed the white moneye,  
 The white but and the red ;  
 And he has ta'en an aith  
 That he wad do the deed.  
 And he brought a' his smiths,  
 I wat he paid them weel,  
 And they hae seiz'd the yaud,  
 And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bauk,  
 On pulleys gart her swing,  
 Until the good auld yaud  
 Could nouthier funk nor fling.  
 Ane rippit her wi' a spur.  
 Ane daudit her wi' a flail,  
 Ane proddit her in the lisk,  
 Anither aneath the tail.  
 The auld wise man he leugh,  
 And wow but he was fain !  
 And bade them prod eneugh,  
 And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,  
 And graned and roused sair ;  
 And aye her tail play'd whisk,  
 When she dought do nae mair.  
 And aye they bor'd her ribs,  
 And ga'e her the tither switch :  
 “ We'll learn ye to be douce,  
 “ Ye all wansonsy b——h.”  
 The mare right piteous stood,  
 And bore it patiently ;  
 She deem'd it a' for good,  
 Some good she couldna see.



But desperation's force  
Will drive a wise man mad ;  
And desperation's force  
Has rous'd the good auld yaud.  
And when ane desperate grows,  
I tell ye true, Queen Anne,  
Nane kens what they will do,  
Be it a beast or man.  
And first she shook her lugs,  
And then she ga'e a snore,  
And then she ga'e a reirde,  
Made a' the smiths to glowr.

The auld wise man grew baugh,  
And turn'd to shank away :  
“ If that auld deil gets loose,”  
Quo' he, “ we'll rue the day.”  
The thought was hardly thought,  
The word was hardly sped,  
When down came a' the house,  
Aboon the auld man's head :  
For the yaud she made a broost,  
W' ten yauds' strength and mair,  
Made a' the kipples to crash,  
And a' the smiths to rair.

The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,  
The wise auld man was slain ;  
The last word e'er he said,  
Was, wi' a waeful mane,  
“ O wae be to the yaud,  
“ And a' her hale countrie !  
“ I wish I had letten her rin,  
“ As wild as wild could be.”  
The yaud she 'scap'd away  
Frae 'mang the deadly stoure,  
And chap'd away hame to him  
That aught her ance afore.

*Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,  
Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow;  
The auld gray mare's oursel',  
The wise all man is you.*

## SONG XLIII.

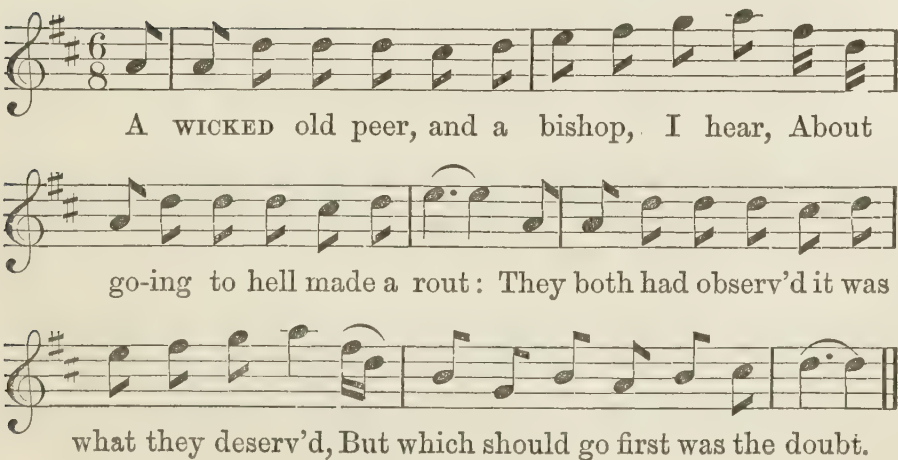
**Bishop Burnet's Descent into Hell.**

THE devils were brawling at Burnet's descending, But  
at his ar - ri - val they left off con - tend-ing; Old  
Lu - ci - fer ran his dear bishop to meet, And thus the arch-  
dev-il th' apostate did greet, "My dear Bishop Burnet, I'm  
glad beyond measure; This vis - it, unlook'd for, gives  
in - fi - nite pleasure, And O my dear Sarum, how go things a -  
bove? Does George hate the Tor-ies, and Whigs on - ly love?"

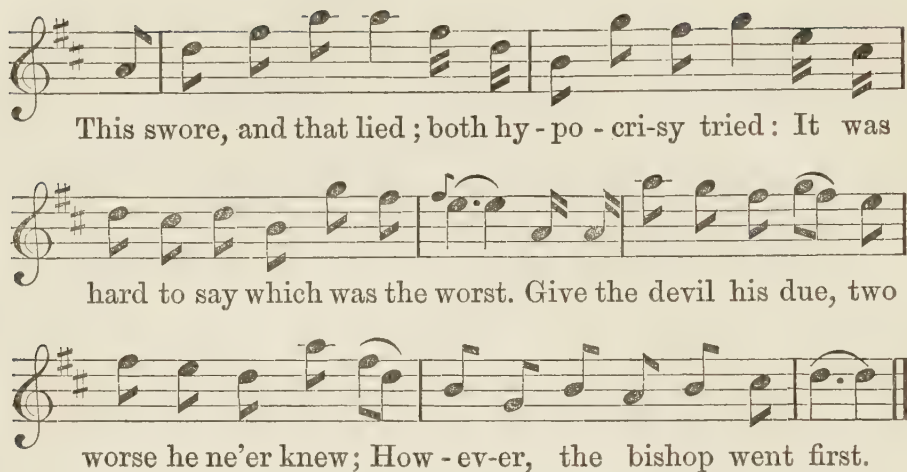
" Was your highness *in propria persona* to reign,  
 " You could not more justly your empire maintain."  
 " And how does Ben Hoadly ?" " Oh ! he's very well :  
 " A truer blue Whig you have not in hell.  
 " Hugh Peters is making a sneaker within,  
 " For Luther, Buchanan, John Knox, and Calvin ;  
 " And when they have toss'd off a brace of full bowls,  
 " You'll swear you ne'er met with honester souls."

" This night we'll carouse, in spite of all pain :  
 " Go, Cromwell, you dog, King William unchain,  
 " And tell him, his Gilly is lately come down,  
 " Who has just left his mitre as he left his crown.  
 " Whose lives, till they died, in our service were spent ;  
 " They only come hither who never repent.  
 " Let heralds aloud then our victories tell ;  
 " Let George reign for ever ?" " Amen !" cried all hell.

## SONG XLIV.

**A Wicked Old Peer.**


A WICKED old peer, and a bishop, I hear, About  
 go-ing to hell made a rout : They both had observ'd it was  
 what they deserv'd, But which should go first was the doubt.



This swore, and that lied ; both hy - po - cri-sy tried : It was  
 hard to say which was the worst. Give the devil his due, two  
 worse he ne'er knew ; How - ev - er, the bishop went first.

Affronted in hell, and what I cannot tell,  
 He sat musing, ne'er open'd his mouth,  
 Until the bright marquis, who now in the dark is,  
 As usual began with an oath.

“Damn you, old Nick, we'll shew you a trick !

“We monarchy always have hated :

“We both will disown your right to the crown,

“And swear that you have abdicated.”

“Right, Marquis of Wharton, 'tis what I just thought on ;

“His title neither you nor I know :

“It would be a fine thing if he's made a king ;

“I'm sure it's not *jure divino*.”

But straightway the devil, grown wondrous civil

At the saying of each hopeful imp,

Cried, “Hold up your faces, you both shall have places ;

“Sarum's porter, and Wharton's my pimp.”

Then they bow'd, and went on, and whisper'd the throng,

“Now we're in, of the same we'll make use ;

“We'll maul the old whelp, if you'll lend us your help :

“Who knows but all hell may break loose ?”

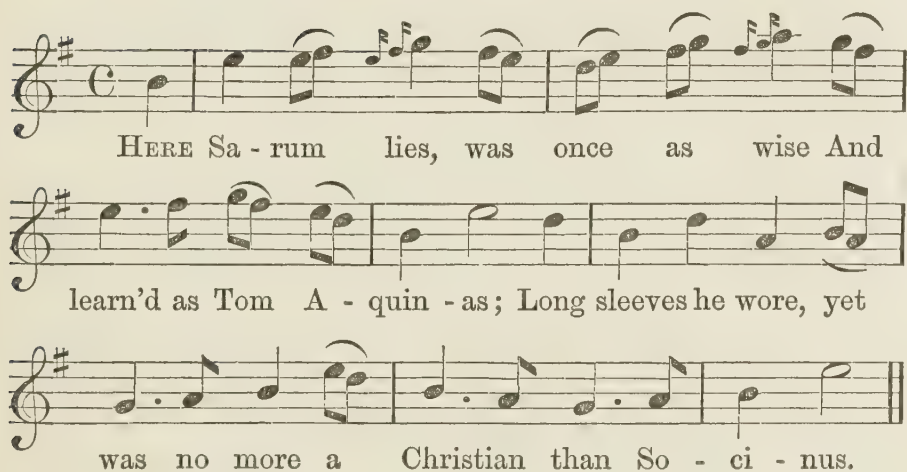


But Wharton did say, "If we can't get away,  
 "For one thing we give you our words  
 "Here will be, by-and-by, with Sarum and I,  
 "Two-thirds of the bishops and lords.

"With these helps we hope, spite of devil and pope,  
 "If the honest damn'd would but come over,  
 "My friend's zeal and mine for the Protestant line  
 "Might bring in the house of Hanover.  
 "For where they reign now, you all must allow,  
 "Though back'd by this true Christian juror,  
 "Their right to the throne is not half so well pro'en ;  
 "But, once here, my friends *hoc securior*."

## SONG XLV.

## Sarum's Dirge.



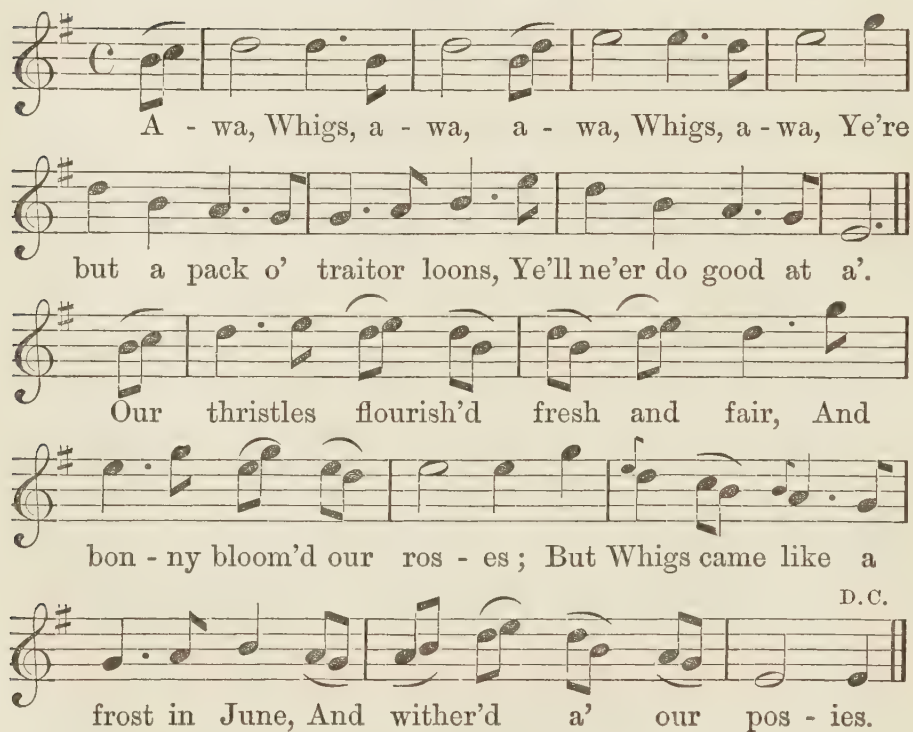
HERE Sa - rum lies, was once as wise And  
 learn'd as Tom A - quin - as ; Long sleeves he wore, yet  
 was no more a Christian than So - ci - nus.

Oaths *pro* and *con* he swallowed down,  
 And gold like any layman ;  
 Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd, and yet betray'd  
 God's holy church for Mammon.

Of every vice he had a spice,  
 Although a reverend prelate :  
 He lived and died, if not belied,  
 A true dissenting zealot.

If such a soul to heaven has stole,  
 And slipt old Satan's clutches,  
 You'll then presume there may be room  
 For Marlborough and his duchess.

## SONG XLVI.

*Awa, Whigs, awa.*


A - wa, Whigs, a - wa, a - wa, Whigs, a - wa, Ye're  
 but a pack o' traitor loons, Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.  
 Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair, And  
 bon - ny bloom'd our ros - es ; But Whigs came like a  
 frost in June, And wither'd a' our pos - ies.

Our sad decay in kirk and state  
 Surpasses my describing ;

The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,  
And we hae done wi' thriving.  
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds,  
In Scottish yird to cover ;  
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,  
And pack him to Hanover.  
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,  
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't,  
And write their names i' his black beuk,  
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't !  
Awa, Whigs, awa.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'n a nap,  
But we may see him wauken :  
Gude help the day, when royal heads  
Are hunted like a maukin.  
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,  
And ramping came amang us ;  
But he pitied us sae wi' cursed Whigs,  
He turn'd, and wadna wrang us.  
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

Sae grim he sat amang the reek,  
Thrang bundling brunstane matches,  
And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,  
Scraps of old Calvin's catches.  
Awa, Whigs, awa,  
Awa, Whigs, awa,  
Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,  
And ne'er do good at a'.

## SONG XLVII.

*The Broad Swords of Scotland.*

WHEN our val - iant an - ces - tors did land in this  
 isle, Brave Fergus commanded, and vict - 'ry did  
 smile ; With their broad swords in hand they soon clear'd  
 the soil. O, the broad swords of old Scotland, And  
 O, the old Scot - tish broad swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the old Britons too,  
 Us, by fraud and by guile, did attempt to subdue.  
 But their schemes proved abortive, while we prov'd true.  
 O, the broad swords, &c.

Though some factious nobles, to serve their own end,  
 Would join with the English, themselves to befriend,  
 And we lost at first, yet they did in the end.  
 O, the broad swords, &c.

Remember brave Wallace, who boldly did play ;  
 Bruce, at Bannockburn, that glorious day :  
 The flowers of old England our heroes did slay.  
 O, the broad swords, &c.



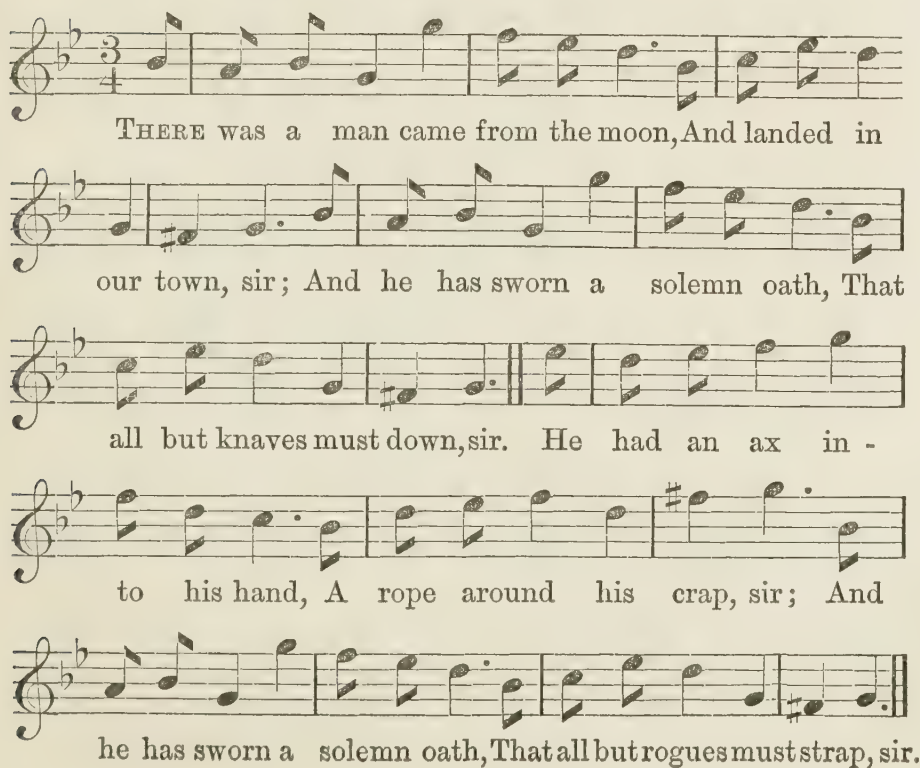
See Edward, their king, take his heels in a fright,  
 Nor e'er look behind, but in Berwick alight ;  
 In an old fishing-boat he bade Scotland good night.  
     O, the broad swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,  
 In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle controll'd ;  
 But now—shall I name it ?—alas !—we're all sold.  
     O, the broad swords, &c.

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SONG XLVIII.

*There was a Man came from the Moon.*



THERE was a man came from the moon, And landed in  
 our town, sir ; And he has sworn a solemn oath, That  
 all but knaves must down, sir. He had an ax in -  
 to his hand, A rope around his crap, sir ; And  
 he has sworn a solemn oath, That all but rogues must strap, sir.

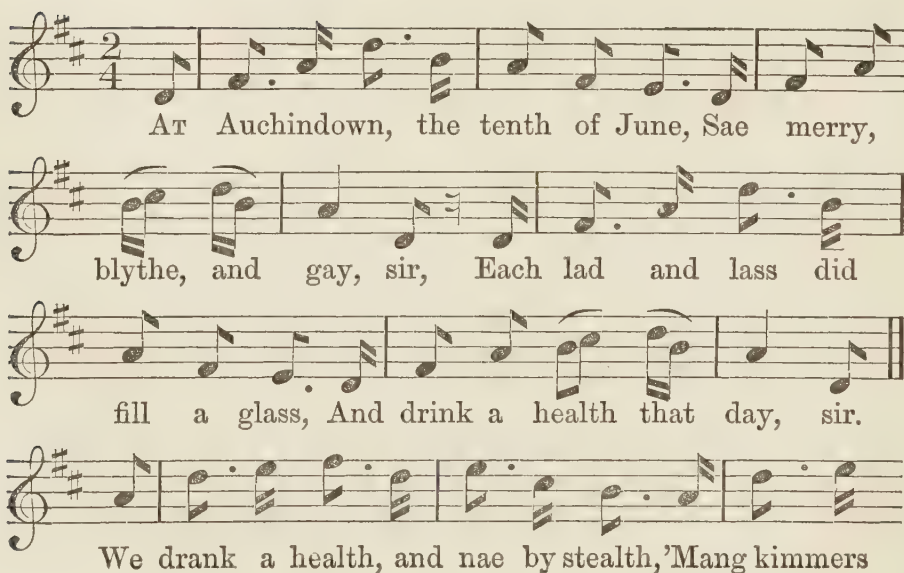
And first he brought a dozen'd drone,  
 And rais'd him up on high, sir,  
 Who knew not what was right or wrong,  
 And neither buff nor sty, sir.  
 And then he took a maudlin wight,  
 A horse-couper by name, sir,  
 And after him two shallow knights,  
 To help to play the game, sir ;

A duke that daddled long in blood,  
 A dog without the nose, sir,  
 And four braw Norland pipers' sons,  
 From traitor race that rose, sir.  
 And when this dog's game will be done,  
 There is no one can tell, sir ;  
 Or whether this man came from the moon,  
 Or if he came from hell, sir.

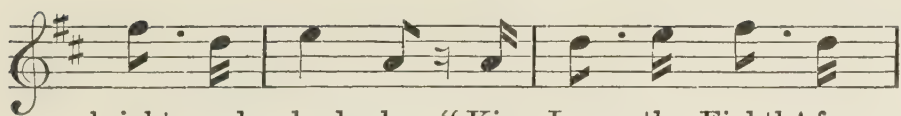
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 SONG XLIX.

## At Auchindown.



At Auchindown, the tenth of June, Sae merry,  
 blythe, and gay, sir, Each lad and lass did  
 fill a glass, And drink a health that day, sir.  
 We drank a health, and nae by stealth, 'Mang kimmers



bright and lord - ly : " King James the Eighth ! for



him we'll fight, And down wi' cuckold Geordie !"

We took a spring, and danc'd a fling,  
 And wow but we were vogie !  
 We didna fear, though we lay near  
 The Campbells, in Stra'bogie ;  
 Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,  
 At Fochabers a-raising :  
 If they durst come, we'd pack them home,  
 And send them to their grazing.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,  
 No word was spoke of dangers ;  
 We join'd the dance, and kiss'd the lance,  
 And swore us foes to strangers,  
 To ilka name that dar'd disclaim  
 Our Jamie and his Charlie.  
 " King James the Eighth ! for him we'll fight,  
 And down the cuckold carlie !"

## SONG L.

*The Riding Mare.*

My daddy had a riding mare, And she was  
ill to sit, And by there came an un - co loon,  
And slipped in his fit. He set his fit in -  
to the st'rup, And gripped sick - er - ly; And aye sin -  
syne, my daint - y mare, She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd himsel ;  
And up gat couthy Anne ;  
She gripp'd the mare, the riding gear  
And halter in her hand :  
And on she rade, and fast she rade,  
O'er necks o' nations three ;  
Fient that she ride the aiver stiff,  
Sin' she has geck'd at me !

The Whigs they ga'e my auntie draps  
That hasten'd her away,



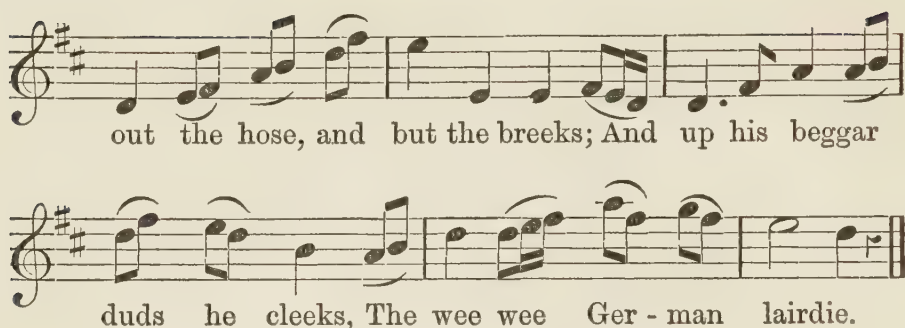
And then they took a cursed oath,  
 And drank it up like whey :  
 Then they sent for a bastard race,  
 Whilk I may sairly rue,  
 And for a horse they've got an ass,  
 And on it set a sow.

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,  
 That cocks aboon them a' !  
 And hey the sow, the dainty sow,  
 That soon will get a fa' !  
 The graith was ne'er in order yet,  
 The bridle wasna worth a doit ;  
 And mony ane will get a bite,  
 Or cuddy gangs awa'.

## SONG LI.

*The wee wee German Lairdie.*

WHA the deil hae we got-ten for a king, But a  
 wee wee German laird - ie ? And when we gade to  
 bring him hame, He was delving in his kail -  
 yaird-ie ; Sheughing kail, and lay - ing leeks, With-



And he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,  
 The wee wee German lairdie,  
 And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,  
 And dibbled them in his yardie.  
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,  
 And broken the harp o' Irish clowns,  
 But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs,  
 The wee wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,  
 Thou wee wee German lairdie,  
 And see how the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive,  
 They dibbled in our yardie :  
 And if a stock ye dare to pu',  
 Or haud the yoking o' a plough,  
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',  
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
 Nae fighting for a yairdie ;  
 And our norland thristles winna pu',  
 For a wee bit German lairdie ;  
 And we've the trenching blades o' weir,  
 Wad glib ye o' your German gear,  
 And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,  
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

Auld Scotland, thou'rt o'er cauld a hole  
 For nursing siccan vermin ;  
 But the very dogs o' England's court,  
 They bark and howl in German.  
 Then keep thy dibble i' thy ain hand,  
 Thy spade but and thy yairdie ;  
 For wha the deil now claims your land,  
 But a wee wee German lairdie ?

## THE OLD SET.



## SONG LII.

*The Ringing o't.*

 Three staves of musical notation in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune.
 

THE Whigs they hae chosen a Geordie for king, And  
 he wad gae try the ringing o't ; Wha, when he be -  
 gan, made the best of us swing, And that was an

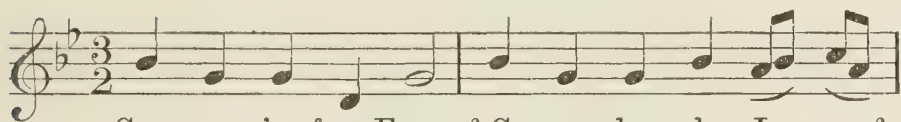
ill be - gin - ning o't. He headed, he hanged, he  
banish'd, he slew, And made mo-ny ane look  
baith black and blue, Which makes us fu' sair on the creature to  
rue, That e'er we had hand in the bringing o't.

We might hae weel kend he wad never do good,  
He was aye sae fond o' the knuckling o't ;  
At hame, in Hanover, he kill'd, in cold blood,  
A pretty young Swede, for the cuckling o't.  
He's witless, he's worthless, he's cruel, he's proud,  
He's aye the best pleas'd when he does the least good.  
O wae worth the time that ever we should  
Hae had the tid o' the ringing o't !

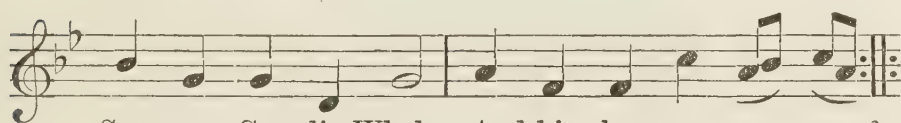
Since we've been sae mad as to choose sic a thing,  
It's time to be wise, and get ridding o't ;  
We'll send him a-packing, the silly bit king ;  
Alack, for the weary striddling o't ?  
Let's clout him and kick him quite out o' the throne,  
Wi' a' his base fry, to the dub that's his own,  
And bring hame the lad that's our sov'reign alone :  
Then hey for a blink at the bleeding o't !



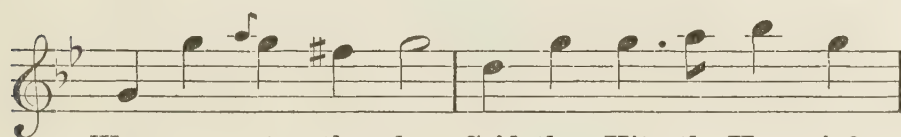
## SONG LIII.

**Came ye o'er frae France.**

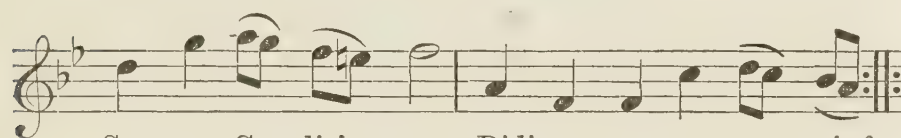
CAME ye o'er frae France? Came ye down by Lun-non?



Saw ye Geordie Whelps, And his bon-ny wo-man?



Were ye at the place Ca'd the Kit-tle Hous-ie?



Saw ye Geordie's grace Riding on a goos-ie?

Geordie he's a man,  
 There is little doubt o't ;  
 He's done a' he can,  
 Wha can do without it ?  
 Down there came a blade,  
 Linkin like my lordie ;  
 He wad drive a trade  
 At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,  
 Blythly may we niffer ;  
 Gin we get a wab,  
 It makes little differ.  
 We hae tint our plaid,  
 Bannet, belt, and swordie,

Ha's and mailins braid—  
But we hae a Geordie !

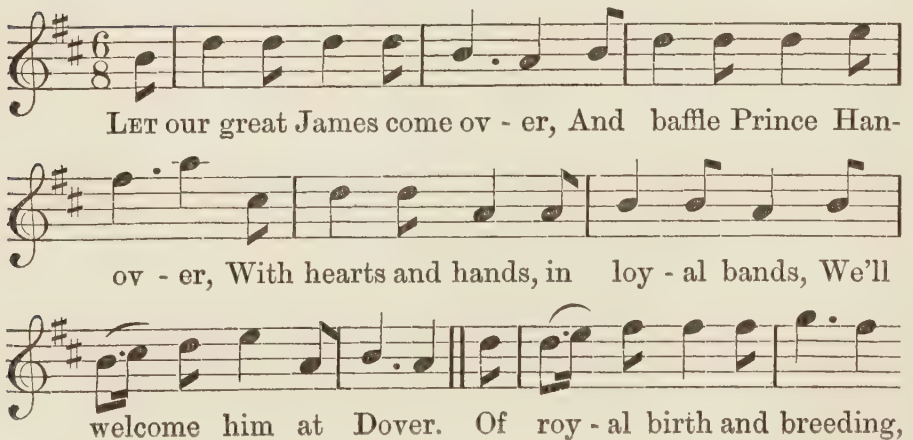
Jocky's gane to France,  
And Montgomery's lady ;  
There they'll learn to dance :  
Madam, are you ready ?  
They'll be back belyve,  
Belted, brisk, and lordly ;  
Brawly may they thrive  
To dance a jig wi' Geordie !

Hey for Sandy Don ?  
Hey for Cockolorum ?  
Hey for Bobbing John,  
And his Highland quorum ?  
Mony a sword and lance  
Swings at Highland hurdie ;  
How they'll skip and dance  
O'er the bum o' Geordie !

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SONG LIV.

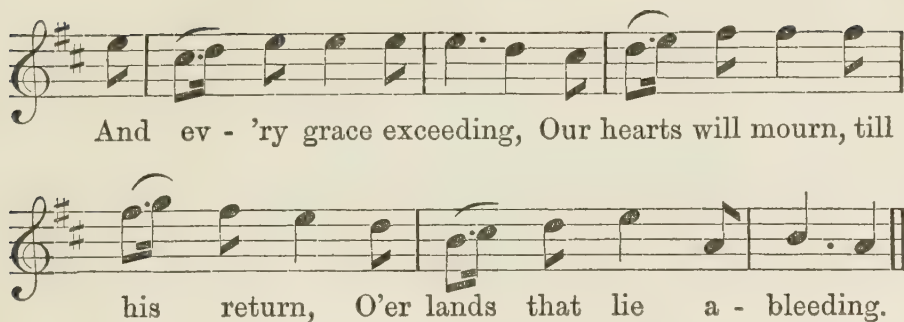
**Let our great James come over.**



LET our great James come ov - er, And baffle Prince Han-

ov - er, With hearts and hands, in loy - al bands, We'll

welcome him at Dover. Of roy - al birth and breeding,



Let each man, in his station,  
Fight bravely for the nation ;  
Then may our king long live and reign,  
In spite of abduration.  
He only can relieve us  
From every thing that grieves us :  
Our church is rent, our treasure spent ;  
He only can reprieve us.

Too long he's been excluded,  
Too long we've been deluded :  
Let's with one voice sing and rejoice ;  
The peace is now concluded.  
The Dutch are disappointed,  
Their Whiggish plots disjointed ;  
The sun displays his glorious rays.  
To crown the Lord's anointed.

Away with Prince Hanover !  
We'll have no Prince Hanover !  
King James the Eighth has the true right,  
And he is coming over.  
Since royal James is coming,  
Then let us all be moving,  
With heart and hand at his command,  
To set the Whigs a-running.

Let not the abjuration  
 Impose upon our nation,  
 Restrict our hands, whilst he commands,  
 Through false imagination :  
 For oaths which are imposed  
 Can never be supposed  
 To bind a man, say what they can,  
 When justice is opposed.

The parliament's gone over,  
 The parliament's gone over,  
 And all the Whigs run o'er the rigs,  
 To fetch home Prince Hanover.  
 And when that he comes over,  
 O what will ye discover,  
 When in a rope we'll hang him up,  
 And so farewell, Hanover.

But whom will ye have over ?  
 But whom will ye have over ?  
 King James the Eighth, with all our might,  
 And land him in our border.  
 And when that he's come over,  
 O what will ye discover,  
 But Whigs on ropes high hanging up,  
 For siding with Hanover.

---

### A Toast.

To the turners out of the turners out,  
 And a return to the turned out.  
 And they that will not drink it out,  
 It is agreed by all about,  
 That a mischief light upon their snout,  
 And they themselves shall be turned out.

## SONG LV.

*The Sow's Tail to Geordie.*

It's Geordie's now come hereabout, O wae light on his  
sulk - y snout! A pawk-y sow has found him out, And  
turn'd her tail to Geordie. The sow's tail is  
till him yet, A sow's birse will kill him yet, The  
sow's tail is till him yet, The sow's tail to Geordie !

It's Geordie he came up the town,  
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown ;  
"Aha !" quo' she, "I'll pull them down,  
And turn my tail to Geordie."  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,  
And wi' the sow to take a prance,  
And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,  
And turned her tail to Geordie.  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.



It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,  
The sow came round him wi' a bang :  
"Aha !" quo' she, "there's something wrang ;  
I'll turn my tail to Geordie."  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

The sow and Geordie set a race,  
But Geordie fell and brake his face :  
"Aha !" quo' she, "I've won the race,  
And turn'd my tail to Geordie."  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

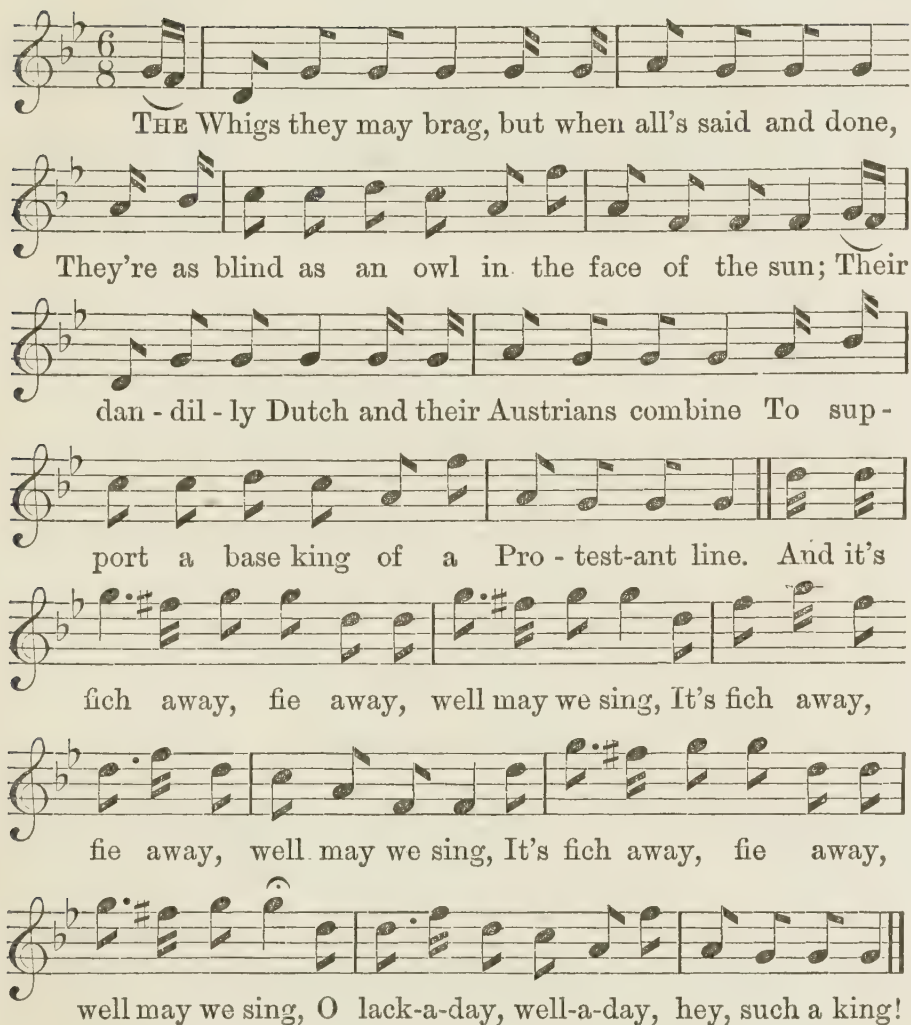
It's Geordie he sat down to dine,  
And wha came in but Madame Swine ?  
"Grumph ! Grumph !" quo' she, "I'm come in time ;  
I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he lay down to die ;  
The sow was there as weel as he :  
"Umph ! Umph !" quo' she, "he's no for me,"  
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,  
She mumpit round and ran away :  
"Uimph ! Uimph !" quo' she, "he's done for aye,"  
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.  
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

## SONG LVI.

## Plain Truth.



THE Whigs they may brag, but when all's said and done,  
 They're as blind as an owl in the face of the sun; Their  
 dan - dil - ly Dutch and their Austrians combine To sup -  
 port a base king of a Pro - test - ant line. And it's  
 fich away, fie away, well may we sing, It's fich away,  
 fie away, well may we sing, It's fich away, fie away,  
 well may we sing, O lack-a-day, well-a-day, hey, such a king!

In debt and in danger, and left in the lurch,  
 No spark of religion, though mad for the church;  
 While a merciless mob, that in ignorance grope,  
 Go straight to the devil for fear of the Pope.

And it's fich away, &c.

From their cursed tenets good witness they bring,  
 Their prince to deny, and to banish their king :  
 'Twixt their politics false and their principles foul,  
 They'll ruin their country, and damn their own soul.  
 And it's fich away, &c.

Our citizens fret, and our countrymen foam ;  
 We're half kill'd abroad, and half murder'd at home.  
 By fatal experience, in time we'll grow wise,  
 And when we're all ruin'd we'll open our eyes.  
 And it's fich away, &c.

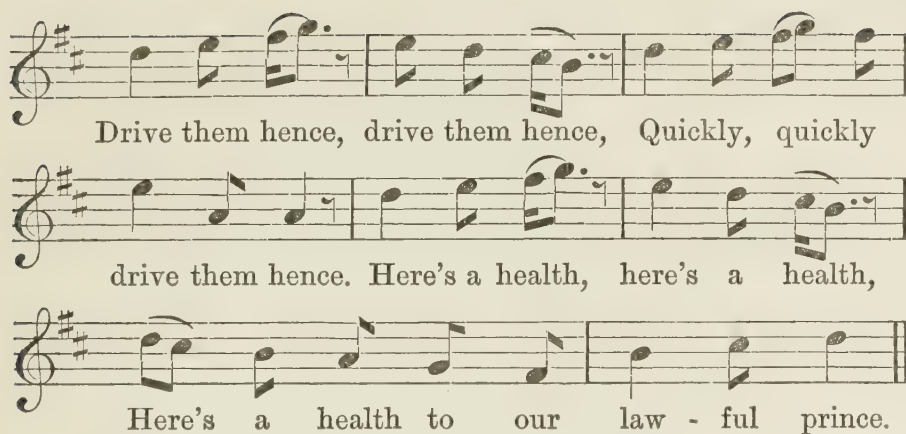
Religion has prov'd our disgrace and our fall ;  
 We have either too much or else none o't at all.  
 'Tis the cant and pretext of these politic fiends,  
 To save their own bacon, and plunder their friends.  
 And it's fich away, &c.

---

 SONG LVII.

## The Pilfering Brood.

WHAT a curs - ed crew have we got now, From a  
 country call'd Han-ov - er! A wretched race, the  
 land's disgrace, Which we too late dis - co - ver.



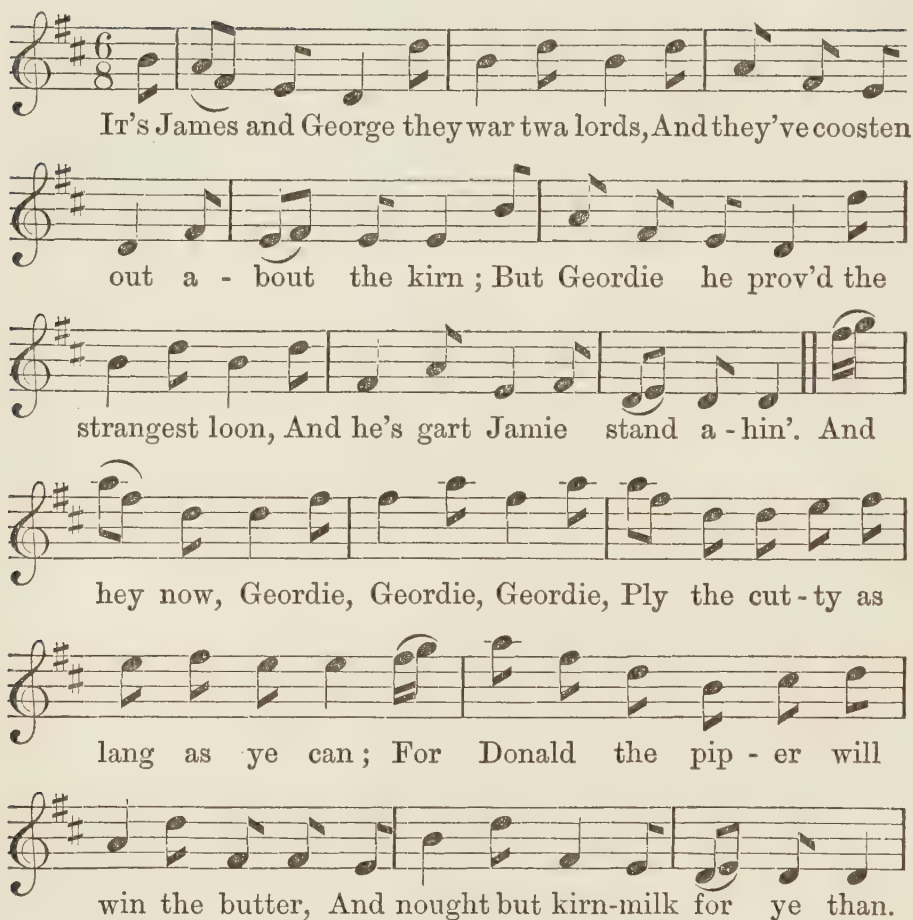
Had you seen their public entry,  
When first they grac'd the city,  
Each did appear in his best gear,  
Like pilfering poor banditti.  
Drive them hence, &c.

Now they have gotten all our gear,  
And our estates are carving ;  
If they stay here another year,  
We'll have no shift but starving.  
Drive them hence, &c.

The only way relief to bring,  
And save both church and steeple,  
Is to bring in our lawful king,  
The father of his people.  
Let him come, let him come,  
Quickly, quickly let him come.  
Here's his health, here's his health,  
Here's his health and safe return.

Ne'er can another fill his place,  
O'er rights divine and civil ;  
But for the horny cuckold's face,  
Let's drive him to the devil.  
Drive him hence, &c.

## SONG LVIII.

*Kirn-Milk Geordie.*


It's James and George they war twa lords, And they've coosten  
out a - bout the kirn ; But Geordie he prov'd the  
strangest loon, And he's gart Jamie stand a - hin'. And  
hey now, Geordie, Geordie, Geordie, Ply the cut - ty as  
lang as ye can ; For Donald the pip - er will  
win the butter, And nought but kirn-milk for ye than.

And aye he suppit, and aye he swat,  
And aye he ga'e the tither a girn,  
And aye he fykit, and aye he grat,  
When Donald the piper ca'd round the kirn.  
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,  
He is the king-thief o' them a' ;  
He steal'd the key, and hautit the kirn,  
And siccan a feast he never saw.



He kicked the butler, hanged the groom,  
And turn'd the true men out o' the ha' ;  
And Jockie and Sawney were like to greet,  
To see their backs set at the wa'.  
And up wi' Geordie, kirk-milk Geordie,  
He has drucken the maltman's ale ;  
But he'll be nickit ahint the wicket,  
And tuggit ahint his gray mare's tail.

Young Jamie has rais'd the aumry cook,  
And Jockie has sworn by lippie and law,  
Douce Sawney the herd has drawn the sword,  
And Donald the piper, the warst of a'.  
And down wi' Geordie, kirk-milk Geordie ;  
He maun hame but stocking or shoe,  
To nump his neeps, his sybows, and leeks,  
And a wee bit bacon to help the broo.

The cat has clomb to the eagle's nest,  
And suckit the eggs, and scar'd the dame ;  
The lordly lair is daubed wi' hair ;  
But the thief maun strap, and the hawk come hame.  
Then up wi' Geordie, kirk-milk Geordie,  
Up wi' Geordie high in a tow ;  
At the last kick o' a foreign foot,  
We'se a' be ranting roaring fou.

## SONG LIX.

**Come, let us drink a Health, Boys.**

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: 'COME, let us drink a health, boys, A health un - to our king; We'll drink no more by stealth, boys, Come let our glass - es ring. For England must sur - ren - der To him they call Pretender: God save our faith's de - fend - er, And our true law - ful king.'

COME, let us drink a health, boys, A health un -  
to our king; We'll drink no more by stealth, boys, Come  
let our glass - es ring. For England must sur -  
ren - der To him they call Pretender: God save our  
faith's de - fend - er, And our true law - ful king.

The royal youth deserveth,  
To fill the sacred place;  
'Tis he alone preserveth  
The Stuarts' ancient race.  
Since 'tis our inclination  
To call him to the nation,  
Let each man, in his station,  
Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,  
To set him on his throne;

We'll all combine as one, boys,  
Till this great work be done.  
We'll pull down usurpation,  
And, spite of abjuration,  
And force of stubborn nation,  
Great James's title own.

We'll no more, by delusion,  
With Hogan Mogan join,  
Nor will we, with profusion,  
Waste both our blood and coin :  
But for our king we'll fight, then,  
Who is our heart's delight, then ;  
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,  
We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,  
Who thought to have been queen ;  
The like befall her son, boys,  
Who thinks o'er us to reign.  
We'll root out usurpation  
Entirely from the nation,  
And cause the restoration  
Of James, our lawful king.

But let the Duke of Brunswick  
Sit still upon his bum ;  
He's but a perfect dunseke,  
If e'er he meant to come.  
The rogues who brought him over,  
They plainly may discover,  
'Twere better for Hanover  
He'd stay'd and drunk his mum.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,  
Go home now to thy own !

Thou act'st not like a brother  
 To him who owns the crown,  
 There's thirty of that race, man,  
 Before that thou take place, man ;  
 It was a great disgrace, man,  
 Thy title yet to own.

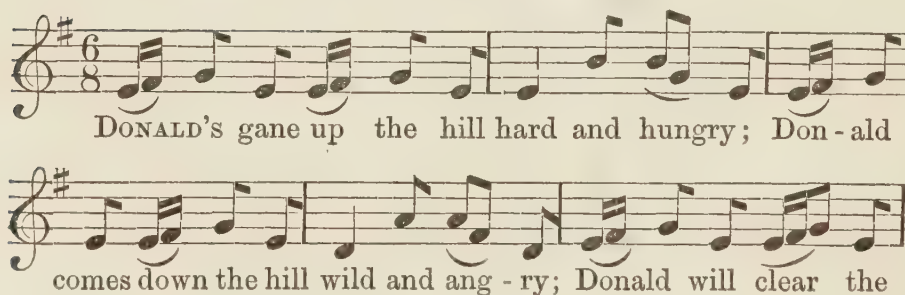
Let our brave loyal clans, then,  
 Their ancient Stuart race  
 Restore with sword in hand, then,  
 And all their foes displace.  
 All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,  
 Which caus'd our nation mourn, boys,  
 Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,  
 The English home we'll chase.

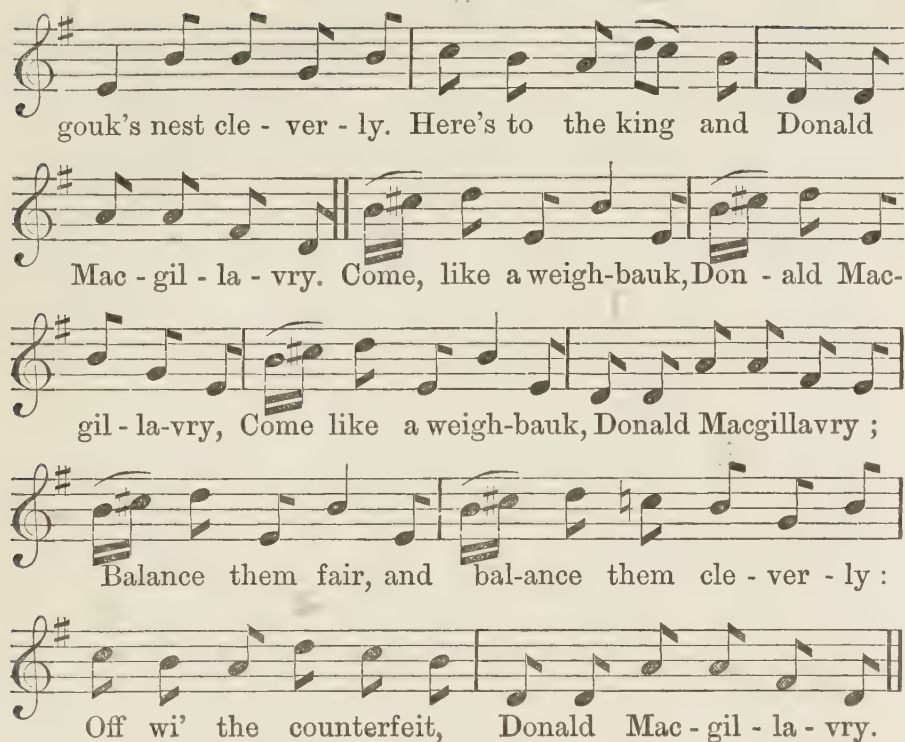
Our king they do despise, boys,  
 Because of Scottish blood ;  
 But for all their oaths and lies, boys,  
 His title still is good.  
 Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys,  
 We'll all die in the field, boys ;  
 For we will never yield, boys,  
 To serve a foreign brood.

---

SONG LX.

**Donald Macgillavry.**





gouk's nest cle - ver - ly. Here's to the king and Donald  
 Mac - gil - la - vry. Come, like a weigh-bauk, Don - ald Mac-  
 gil - la - vry, Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Balance them fair, and bal-ance them cle - ver - ly :  
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Mac - gil - la - vry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,  
 As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man ;  
 When he comes back, there's some will look merrily :  
 Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly ;  
 Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery ;  
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggery :  
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery  
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.  
 Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry !



Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;  
 Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,  
 They maun be gane : he winna be baukit, man ;  
 He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak it, man.  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly.  
 Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

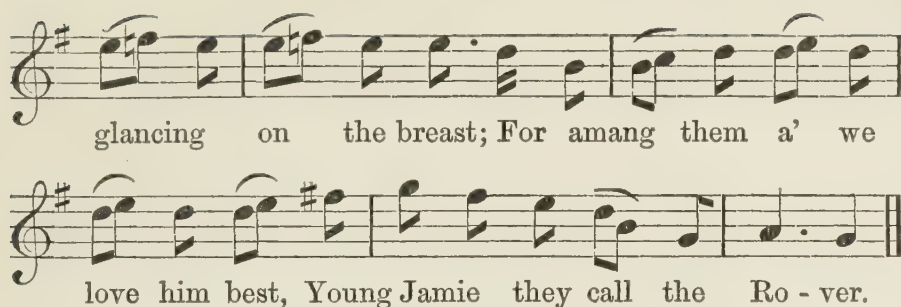
Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;  
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;  
 Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man :  
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man.  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,  
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry ;  
 Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly.  
 Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

---

 SONG LXI.

## Jamie the Rover.

OF all the days that's in the year, The tenth of  
 June I love most dear, When our white ros-es all ap-  
 pear, For sake of Jam-ie the Ro-ver. In  
 tar-tan brows our lads are dressed With ro-ses



As I came in by Auchindown,  
The drums did beat and trumpets sound,  
And aye the burden o' the tune  
Was "Up wi' Jamie the Rover!"  
There's some wha say he's no the thing,  
And some wha say he's no our king,  
But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,  
"Success to Jamie the Rover!"

In London there's a huge black bull,  
That would devour us at his will;  
We'll twist his horns out of his skull,  
And drive the old rogue to Hanover.  
And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,  
And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore!  
But we'll repay our auld black score.  
When we get Jamie the Rover.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,  
And ane abroad that's forc'd to range!  
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,  
And send him safely over!  
It's J. and S., I must confess,  
Stands for his name that I do bless:  
O may he soon his own possess,  
Young Jamie they call the Rover!

## SONG LXII.

*The Curses.*

SCOTLAND and Eng - land must be now U -  
 nit - ed in a na - tion, And we must all per -  
 jure and vow, And take the ab - jur - a - tion.  
 The Stu - arts' an - cient free-born race, Now we must  
 all give ov - er ; And we must take in -  
 to their place The Bastards of Han - o - ver.

Curs'd be the Papists, who withdrew  
 The king to their persuasion.  
 Curs'd be that covenanting crew,  
 Who gave the first occasion.  
 Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,  
 And marr'd our constitution ;

And curs'd be they who helped on  
That wicked revolution.  
Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who,  
By their perfidious knavery,  
Have brought our nation now into  
An everlasting slavery.  
Curs'd be the parliament, that day,  
Who gave their confirmation ;  
And curs'd be every whining Whig,  
And damn'd be the whole nation.

SONG LXIII.

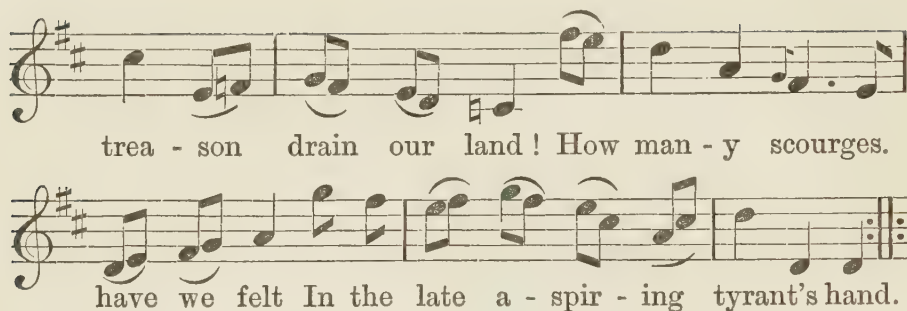
**Perfidious Britain.**

PER - FIDIOUS Britain, plung'd in guilt, Re -

bellious sons of loy - al race, How long, how long will

ye in - sult Your banish'd monarch su - ing peace?

What floods of na - tive blood are spilt! What sewers of



An age is past, an age to come,  
In which our bondage is decreed ;  
Millions, of millions fix the doom,  
Till poverty and shame succeed  
Contending power. Ye Gods, declare,  
If hurl their dismal threatening down ;  
Would ye set by the righteous heir,  
And on a stranger plant the crown ?

The heavens their vengeance now begin ;  
The thunder's dart shall havoc bring :  
Repent, repent that hell-born sin !  
Call home, call home your injur'd king !  
His great progenitors have sway'd  
Your sceptre nigh the half of time,  
And his lov'd race will be obey'd,  
Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right  
This long succession does entail ;  
Think how your gallant fathers fought,  
That Fergus' line might never fail.  
Let England's worthies blush to own,  
How they their only prince withstood  
Who now remains to grace the throne  
Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.



But glorious James, of royal stem,  
 Your God's vicegerent and your king,  
 Your peace, your all combin'd in him,  
 Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring ;  
 James, Heaven's darling and its care,  
 The brightest youth of mortal frame,  
 For virtue, beauty, form, and air ;  
 Call home your rightful king, for shame !

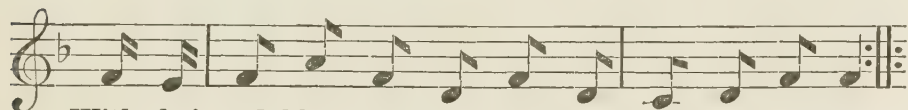
## SONG LXIV.

*The Thistle of Scotland.*

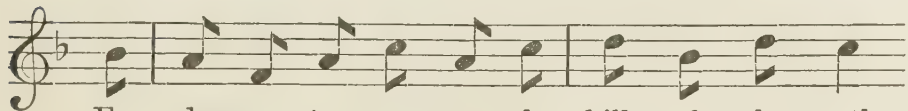
LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his birth,



Of the land of the o - cean, the neighbouring earth,



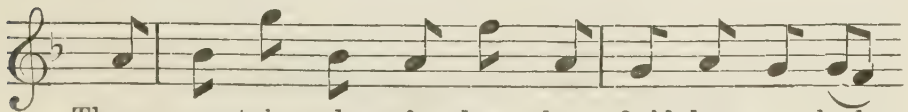
With their red blushing ros - es, and shamrock so green.



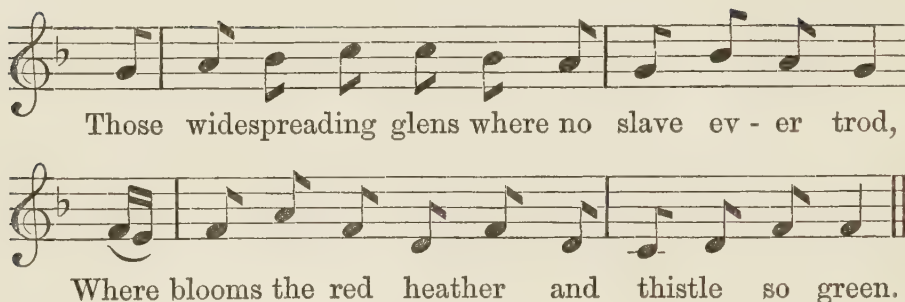
Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,



The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth ;



Those mountains where freedom has fix'd her a - bode,



Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,  
And barren the mountains, and cover'd with snows,  
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green ;  
Yet friendship sincere, and loyalty true,  
And for courage so bold that no foe can subdue,  
Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,  
And lovely and true are the nymphs of our plains,  
Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

Far fam'd are our sires in the battles of yore,  
And many the cairnies that rise on our shore,  
O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green :  
And many the cairnies shall rise on our strand,  
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land.  
Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,  
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave  
Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

O, dear to our souls are the blessings of Heaven,  
Is the freedom we boast, is the land we live in,  
The land of red heather and thistle so green !  
For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled ;  
And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,  
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave ;  
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,  
The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.

SONG LXV.

*Frae the Friends and Land I Love.*

FRAE the friends and land I love, Driv'n by  
 Fortune's fel - ly spite ; Frae my best be -  
 lov'd I rove, Ne - ver mair to taste de-light :  
 Ne - ver mair maun hope to find Ease frae  
 toil, re - lief frae care. When re - mem - brance  
 wracks the mind, Pleasure but un - veils despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,  
 Desert ilka blooming shore,  
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,  
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;  
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,  
 Bring our banish'd hame again,  
 And ilk loyal bonny lad  
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

## SONG LXVI.

*Here's to the King, Sir.*

HERE's to the king, sir, Ye ken wha I mean, sir,  
 And to ev' - ry ho - nest man That will do't a - gain.  
 Fill up your bumpers high, We'll drink a' your barrels dry ;  
 Out up - on them, fie ! fie ! That winna do't a - gain.

Here's to the chieftains  
 Of the Scots Highland clans ;  
 They've done it mair than ance,  
 And will do't again.  
 Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

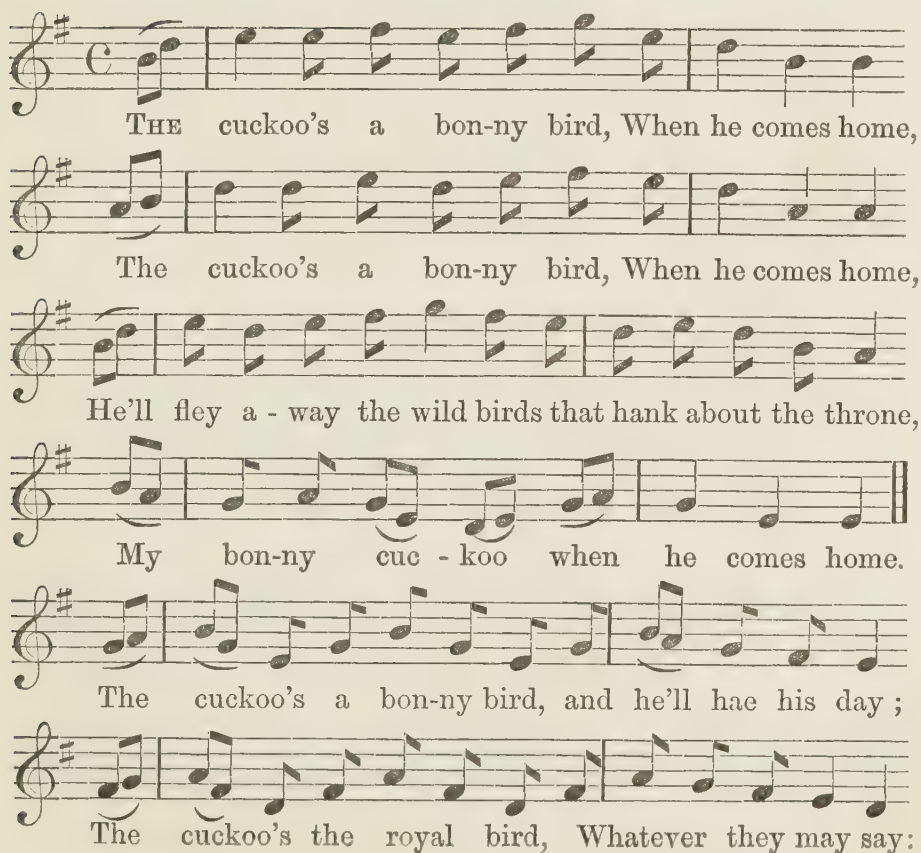
When you hear the trumpets sound  
 Tutti tatti to the drum,  
 Up your swords, and down your gun,  
 And to the loons again.  
 Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

Here's to the king o' Swedes,  
 Fresh laurels crown his head !

Pox on every sneaking blade  
 That winna do't again !  
 Fill up your bumpers high, &c.


But to make a' things right, now,  
 He that drinks maun fight too,  
 To shew his heart's upright too,  
 And that he'll do't again.  
 Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

## SONG LXVII.

**The Cuckoo.**


THE cuckoo's a bon-ny bird, When he comes home,  
 The cuckoo's a bon-ny bird, When he comes home,  
 He'll fley a - way the wild birds that hank about the throne,  
 My bon-ny cuc - koo when he comes home.  
 The cuckoo's a bon-ny bird, and he'll hae his day ;  
 The cuckoo's the royal bird, Whatever they may say:






Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o' his e'e,  
He'll scare a' the un-co birds a-way frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,  
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,  
He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,  
My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.  
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame ;  
I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame ;  
And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,  
For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

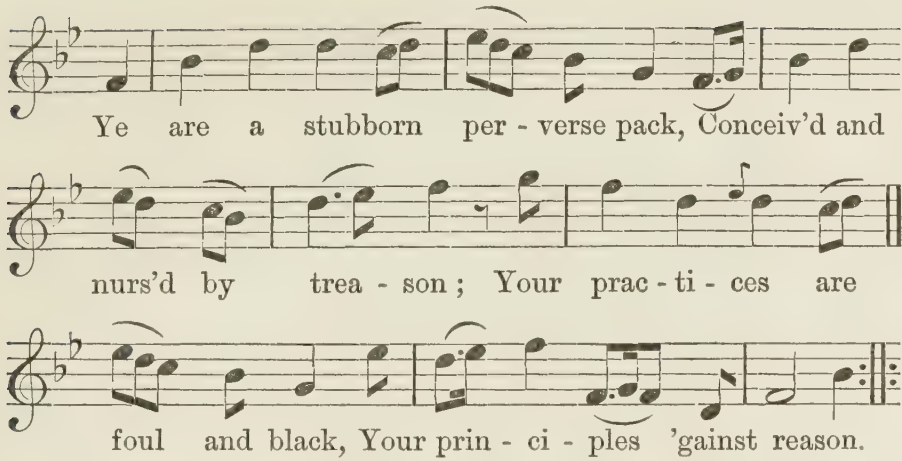
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SONG LXVIII.

*The Rebellious Crew.*



YE Whigs are a re - bel - lious crew, The plague of  
this poor na - tion ; Ye give not God nor  
Cæ - sar due, Ye smell of re - pro - ba - tion.



Your Hogan Mogan foreign things,  
God gave them in displeasure ;  
Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings ;  
They've drain'd our blood and treasure.  
Can ye compare your king to mine,  
Your Geordie and your Willie ?  
Comparisons are odious,  
A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,  
And so can our Glencoe, sir ;  
Our South Sea it can make appear,  
What to your kings we owe, sir.  
We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,  
By those your kings and knav'ry,  
And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,  
While we groan under slav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful Stuarts' race  
(Declare it, if you can, sir,)  
Reduce you to so bad a case ?  
Hold up your face, and answer.  
Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,  
Your islands e'er harass so,

As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,  
Your Brunswick and your Nassau ?

By strangers we are robb'd and sham'd,  
This you must plainly grant, sir,  
Whose coffers with our wealth are cram'd,  
While we must starve for want, sir.  
Can you compare your kings to mine,  
Your Geordie and your Willie ?  
Comparisons are odious,  
A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,  
This ye have ne'er denied, sir,  
Or why liv'd she without a kiss,  
Confin'd until she died, sir ?  
Can ye compare your queen to mine ?  
I know ye're not so silly :  
Comparisons are odious,  
A dockan to a lily.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,  
His own papa ne'er lov'd him ;  
And Feckie is an idiot,  
As they can swear who prov'd him.  
Can ye compare your prince to mine,  
A thing so dull and silly ?  
Comparisons are odious,  
A mushroom to a lily.

## SONG LXIX.

*My Laddie.*

My lad - die can fight, my lad - die can sing, He's  
 fierce as the north wind, and soft as the spring, His  
 soul was design'd for no less than a king, Such  
 greatness shines in my dear lad - die. With soft down of  
 thistles I'll make him a bed, With li - lies and ros - es I'll  
 pil-low his head, And with my tun'd harp I will  
 gen - tly lead To sweet and soft slumbers my lad - die.

Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,  
 And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow ;  
 Let Care be confin'd to the regions below,  
 Since I have got home my dear laddie.

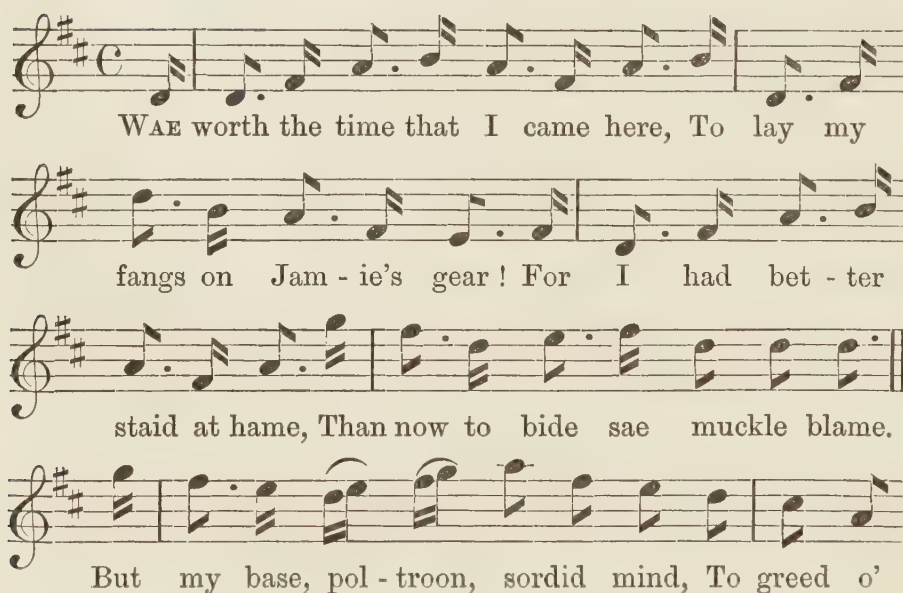
Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,  
 That time may not hinder carousing and play ;  
 And whilst we are hearty, be everything gay  
 Upon the birth-day of my laddie.

He from the fair forest has driven the deer,  
 And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear,  
 That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,  
 That bloom'd on the hills of my laddie.  
 Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,  
 Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,  
 And a curse on each face that would seem to decline  
 To drink a good health to my laddie.

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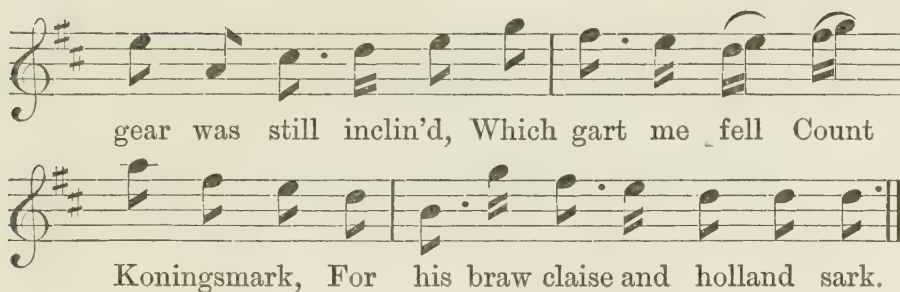
 SONG LXX.

## Geordie Whelps' Testament.



WAE worth the time that I came here, To lay my  
 fangs on Jam - ie's gear ! For I had bet - ter  
 staid at hame, Than now to bide sae muckle blame.  
 But my base, pol - troon, sordid mind, To greed o'





When that was done, by slight and might  
I hitch'd young Jamie frae his right,  
And, without ony fear or dread,  
I took his house out-ower his head,  
Pack'd up his plenishing sae braw,  
And to a swine-sty turn'd his ha'.  
I connach'd a' I couldna tak,  
And left him naething worth a plack.

But a' this couldna me content :  
I hang'd his tenants, seiz'd their rent ;  
And, to my shame it will be spoke,  
I harried a' his cottar-folk.  
But what am I the richer grown ?  
A curse comes aye wi' things that's stown :  
I'm like to tine it a' belyve,  
For wrangous gear can never thrive.

But care and wonder gars me greet,  
For ilka day wi' skaith I meet,  
And I maun hame to my ain craft :  
The thoughts o' this hae put me daft.  
But yet, ere sorrow break my heart,  
And Satan come to claim his part,  
To punish me for dreary sin,  
I'll leave some heirships to my kin.

Ane auld black coat, baith lang and wide,  
Wi' snishen barkened like a hide,

A skeplet hat, and plaiden hose,  
 A jerkin, clarted a' wi' brose,  
 A pair o' sheen that wants a heel,  
 A periwig wad fleg the deil,  
 A pair o' breeks that wants the doup,  
 Twa cutties, and a timmer stoup,

A mutchkin cog, twa rotten caps,  
 Set o' the bink to kep the draps,  
 Some cabbage growing i' the yard,  
 Ane pig, ane pock, ane candle-sherd,  
 A heap o' brats upo' the brae,  
 Some tree-clouts and foul wisps o' strae,  
 A rusty sword that lies there ben,  
 Twa chickens and a clocken hen,

A rickle o' peats out-owre the knowe,  
 A gimmer, and a doddit yowe,  
 A stirky, and a hummle cove,  
 Twa grices, and my dear black sow,  
 A rag to dight her filthy snout,  
 A brecham, and a carding-clout,  
 A bassie, and a bannock-stick :  
 There's gear enough to make ye sick.

Besides a mare that's blind and lame,  
 That us'd to bear a cuckold hame,  
 A thraw-crook, and a broken gaud :  
 There's gear enough to put ye mad.  
 A lang-kail-knife, an auld sheer-blade,  
 A dibble, and a flauchter-spade.  
 Take part hereof, baith great and sma' ;  
 Mine heirs, it weel becomes you a'.

But yet, before that a' be done,  
 There's something for my graceless son,

That awkward ass, wi' filthy scouk ;  
My malison light on his bouk !  
And farther, for his part o' gear,  
I leave the horns his dads wear ;  
But yet I'd better leave the same  
To Whigs, to blaw my lasting shame.

To the same Whigs I leave my curse,  
My guilty conscience, and toom purse ;  
I hope my torments they will feel,  
When they gang skelpin to the deil.  
For to the times their creed they shape ;  
They girn, they glour, they scouk, and gape,  
As they wad ganch to eat the starns.  
The muckle deil ding out their harns !

Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,  
For that wad my last turney hinder ;  
For baith can speer the nearest gate,  
And lead me in, though it be late.  
Where Oliver and Willie Buck  
Sit o'er the lugs in smeekey muck,  
Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare,  
They'll e'en be blythe when Geordie's there.

To Fisslerump and Kilmansack.  
Wha aft hae gart my curpin crack,  
To ilka Dutch and German jade,  
I leave my sceptre to their trade.  
But, O, my bonny darling sow,  
How sair my heart's to part wi' you,  
When I think on the happy days  
That we hae had 'mang fat and fleas.

My darling, dauted, greasy dame,  
I leave thee fouth o' sin and shame,  
And ane deil's brander, when I'm gone,  
To fry thy sonsy hurdies on.

But to my lean and skrinkit witch  
 I leave damnation and the itch.  
 To a' my friends, where'er they be,  
 The curse of God eternally.

## SONG LXXI.

*O, Royal James.*

O, ROY - AL James, the Tweed and Thames, Both  
 faith - ful once and loy - al names, On bend - ed  
 knee con - fess to thee, They have pol - lu - ted  
 all their streams. Their old re - bel - lious  
 treach - er - ies, To their confusions, are in -  
 creas'd, By yield - ing up their li - ber -  
 ties Un - to a cru - el stu - pid beast.

This monster vile, in a short while,  
Of cash and blood will drain our isle ;  
    This gluts his spleen, that bribes the men  
Who serve their neighbours to beguile.  
In streams he sheds our noblest blood,  
    And eagerly thirsts after more :  
The cannibal, in place of food,  
    Could sate himself with human gore.

No villain base can hell devise,  
But what this wretch would patronise ;  
    To serve their ends, he and his friends  
Would God to Mammon sacrifice.  
Thus, justly curs'd, infatuate we,  
    Resisting thee, ourselves enslave ;  
Whilst thou, and only thou, art he  
    Who from dire ruin can us save.

*O Deo date*, our last retreat,  
Thy right assert, those rogues defeat ;  
    Though guilty, we belong to thee,  
And Clement is thy epithet.  
Destroy these vermin that infest  
    And ravage thy own native land :  
Thrice happy shall we be, and blest,  
    When we obey thy dear command.

Come, sacred James, by thy bright beams  
Dispel those hellish cozening streams,  
    Which cheat us so as to forego  
True happiness for empty dreams.  
No peace, no comfort do we find,  
    No mutual love as heretofore.  
Haste the enchantment to unbind ;  
    These and thyself to us restore !



## SONG LXXII.

**The Auld Stuarts back again.**

The auld Stuarts back a - gain, The auld Stuarts  
back a - gain ; Let howlet Whigs do what they  
can, The Stuarts will be back a - gain. Wha  
cares for a' their creeshy duds, And a' Kil -  
mar -nock sow - en suds ? We'll wauk their hides and  
fyle their fuds, And bring the Stuarts back a - gain.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,  
And a' the cronies i' the west,  
Lord ! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,

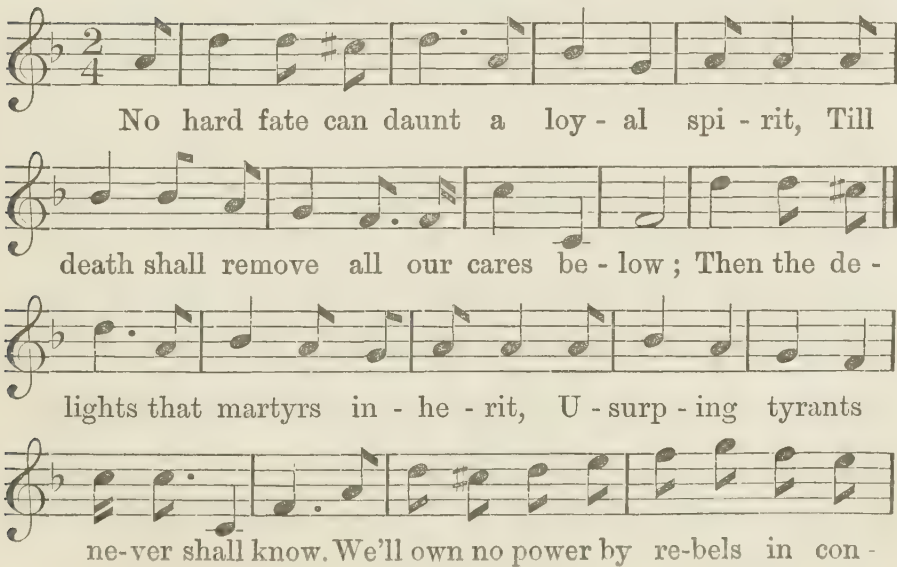
How they'll set up their crack again ?  
But wad they come, or dare they come,  
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,  
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,  
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,  
 A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,  
 And a' that look and think it lang  
     For auld Stuarts back again.  
 Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,  
 Out-owre the hills and far away,  
 And saw the lords were there that day,  
     To bring the Stuarts back again ?

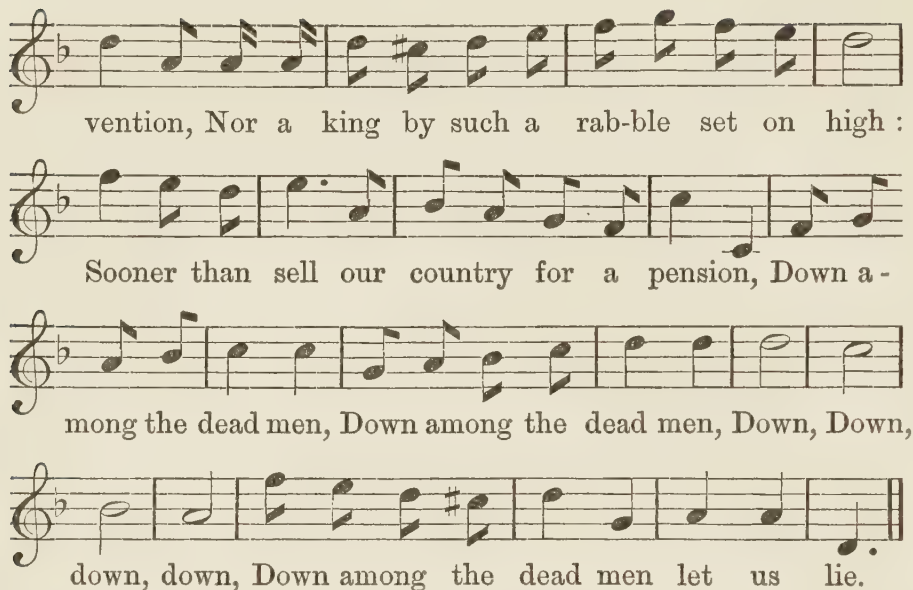
There ye might see the noble Mar,  
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,  
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,  
     And mony mae, what reck, again :  
 Then what are a' their westland crews !  
 We'll gar the tailors tack again :  
 Can they forestand the tartan trews,  
     And auld Stuarts back again ?

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 SONG LXXIII.

**Down Among the Dead Men.**


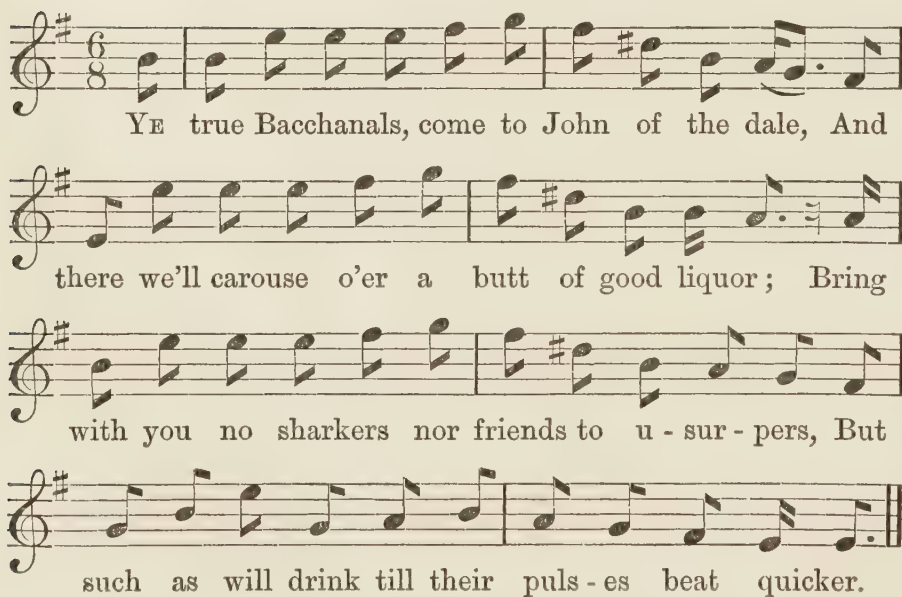
No hard fate can daunt a loy - al spi - rit, Till  
 death shall remove all our cares be - low ; Then the de -  
 lights that martyrs in - he - rit, U - surp - ing tyrants  
 ne - ver shall know. We'll own no power by re - bels in con -



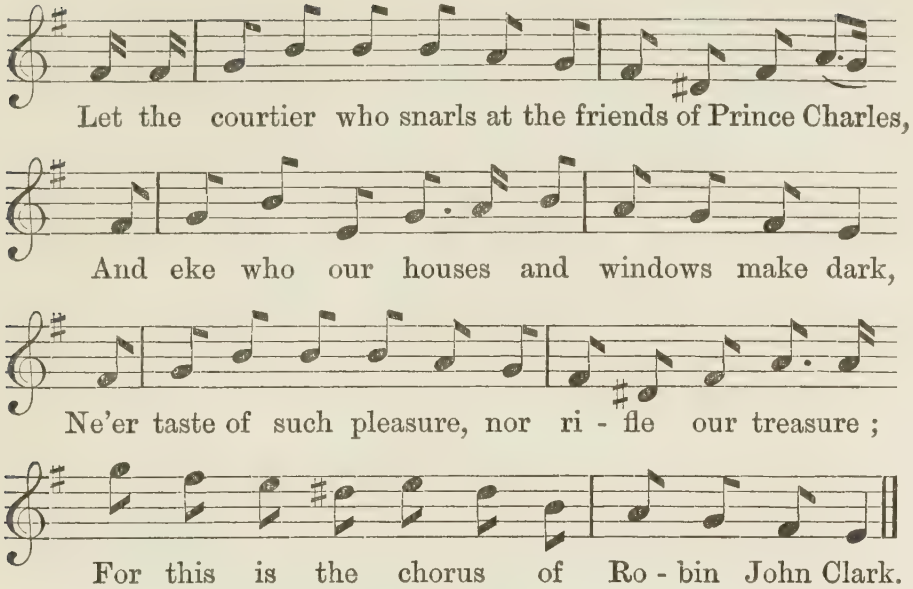
vention, Nor a king by such a rab-ble set on high :  
 Sooner than sell our country for a pension, Down a -  
 mong the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down, Down,  
 down, down, Down among the dead men let us lie.

## SONG LXXIV.

Robin John Clark.



YE true Bacchanals, come to John of the dale, And  
 there we'll carouse o'er a butt of good liquor; Bring  
 with you no sharkers nor friends to u - sur - pers, But  
 such as will drink till their puls - es beat quicker.



Let the courtier who snarls at the friends of Prince Charles,  
 And eke who our houses and windows make dark,  
 Ne'er taste of such pleasure, nor ri - fle our treasure ;  
 For this is the chorus of Ro - bin John Clark.

Let each bung his eye till the vessel's quite dry,  
 And drink to the lowering extravagant taxes ;  
 The spirit of Britain, by foreigners spit on,  
 Quite low by oppression and tyranny waxes.  
 Then take off the toast, though the battle be lost,  
 And he that refuses, a traitor we'll mark ;  
 Success to our prince, our rightful true prince ;  
 For this is the chorus of Robin John Clark.

To the brave duke, his brother, we'll fill up another,  
 Not meaning that blood-thirsty cruel assassin ;  
 May the Scots partizans recollect their foul stains,  
 Their force twenty thousand in number surpassing.  
 May they enter Whitehall, St. James's and all,  
 While for safety the troops are encamp'd in Hyde Park ;  
 And Heaven inspire each volley of fire.  
 Success to the chorus of Robin John Clark !

Hand in hand let us join against such as combine  
 And strive to enslave us by vile usurpation ;

Whenever time offers we'll open our coffers,  
 And strive to relieve the bad state of the nation.  
 We'll not only drink, but we'll act as we think ;  
 We'll take up the musket, the broad-sword, and durk ;  
 Through all sorts of weather we'll trudge it together,  
 And conquer or die with old Robin John Clark.

## SONG LXXV.

*Both Sides the Tweed.*

WHAT's the spring-breathing jess'mine and rose, What's the  
 summer, with all its gay train, Or the plenty of  
 autumn to those Who've barter'd their free-dom for  
 gain ? Let the love of our king's sa-cred right, To the  
 love of our country suc-ceed ; Let friendship and  
 hon-our u-nite, And flourish on both sides the Tweed.



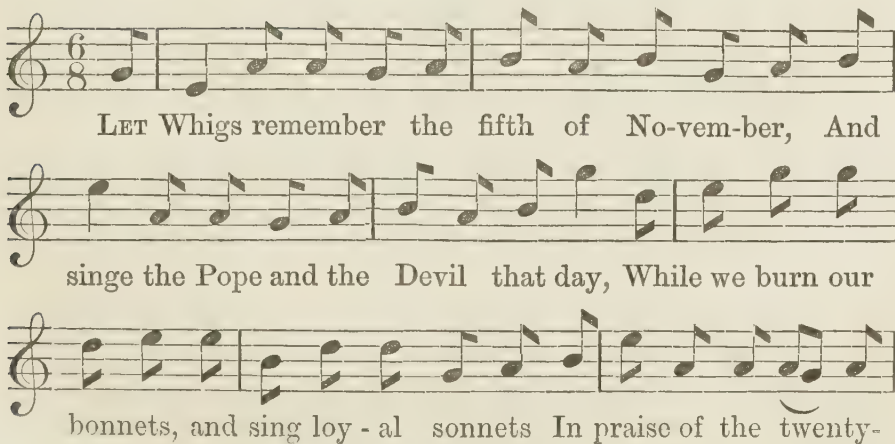
No sweetness the senses can cheer,  
 Which corruption and bribery blind ;  
 No brightness that gloom e'er can clear,  
 For honour's the sun of the mind.  
 Let the love, &c.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,  
 Place riches in lowest degree ;  
 Think him poorest who can be a slave,  
 Him richest who dares to be free.  
 Let the love, &c.

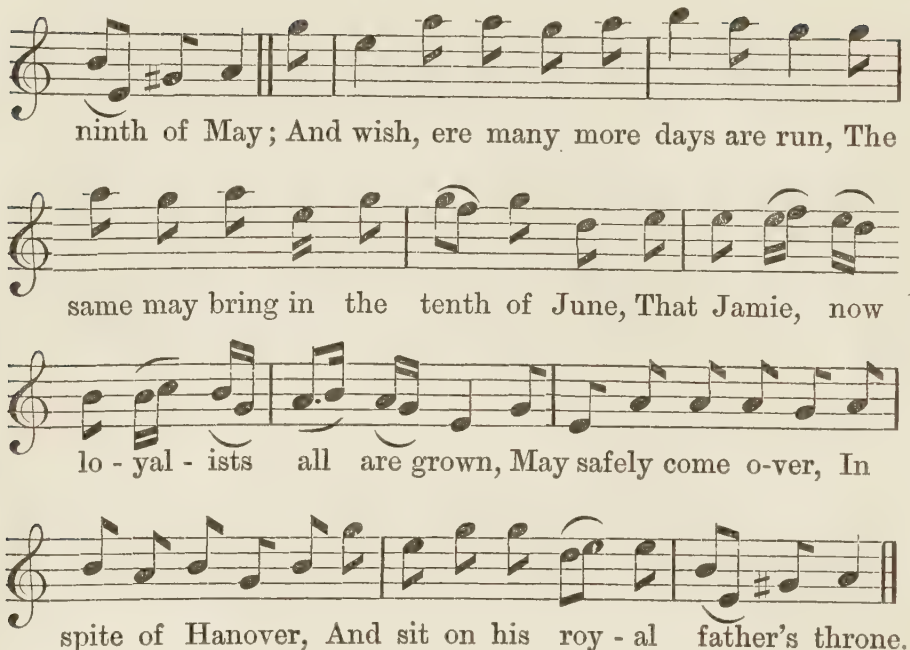
Let us think how our ancestors rose,  
 Let us think how our ancestors fell,  
 The rights they defended, and those  
 They bought with their blood we'll ne'er sell.  
 Let the love, &c.

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 SONG LXXVI.

*The Fifth of November.*


LET Whigs remember the fifth of No-vem-ber, And  
 singe the Pope and the Devil that day, While we burn our  
 bonnets, and sing loy - al sonnets In praise of the twenty-



ninth of May; And wish, ere many more days are run, The  
 same may bring in the tenth of June, That Jamie, now  
 lo - yal - ists all are grown, May safely come o-ver, In  
 spite of Hanover, And sit on his roy - al father's throne.

'Tis absolute folly to talk of our holy  
 Religion, till once we give Cæsar his due,  
 To injure true princes, and gloss o'er offences,  
 Is serving God worse than a Turk or a Jew.  
 Then what we so foully have taken away,  
 O, let us return on our reckoning day,  
 Or else we as wicked as demons are grown ;  
 And though to the skies  
 We turn up our eyes,  
 Dishonour the church and the land we own.

## SONG LXXVII.

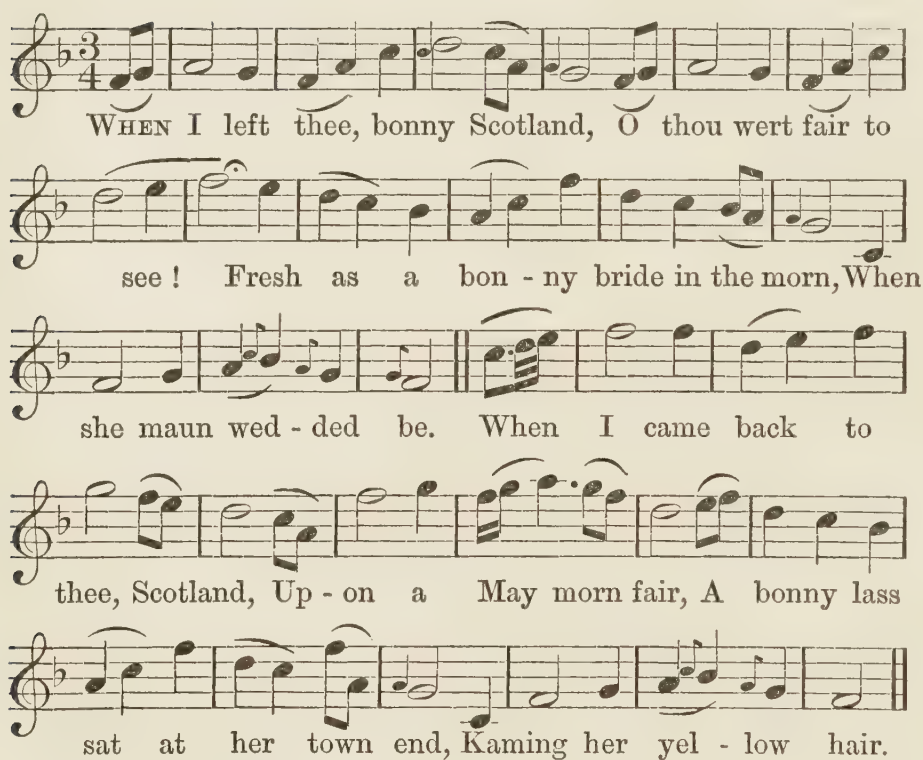
*The Bonny Moorhen.*

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen, Up in the  
gray hill, down in the glen; It's when ye gang  
butt the house, when ye gang ben, Aye drink a health to my  
bon - ny moorhen. My bon - ny moorhen's gane  
o - ver the main, And it will be simmer or  
she come a - gain; But when she comes back a - gain,  
some folk will ken. Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen!

My bonny moorhen has feathers anew,  
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue;  
She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and she's gray.  
My bonny moorhen, come hither away:

Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,  
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;  
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,  
To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

## SONG LXXVIII.

*The Waes of Scotland.*


WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland, O thou wert fair to  
see ! Fresh as a bon - ny bride in the morn, When  
she maun wed - ded be. When I came back to  
thee, Scotland, Up - on a May morn fair, A bonny lass  
sat at her town end, Kaming her yel - low hair.

“ Oh hey ! oh hey ! ” sung the bonny lass,  
“ Oh hey, and wae is me !  
“ There’s siccan sorrow in Scotland,  
“ As een did never see.

“ Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld !  
“ Oh hey, for my mither dear !  
“ And my heart will burst for the bonny lad  
“ Wha left me lanesome here.”

I hadna gane in my ain Scotland  
Mae miles than twa or three,  
When I saw the head o’ my ain father  
Coming up the gate to me.  
“ A traitor’s head ! and a traitor’s head !”  
Loud bawl’d a bloody loon ;  
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o’ weir,  
And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father’s ha’,  
My dear auld mither to see ;  
But she lay ’mang the black eizels.  
Wi’ the death-tear in her e’e.  
“ O wha has wrought this bloody wark ?  
“ Had I the reaver here,  
“ I’d wash his sark in his ain heart’s blood,  
“ And gie’t to his dame to wear.”

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame  
But twa short miles and three,  
Till up came a captain o’ the Whigs,  
Says, “ Traitor, bide ye me !”  
I grippit him by the belt sae braid,  
It bristed i’ my hand,  
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,  
And drew my burlie brand.

“ Shaw mercy on me !” quo’ the loon,  
And low he knelt on knee :  
But by his thigh was my father’s glaive  
Whilk gude King Bruce did gie ;



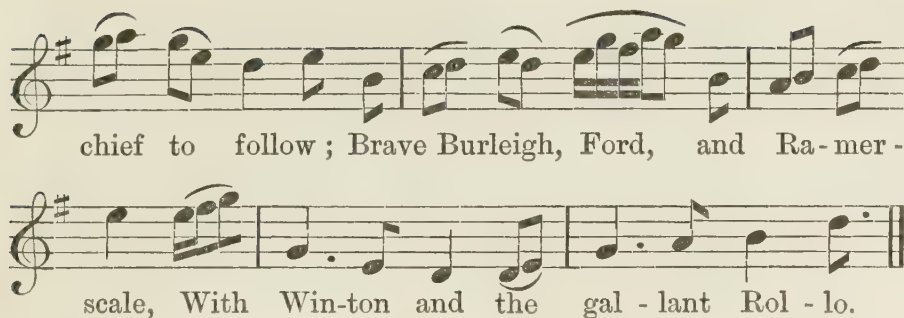
And buckl'd round him was the broider'd belt  
 Whilk my mither's hands did weave.  
 My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,  
 And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' nicht 'mang the lands I own'd,  
 When a' folk are asleep,  
 And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave  
 An hour or twa to weep.  
 O, fatherless and mitherless,  
 Without a ha' or hame,  
 I maun wander through my dear Scotland,  
 And bide a traitor's blame !

## SONG LXXIX.

## Lochmaben Gate.

As I came by Loch-ma-ben gate, It's there I saw the  
 Johnstons rid-ing; A-way they go, and they fear'd no  
 foe, With their drums a - beat - ing, colours fly - ing.  
 All the lads of An - nan-dale Came there, their gallant



I asked a man what meant the fray,  
 "Good sir," said he, "you seem a stranger :  
 "This is the twenty-ninth of May ;  
 "Far better had you shun the danger.  
 "These are rebels to the throne,  
 "Reason have we all to know it ;  
 "Popish knaves and dogs each one.  
 "Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

I look'd the traitor in the face,  
 Drew out my brand, and ettled at him :  
 "Deil send a' the whiggish race  
 "Downward to the dad that gat 'em !"  
 Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,  
 While my heart was like to scunner.  
 Cowards are they born and bred,  
 Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

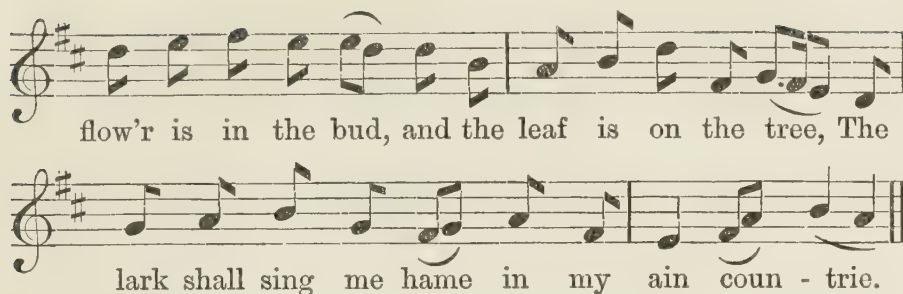
My bonnet on my sword I bare,  
 And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,  
 And thrice I wav'd it in the air,  
 Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.  
 "Long live King James !" aloud I cried,  
 "Our nation's king, our nation's glory !"  
 "Long live King James !" they all replied,  
 "Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory !"

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,  
 And mony a braw and buskin'd lady :  
 But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,  
 And a' our lads for battle ready.  
 And when I gang by Locher Brigs,  
 And o'er the moor, at e'en or morrow,  
 I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,  
 That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

## SONG LXXX.

## Hame, Hame, Hame.

HAME, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be, O hame, hame,  
 hame to my ain coun - trie; Hame, hame, hame, hame,  
 fain wad I be, O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.  
 O hame, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be, O  
 hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie. When the



Hame, hame, hame, &c.

The green leaf o' loyalty's begun for to fa',  
The bonny white rose it is withering and a';  
But I'll water't wi' the blood of usurping tyrannie,  
And green it will grow in my ain countrie.

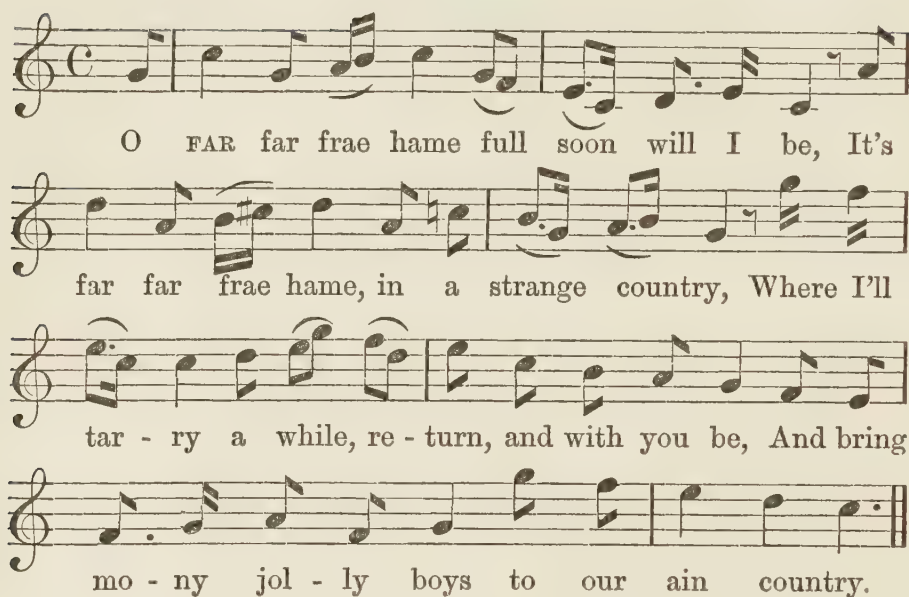
Hame, hame, hame, &c.

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,  
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,  
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalty  
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, &c.

The great are now gane, a' wha ventur'd to save;  
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their graves:  
But the sun, through the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e,  
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

## SONG LXXXI.

**Our ain Country.**


O FAR far frae hame full soon will I be, It's  
 far far frae hame, in a strange country, Where I'll  
 tar - ry a while, re - turn, and with you be, And bring  
 mo - ny jol - ly boys to our ain country.

I wish you all good success till I again you see :  
 May the lusty Highland lads fight on and never flee.  
 When the king sets foot on ground, and returns from the sea,  
 Then you'll welcome him hame to his ain country.

God bless our royal king, from danger keep him free,  
 When he conquers all the foes that oppose his majesty.  
 God bless the Duke of Mar and all his cavalry,  
 Who first began the war for the king and our country.

Convert revolting Dutch, or drown them in the sea ;  
 Cadogan and all such, or hang him on a tree.  
 Pox on your volunteers to all eternity,  
 Who rose against our king in his ain country.



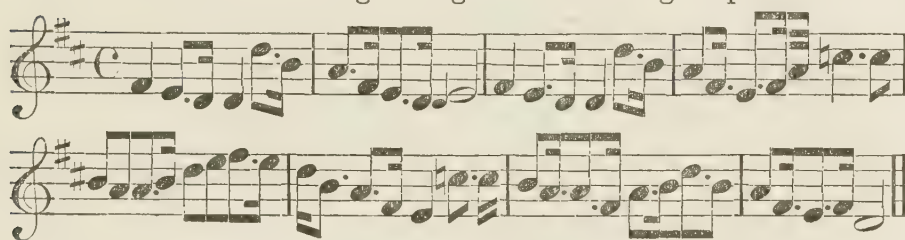
Let the waters stop and stand like walls on every side,  
That our jolly boys may pass, with Heaven for their guide :  
The rebels following after, like Egyptians let them be,  
And all be drown'd together in their ain country.

Let the clans still forward press, and fight most valiantly,  
To hash down the surge that invades our liberty.  
Dry up the river Forth, as thou didst the Red Sea,  
That our Israelites may pass through their ain country.

Let the traitor king make haste, and out of England flee,  
With all his spurious race come far beyond the sea ;  
Then we will crown our royal king with mirth and jollity,  
And end our days in peace in our ain country.

## SECOND SET.

In Nithsdale this song is sung to the following simple air :



## SONG LXXXII.

*Marilla.*

MA - RIL - LA, as like Venus' sel' As e'er ae  
starn was like a - ni - ther, Ance Cu - pid met up -  
o' the Mall, And took her for his bon - ny mither.

He wing'd his way up to her breast ;  
 She started ; he cried, " Ma'am, 'tis me."  
 The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,  
 Flang the arch cuttling in South Sea.

Frae hence he raise wi' gilded wings,  
 His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd.  
 " Deil's i' the sea !" quo' he, " it dings :"  
 Then back to Pall and Mall he rang'd.

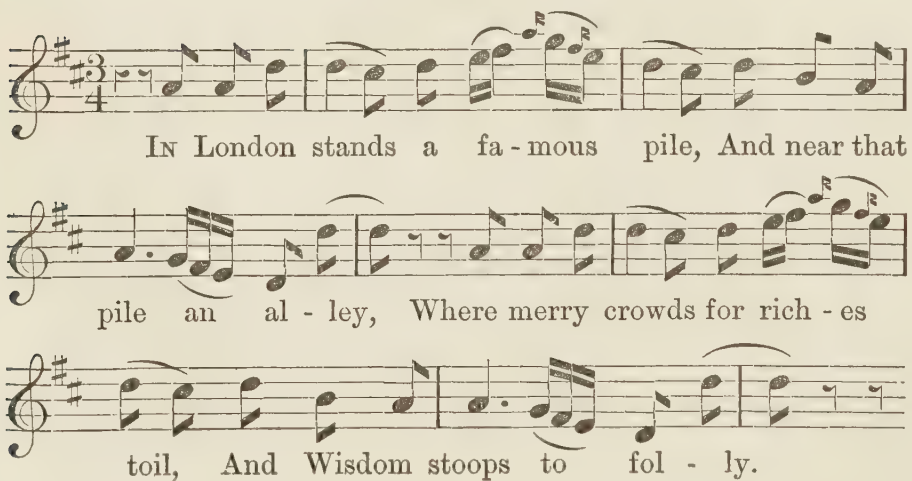
Breathing mischief, the God look'd gurly ;  
 Wi' transfers a' his darts were feather'd ;  
 He made a horrid hurly-burly,  
 Where beaux and belles were thickest gather'd.

He tentily Marilla sought,  
 And in the thrang 'Change-Alley got her :  
 He drew his bow as quick as thought,  
 Wi' a braw new subscription shot her.

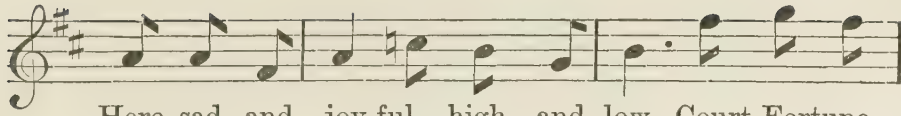
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SONG LXXXIII.

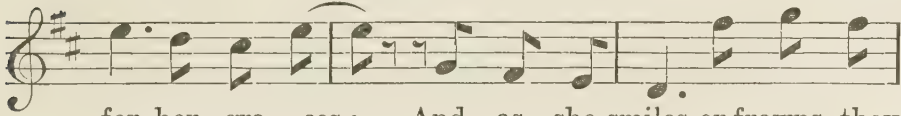
**A South-Sea Ballad.**



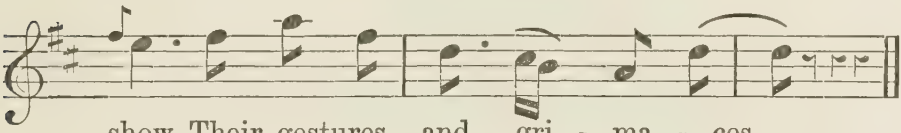
IN London stands a fa-mous pile, And near that  
 pile an al-ley, Where merry crowds for rich-es  
 toil, And Wisdom stoops to fol-ly.



Here sad and joy-ful, high and low, Court Fortune



for her gra - ces ; And as she smiles or frowns, they



show Their gestures and gri - ma - ces.

Here stars and garters do appear,  
 Among our lords the rabble,  
 To buy and sell, to see and hear ;  
 The Jews and Gentiles squabble.  
 Here crafty courtiers are too wise  
 For those who trust to fortune :  
 They see the cheat with clearest eyes,  
 Who peep behind the curtain.

The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,  
 Leapt into South-Sea water,  
 And there they fish for golden frogs,  
 Not caring what comes after.  
 'Tis said that alchemists of old  
 Could turn a brazen kettle,  
 Or leaden cistern, into gold,  
 That noble tempting metal.

But if it here may be allowed  
 To bring in great and small things,  
 Our cunning South-Sea, like a God,  
 Turns nothing into all things.

What need have we of Indian wealth,  
Or commerce with our neighbours ?  
Our constitution is in health,  
And riches crown our labours.

Our South-Sea ships have golden shrouds,  
They bring us wealth, it's granted ;  
They lodge their treasure in the clouds,  
To hide it till it's wanted.  
O Britain, bless thy present state,  
Thou only happy nation ;  
So oddly rich, so madly great,  
Since bubbles came in fashion !

Successful rakes exert their pride,  
And count their airy millions,  
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,  
Brought up to town on pillions.  
For me, I follow reason's rules,  
Nor fat on South-Sea diet ;  
Young rattles and unthinking fools  
Are those that flourish by it.

Old musty jades and pushing blades,  
Who've least consideration,  
Grow rich apace, whilst wiser heads  
Are struck with admiration.  
A race of men, who, t'other day,  
Long crush'd beneath disasters,  
Are now by stock brought into play,  
And made her lords and masters.

But should our South-Sea bubble fall,  
What numbers would be frowning !  
The losers then must ease their gall  
By hanging or by drowning.

But though our foreign trade is lost,  
Of mighty wealth we vapour,  
When all the riches that we boast  
Consists in scraps of paper.

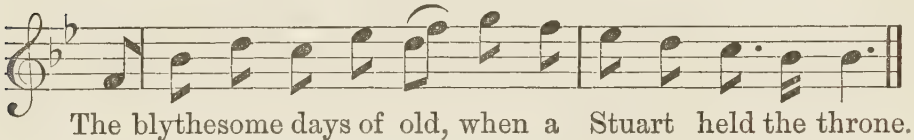
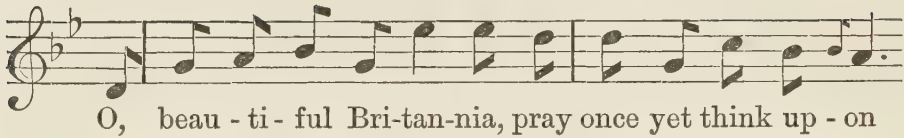
## SONG LXXXIV.

## O, Beautiful Britannia.

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is simple and accessible, with lyrics printed below each staff. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: 'O BEAUTIFUL Bri-tan-nia, where is thy church now gone?'. The second staff continues: 'Up - on thy bench sits Calvin, and Luther on thy throne:'. The third staff: 'Sure thou art now grown mad, thus for to play the jade;'. The fourth staff: 'In As - ke - lon or Gath, fie! let it not be said.'. The fifth staff: 'Learn from your judgments sore, the crime now to ab - hor;'. The sixth staff: 'Pull down, pull down the calf, and your rightful king restore.'. The score ends with a double bar line.

O BEAUTIFUL Bri-tan-nia, where is thy church now gone?  
Up - on thy bench sits Calvin, and Luther on thy throne:  
Sure thou art now grown mad, thus for to play the jade;  
In As - ke - lon or Gath, fie! let it not be said.  
Learn from your judgments sore, the crime now to ab - hor;  
Pull down, pull down the calf, and your rightful king restore.





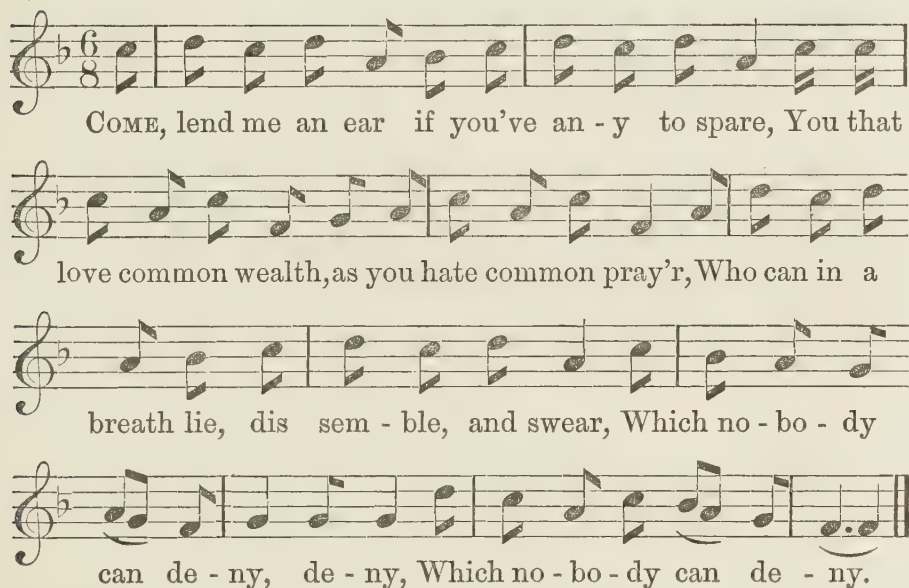
Then hadst thou riches, peace, content in every face ;  
 But now, alas ! alas ! all's gone to thy disgrace ;  
 Thy wishes they are spent, thy constitution's rent,  
 By rakes and Whigs, these for thy ruin bent.  
 Thy sons, into a car, to Tyburn dragged are,  
 Or else, alas ! alas ! from home removed far.  
 O, beautiful Britannia, if thou wouldst think upon  
 The blythesome days of yore, the days of sixty-one.

Thou wouldst not fondly dote upon a German sot ;  
 A sow, a sow, a sow more suits his lot ;  
 Nor would his madcap son ever possess thy throne,  
 Nor would again be play'd the game of forty-one ;  
 But all, with one consent, for restoration bent,  
 Might soon call home the king, relieve the innocent.  
 The bonny gray-eyed morning begins for to peep ;  
 O, beautiful Britannia, I pray no longer sleep ;

But from the Gallic shore call royal Jamie o'er,  
 Resist, resist, resist him no more ;  
 And let no cuckold be still ruler over thee,  
 Nor any German bastard, begot in poverty.  
 And let no Whig command, discharge them off thy land ;  
 Discard, discard, discard that lawless band.  
 The bonny gray-eyed morning, since it begins to dawn,  
 O, beautiful Britannia, to cloud it be not drawn

By shameless whiggish pride, but ope thy arms wide,  
 Embrace, embrace, embrace the son, thou art the bride ;  
 Then would no blood be spilt, nor wouldst thou spend thy guilt.  
 Pray hasten, O, Britannia, thy marriage to complete.

## SONG LXXXV.

**Nobody can Deny,**


COME, lend me an ear if you've an - y to spare, You that  
 love common wealth, as you hate common pray'r, Who can in a  
 breath lie, dis sem - ble, and swear, Which no - bo - dy  
 can de - ny, de - ny, Which no - bo - dy can de - ny.

The times are so fickle, I vow and profess,  
 Men know not which party or way to embrace ;  
 But I'll still be for those that are least in disgrace,  
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Sometimes I'm a rebel, and sometimes a saint ;  
 Sometimes I can swear, and at other times cant ;  
 There's nothing but grace, thanks to Jove, I do want ;  
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of gracious King William I was a great lover,  
 Did join with a party that was for another :  
 I drunk the king's health, take it one way or t'other ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

I frequently went into the Whigs' meeting,  
 Where there I did meet with such sorrowful greeting,  
 Makes me hate long prayers, with five hours prating ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

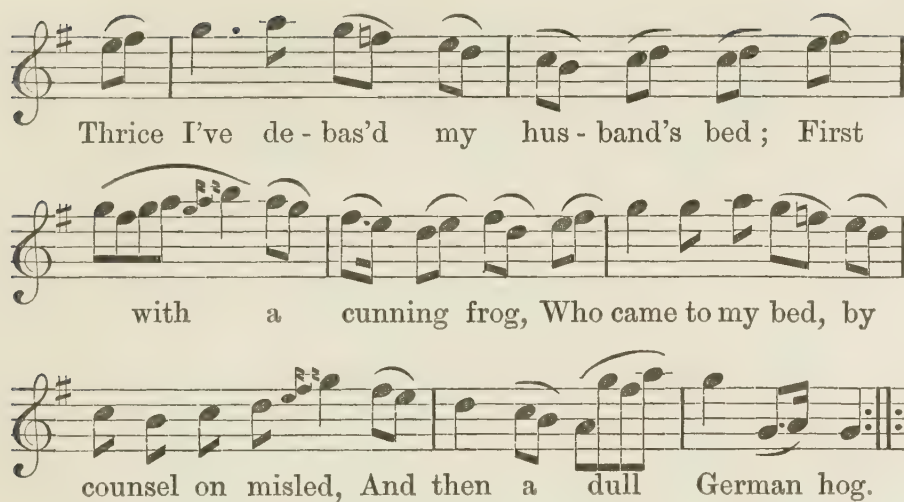
All this I can do when I'm foolish and merry,  
 And I can sing psalms as if never weary :  
 But I still find more joy in a boat to the ferry ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

I can pledge any health my companions drink round,  
 And can say, Heaven bless ! when I wish hell confound !  
 I can hold to the hare, and run with the hound ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

## SONG LXXXVI.

**James, come kiss me now.**

THE morning star be - gins to rise, I will no  
 long - er sleep ; What I have done these many  
 years bygone Doth make me sore to weep.



Frail creature I, thus to have been  
 Cheated out of my sense  
 By treacherous men, who forc'd me, to my shame,  
 To hurry my husband hence.  
 They taught me that the breach of vows  
 Was not a sin at all;  
 To keep up the laws of religion, the old cause,  
 When likely they were to fall.

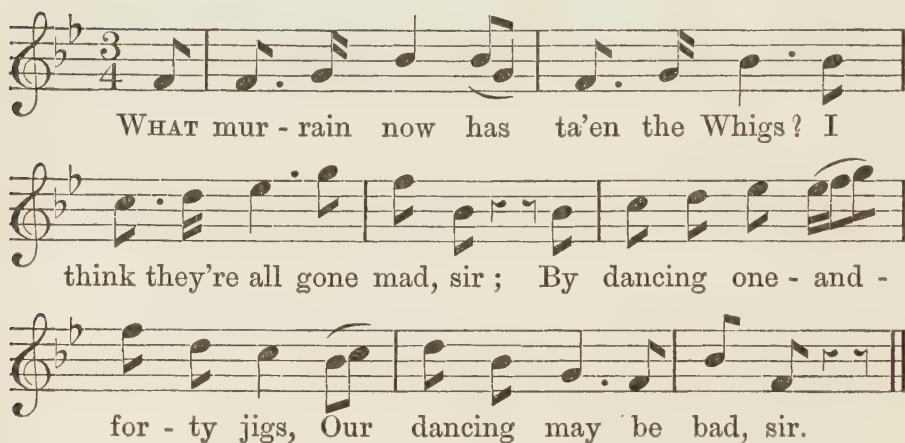
A wretched creature, I then learn'd  
 A lesson that was odd;  
 To break Jesus' laws, the only way then was  
 To keep the laws of God.  
 But sad experience has me taught  
 A lesson that's more true;  
 He's justly condemn'd, who, for a godly end,  
 Breaks through a solemn vow.

Great James, come kiss me now, now,  
 Great James, come kiss me now:  
 Too long I've undone myself these years bygone,  
 By basely forsaking you.

Come home again, great James, great James,  
 Come home again, I pray :  
 Forgive me the crime ; ever after I'll be thine.  
 I call thee ; do not stay.

## SONG LXXXVII.

**What Murrain now has ta'en the Whigs.**



WHAT mur - rain now has ta'en the Whigs? I  
 think they're all gone mad, sir ; By dancing one - and -  
 for - ty jigs, Our dancing may be bad, sir.

The revolution principles  
 Have set their heads in bees, then ;  
 They've fallen out among themselves,  
 Shame fa' the first that grees them !

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,  
 And vow, too, and protest, sir,  
 If Hanover were once come o'er,  
 Then we should all be blest, sir ?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,  
 Impeachments throve a while, sir :  
 Our lords must steer to other coasts,  
 Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.



Now Britain may rejoice and sing,  
'Tis once a happy nation,  
Governed by a German thing,  
Our sovereign by creation !

And whensoever this sovereign fails,  
And pops into the dark, sir,  
O then we have a Prince of Wales,  
The brat of Koningsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,  
His praises we will sing, sir,  
For to a petty German duke  
He's now a British king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the geese,  
But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir ;  
When he takes on his good dame's gees,  
He cannot rule himsel, sir.

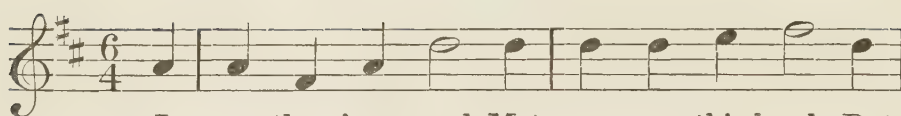
And was there ever such a king  
As our brave German prince, sir ?  
Our wealth supplies him every thing,  
Save that he wants good sense, sir.

Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,  
And drag our peers to slaughter,  
This makes our gracious king to smile,  
Our prince bursts out in laughter.

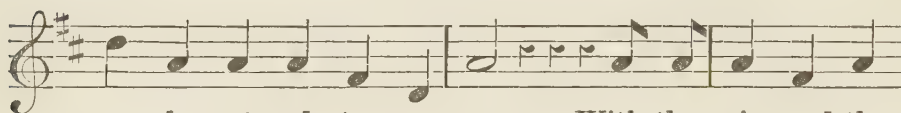
Our jails with British subjects cramm'd,  
Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir ;  
And all but Whigs and Dutch are damn'd  
By the fanatic crowd, sir.

Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,  
And drink his health in wine, sir ;  
For now we have braw happy days,  
Like those of forty-nine, sir.

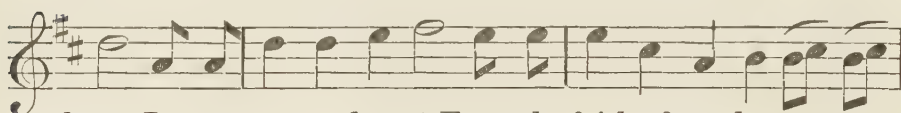
## SONG LXXXVIII.

**True Blue.**

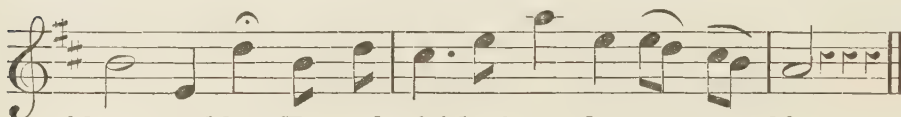
I HOPE there's no soul Met o - ver this bowl, But



means honest ends to pursue : With the voice and the



heart Let us never depart From the faith of an honest true



blue, true blue, From the faith of an honest true blue.

For our country and friends  
 Let us damn private ends,  
 And keep our old virtue in view ;  
 Stand clear of the tribe  
 That address with a bribe,  
 For honesty's ever true blue, &c.

On the politic knave,  
 Who strives to enslave,  
 Whose schemes the whole nation may rue ;  
 On pension and place,  
 That curse and disgrace,  
 Stand clear, and be ever true blue, &c.

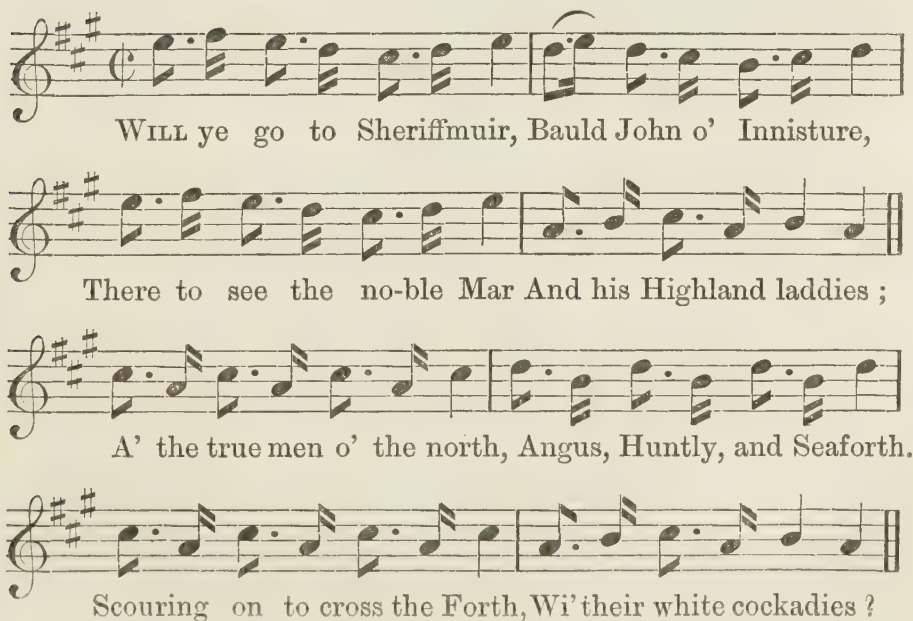
As with hound and with horn  
 We rise in the morn,  
 With vigour the chase to pursue ;  
 Corruption's our cry,  
 Which we'll hunt till we die ;  
 'Tis worthy a British true blue, &c.

Here's a health to all those  
 Who slavery oppose,  
 And wish our old rights to renew ;  
 To each honest voice  
 That concurs in the choice  
 And support of an honest true blue, true blue,  
 And support of an honest true blue.

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 SONG LXXXIX.

## Will ye go to Sheriffmuir.



WILL ye go to Sheriffmuir, Bauld John o' Innisture,  
 There to see the no-ble Mar And his Highland laddies ;  
 A' the true men o' the north, Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth.  
 Scouring on to cross the Forth, Wi' their white cockadies ?

There you'll see the banners flare,  
There you'll hear the bagpipes' rair,  
And the trumpets' deadly blare,

Wi' the cannon's rattle.

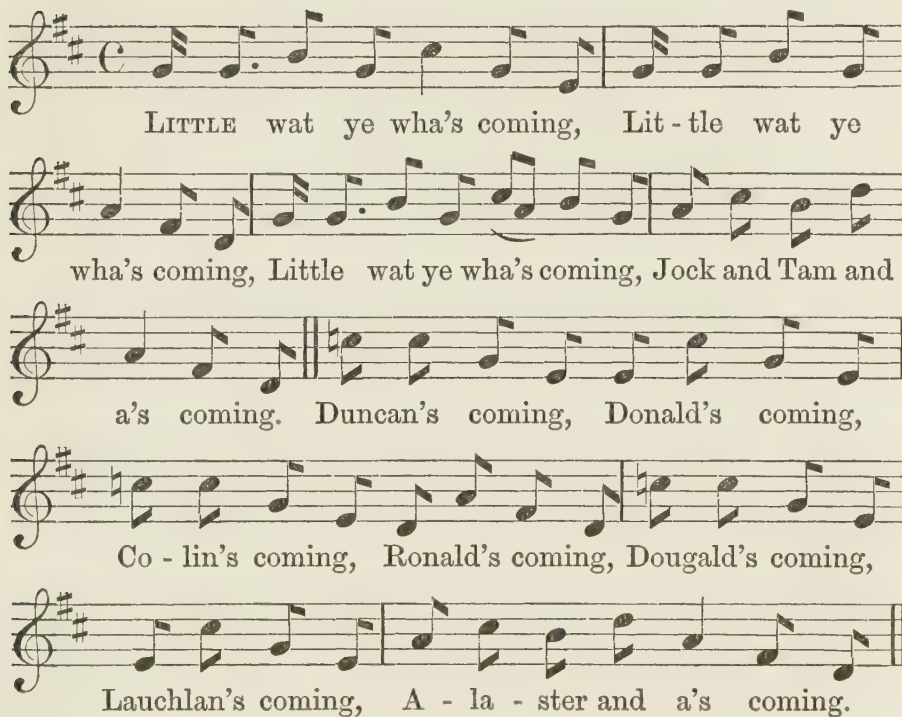
There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,  
Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,  
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,  
Rushing to the battle.

There you'll see the noble Whigs,  
A' the heroes o' the brigs,  
Raw hides and wither'd wigs,  
Riding in array, man.

Ri'en hose and raggit hools,  
Sour milk and girnin gools,  
Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,  
We'll see never mair, man.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,  
Bauld John o' Innisture?  
Sic a day, and sic an hour,  
Ne'er was in the north, man.  
Siccan sights will there be seen;  
And, gin some be nae mista'en,  
Fragrant gales will come bedeen,  
Frae the water o' Forth, man.

## SONG XC.

*The Chevalier's Muster-Roll.*


LITTLE wat ye wha's coming, Lit - tle wat ye  
 wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Jock and Tam and  
 a's coming. Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,  
 Co - lin's coming, Ronald's coming, Dougald's coming,  
 Lauchlan's coming, A - la - ster and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,  
 Cameron and M'Lean's coming,  
 Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,  
 Ilka Dunywastle's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 M'Gillavry and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,  
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,  
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming,  
 Withrington and Nairn's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
 Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.



The laird of M'Intosh is coming,  
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,  
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,  
And the wild M'Craw's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,  
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig :  
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,  
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,  
Jock and Tam and a's coming.

## NOTES.

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### SONG I.

#### *The King shall enjoy his own again.*

It is with particular pleasure that I am enabled to restore to the public the original words of the most famous and most popular air ever heard of in this country ; although, at the same time, it must be confessed, that it does not appear to have been originally a Scottish air, though many a Scottish ditty has been made to it, suiting every circumstance of injured royalty, as will appear in the course of this publication. It was invented at first to support the declining cause of the royal martyr, Charles I. ; and served afterwards, with more success, to keep up the spirits of the cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son ; an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the revolution, it of course became an adherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted. As a tune, says Ritson, from whom part of this is copied, it is said to have been a principal mean of depriving James of the crown ; and this very air, upon two memorable occasions, was very near being equally instrumental in replacing it on the head of his son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing fed the enthusiasm of the Jacobites so much, down even to the present reign, in every corner of Britain, as *The King shall enjoy his own again* ; and even the great orator of the party, in his most celebrated harangue, was always thought to have alluded to it in his remarkable quotation from Virgil : “ *Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus !*”

The song is given from a MS. collection of songs furnished to me by John Stuart, jun., of Dalguize, with the addition of a verse from Ritson. The air was taken down from a country singer, but is very nearly the same with one in Oswald's collection of ancient Scottish music.

“What Booker doth prognosticate,” &c.

This Booker was a great fishing-tackle maker in Charles the First's time, and a very eminent proficient in that noble art and mystery ; by application to which, he came to be deeply skilled in the depth of ponds and rivers, as is here wisely observed. He lived at the house in Tower-street that is now the sign of the Gun ; and being used to this sedentary diversion, he grew mighty cogitabund, from whence a frenzy seized on him, and he turned enthusiast, like one of our French prophets, and went about prognosticating the downfall of the king and popery, which were terms synonymous at that day. He was nothing of a conjuror, only one of the moderate men of those times, who were tooth and nail for the destruction of the king and royal family, which put him upon that sort of speculation.

Swallow, Dove, and Dade, were as excellent at that time of day in the knowledge of the astronomical science, as either Parker, Partridge, or Dr. Caze is now, and bred up to handicraft trades, as all these were. The first was a corn-cutter in Gutter-lane, who, from making a cure of Alderman Pennington's wife's great toe, was cried up for a huge practitioner in physic ; and from thence, as most of our modern quacks do, arrived at the name of a cunning man. The second was a cobbler in Whitecross-street, who, when Sir William Waller passed by his stall to attack the king's army in Cambridgeshire, told him, “The Lord would fight his battles for him ;” and on Sir William's success, was taken into the rebels' pay, and made an almanack-maker of. The last was a good innocent fiddle-string-seller, who being told by a neighbouring teacher that their music was in the stars, set himself at work to find out their habitations, that he might be made instrument-maker to them ; and having, with much ado, got knowledge of their places of abode, was judged by the Roundheads fit for

their purpose, and had a pension assigned to him to make the stars speak their meaning, and justify the villanies they were putting in practice.

“Full forty years this royal crown  
Has been his father’s and his own.”

This fixes the date of the song to 1643. The number was changed from time to time, as it suited. In the *Loyal Songs* it is sixty, and in an Edinburgh edition it is two thousand.

“Did Walker no predictions lack,  
In Hammond’s bloody almanack.”

Toby Walker. (Note. I don’t affirm that he was grandfather to the famous Dr. Walker, governor of Londonderry, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne, and happened to be overseer of the market at Ipswich in Suffolk, on account of giving false evidence at an assize held there.) He was a creature of Oliver Cromwell’s, who, from a basket-maker on Dowgate-hill, on account of his sufferings, as was pretended, in the cause of truth, was made colonel in the rebels’ army, and advanced afterwards to be one of the Committee of Safety. He was the person that, at the battle of Marston Moor, broke into the king’s head-quarters, and seized upon his majesty’s private papers, which were afterwards printed, in order to render him odious to his subjects. He was, not without some reason, judged to be that abandoned regicide that severed the head of that royal martyr from his shoulders, on a public stage, before his own palace-gate.

Hammond, the almanack-maker, was no kind of relation to Colonel Hammond, who had the king prisoner in the Isle of Wight, but one of that name, that always put down in a chronological table when such and such a royalist was executed, by way of reproach to them; by doing of which, his was called the Bloody Almanack. He was a butcher by trade, and, for his zeal to the then prevailing party, made one of the inspectors of the victualling-office. These notices Ritson copies from a pamphlet written by Dr. Wagstaff in 1711.

Though the poetry of this song is certainly not above medio-

crity, and though the air, to a Scottish ear, possesses no great share either of majesty or melody, yet, from many concurring testimonies, it appears to have had an influence on the popular mind quite unequalled by any thing of the kind ever before known. Nothing can be a better proof of this than the strenuous endeavours of the Whigs to enlist it on their own side. Witness the following song.

### A New Song.

TUNE—*The King shall enjoy his own again.*

SINCE Hanover is come,  
In spite of France and Rome,  
And the Tories have met with their matches,  
Full loyally they sing  
To the coming of their king,  
And keep up their courage with catches :  
But let them have their song,  
It can't be very long  
Ere the name will be lost in the nation ;  
For they've nothing but a tune  
To support the tenth of June,  
And the hopes of a restoration.

It's a comforting noise  
To hear the roaring boys,  
In a tune they've so oft been desiring :  
Their music must portend  
Their own latter end,  
And, like swans, they are sweetly expiring.  
Their next melodious strain  
Will be with Paul L——n,  
And there let them chant it out fairly ;  
For, as sure as a gun,  
The stave will be begun  
With that old psalm-raiser H——ly.



## SONG II.

*The Haughs of Cromdale.*

THIS is the worst specimen of the truth of Scottish song that is to be met with ; two events being jumbled together in it that happened at the distance of many years from each other. These seem to be, the battle of Auldearn, won by Montrose and the clans ; and that on the plains of Cromdale, in Strathspey, where the two colonels, Buchan and Cannon, suffered themselves to be surprised in their beds by Sir Thomas Livingston, and, though at the head of 1500 brave Highlanders, utterly defeated and scattered. This latter is the only battle on record that ever was really fought at Cromdale. It appears, therefore, more than probable that on that action the original song has been founded ; for the first twenty lines contain an exact and true description of that shameful defeat, and these twenty lines may be considered as either the whole or part of the original song ; and as they are middling good, and the air most beautiful, they had, of course, become popular. Some bard who had been partial to the clans, fired with indignation at hearing the disgrace of his countrymen sung all over the land, had added to the original verses an overcharged account of the battle of Auldearn, won by Montrose, their favourite leader, against the Whigs : but, by a vile anachronism, he has made it to happen on the day following the action at Cromdale, whereas it happened just forty-five years before it. Although, therefore, I have placed the ballad among the songs of this early period, I am persuaded it had its origin at a much later date ; but it would have been ridiculous to have placed a song that treated wholly of Montrose, subsequent to events that happened long after his death. Yet the part of the ballad that describes the victory won by that hero cannot be the original part of it, else the writer would never have placed the action at Cromdale, which is almost a day's journey distant from Auldearn, and no way connected with the scene of that engagement. It would never do now to separate this old and popular song into two parts ; but

nothing can be more evident, than that one part of the song describes the battle won by Montrose and the clans, on the 4th of May, 1645 ; and the other part, that won by Livingston *over* the clans, on the 1st of May, 1690. The names of the clans mentioned in the song are those that were present with Montrose at Auldearn ; the route that the defeated army took, together with the number of them that reached Aberdeen, all accord with the truth of history : so that at whatever period the song was made, it evidently alludes to that action. The following spirited and singularly characteristic account of it is given by a Highlander, who was not only an eye-witness of the whole, but hotly engaged in it. It is a translation from the Gaelic.

“ While Montrose and the royal army lay at Auldearn, Lord Gordon and his good band of both horse and foot being with him, Nathaniel Gordon came to them from Forres, and informed them that the enemy was at hand. He was a good rider and an excellent warrior : Caoch was his other name.

“ A battle ensued, hard fought by the Gael. Nathaniel Gordon lost his right arm. Montrose commanded the right wing ; and the brave Sir Alexander, the son of Coll Citoch, son of Archibald, son of Coll, son of Alexander, son of John Catanach, took the left, against the right of the enemy. After Sir Alexander had engaged his men, a gentleman came from the Lord Gordon, and delivered this message to him : ‘ Macdonald, I have heard that there was an agreement between our ancestors to this purpose, namely, that whatever strife happened among Scotsmen, that they would not strike a stroke against one another ; neither is the fame of any other tribe greater than theirs. Therefore, by way of renewing that agreement, I would request of you to exchange your foot with mine, to fight for my king on the first day of my service. Give me your foot and take mine.’

“ Macdonald immediately agreed to that request, and sent ninety men to Lord Gordon of his veteran soldiers, inured to hardships, and received in exchange three hundred foot of the men of Bog of Gight, Strathbogie, and upper parts of that country. But it was an ill exchange for Alexander Macdonald, because these men were never engaged in war before. They sup-

posed that the Gordons' cavalry had only to take care of the foot and defend them from danger. Alexander Macdonald drew up his men, but perceived that he had no more of his own men than only one hundred and fifty gentlemen. He put twenty of these in the front rank, and drew up three hundred foot of the Gordons in the middle, and marched before them. The regiment which was opposed to them was that of the laird of Lawers, men trained to arms; and the valiant gentlemen of Lewis, the Mackenzies, along with them. A stout battle ensued, as is usual in such situations: but the foot companies which Sir Alexander got in exchange, not being accustomed to such hard work, bowed down their heads whenever they heard the whistling of a ball, or the sough of an arrow. When Sir Alexander perceived this, he went always backward, and beckoned to them with his hand to take courage, and cause these gentlemen to keep order; but they were hard put to it. I knew men who even killed some of the Gordons' foot, to prevent their flight; which, when the enemy perceived, they set upon them most furiously. Sir Alexander therefore ordered them to an enclosure which they had forsaken before; but the enemy's pikes and arrows galled them much, and killed a great number of them on both sides of the wall, before they got into the enclosure. Macdonald's sword broke. He got another, which he supposed was given him by Davidson of Ardnacrosh, his brother-in-law, who had given him his own sword. Davidson fell at that instant, being the last man entering, along with other good gentlemen about the door, who were waiting to have got Macdonald in before them. As soon as Macdonald had got in, he set upon those who were opposed to him, in order to relieve those who were without, one of whom was Ronald, the son of Donald, the son of Angus Mackinnon of Mull.

"I thought proper to write thus much of the deeds of the Gordons, since I happened to be among them. It was not the same side of the wall with the rest of the gentlemen that Macdonald took; for he was among the Gordons. When advancing, he put his spear about his shoulders, holding his face to the enemy, his sword being on his side, and his shield in his left, and a gun in his right hand. He held the gun to the pikeman who hap-

pened to be behind him, because there was a narrow pass before them. Hence none of his own men were behind ; they all marched before them, by which means there was great slaughter made among the Gordons' foot by the archers.

“The bowmen ran past Ronald, letting their arrows fly at the Gordon soldiers. Sir Alexander Macdonald, looking over his shoulder, noticed the stop which Ronald put to the pikeman ; but turning his hand, the man who happened to be before him let fly an arrow at him, which went through his cheek, and partly out at the other. He lost his durk ; his bow proved useless : he then threw away his gun, and put his hand to his sword (his left holding the shield, which was stretched out to defend himself against the pikes), but it would not draw ; the cross hilt twirled about. He tried it again ; but it would not come : he tried it at the third time, taking the shield to hold the sheath, and succeeded. While he was thus employed, five pikes pierced his breast, but were not an inch deep. Seeing his breast pierced, and his cheek wounded, and several pikes stuck into his shield, he set his back to the wall, to examine his wounds, and made a shift to gain the door. The pikemen, being hard put to it at that moment, did not come any more upon him, except one man, whose pike was not yet cut off, and who thought to have struck him. Ronald was, in the meantime, listening to Alexander Macdonald talking to the Gordons, observing of how little service they were to him, to relieve him from the situation he was in ; and happening to come to the door of the enclosure, which he thought of gaining, he gave a spring away from the pikemen, turning his back upon him, and his face to the door. The pikeman still followed him, until at last he bowed his head below the door. Alexander Macdonald, happening to be near at hand, watching his motions, gave the pikeman a stroke on the neck, and struck off his head, which hit upon Ronald's houghs. The head fell in the enclosure, and the body in the door. When Ronald lifted up his head, and looked behind him at the door, there he saw his companion, Alexander Macdonald. He cut away the arrow that stuck in his cheek, and restored his speech, which the arrow had deprived him of.

“It may easily be conjectured that the rest of the king's army



were not idle all this time. The brave warlike Marquis of Montrose, the gallant hero Lord Gordon and his followers, the brave hardy Clan-Macdonald, and the equally brave and hard-hearted tribe of Clan-Ronald, all fought like heroes, without the least fear of strokes or shot. Montrose stood upon a high eminence, beholding the battle; and, perceiving the dangerous situation of Alexander Macdonald, and how wonderfully he had extricated himself, he called out to his men to encourage them, telling them what a shame it would be, if, by the exertions of one man, the victory should be obtained, and the laurel carried away from them all; for he saw that Macdonald overcame all that were opposed to him.

“Meantime he called to him to come again to the assistance of the rest, which he immediately did; and, advancing with his victorious band, he charged them so briskly, that in a short time both the horse and foot of the enemy began to give way. The horse being driven in among the foot, put them into confusion. Then Alexander Macdonald went to take his men out of the enclosure, with the royal standard, as many of them as were alive, or could come out; for he left seventeen wounded gentlemen within, who could not come out, besides those who were killed. After he got his men out, he set upon the enemy on one side, and Montrose on the other, in such a way that the laird of Lawers’ men fell fast in their ranks, and those of the men of Lewis fell with them: so they fled. Seaforth hardly escaped on horseback, after losing his men and his honour. Many were the warlike feats performed that day by the Macdonalds and Gordons; many were the wounds given and received: insomuch that Montrose said, in my hearing, after the battle, that he himself saw the greatest feats performed, and the greatest slaughter ever he saw made before by a couple of men, namely, Nathaniel Gordon, and Ronald Og Macdonald, son of Alexander, son of Alexander, son of Angus Uaibhrach, of Glengary; and likewise by Lord Gordon himself, and other three \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“Alexander Macdonald then went west, to bring Maclean and John Muidartach. Meantime the counsel of Scotland sent



another army, commanded by General Baillie, accompanied by Argyle; and hearing that Macdonald was on the west, they thought of surprising Montrose while his men were scattered; and so it happened, they met at Alford in Strathbogie, namely, General Baillie and Argyle, with the counsel of Scotland's army, which were very numerous. Montrose, who commanded the royal army, had only the Lord Gordon, with his excellent cavalry, Angus Macvich Alister, laird of Glengary, part of Clan-Ronald's men, the Macphersons of Badenoch, and part of the Athol men. When they came in sight of each other, they were equally keen to engage. Part of the Macphersons were sent against a scout; but a reinforcement was sent by the Covenanters to oppose them. One of the Covenanters said to their own men, that it was the custom of the enemy to begin the attack. 'Let them not do so to-day; attack you them first briskly and courageously.' One of the king's army, the Lord Gordon, said to his men, 'Let none of you be afraid: I shall bring Baillie by the neck out from among his army.' The two armies engaged with equal ardour and animosity, after the scouts and the Macphersons had begun the attack. They fired throng at each other, till an unlucky shot hit the Lord Gordon, while he was seizing General Baillie by the sword-belt. By this time the battle became general. While they were thus keenly engaged, the foot could not advance for the raging of the horse. Alexander, son of Ronald, son of Allan (for he and Ronald Og, son of Macvich Alister, commanded the Clan-Ronald), said, he himself stood with his drawn sword, not knowing how to strike a stroke, as he knew not a friend from a foe by the confusion they were in; until the brave Major Leith called to the horse to separate from the foot, which they immediately did, and then every man was at his liberty to use his hand and blade as best suited him. The Covenanters were not allowed to advance any farther, but were totally routed and pursued; and the rage of the victors for the death of Lord Gordon caused a great slaughter of the Covenanters; the men being so bent upon revenging the death of such a brave hero, that not a man returned from the chace till the whole disappeared. The laird of Glengary

pursued Argyle until his horse failed him ; which was the only thing that saved Argyle, for he changed his horse three times."

My friend and valued correspondent, Mr. J. Graham, has stated it as his opinion, that the song of *The Haughs of Cromdale* relates to these two actions that happened so close after one another, and that the burden of the song is taken from some older song, or perhaps from the name of the tune. But, with all submission to one whose knowledge of the country so much exceeds mine, I must dissent from this supposition; for in neither of these did the clans sustain the least disadvantage, but were almost miraculously victorious. With regard to the battle of Cromdale, I shall mention that in its proper place. There are much better sets of the air to be found ; but I chose this, because it is the most ancient and original one extant.

### SONG III.

#### **Lesley's March to Scotland.**

### SONG IV.

#### **Lesley's March to Longmaston.**

THESE two songs are of the same era with the last, or at least their allusions are to that period. The hero is the celebrated David Lesley, who commanded a division of the Whig army at the battle of Marston Moor, and contributed so materially to that victory, when the Earl of Leven, who commanded above him, fled. His cruelties in Scotland, after his victory over Montrose, and some other successes, must have provoked some of the Cavaliers to write these two songs in mockery of him and his army of furious zealots. They are both written to a tune that is well known to have been his favourite march, and to which his troopers always entered or left every town on their route. The *March to Scotland* is the most perfect thing of the kind to be found in that or any other age ; and, wild as some of the expressions are, must be

viewed as a great curiosity. It is the very essence of sarcasm and derision, and possesses a spirit and energy for which we may look in vain in any other song existing. When it came first to my hand, I had no doubt of its being a modern parody on the *March to Longmaston*, and strongly suspected that it might be one of the wild effusions of Burns, although assured to the contrary by my correspondent. I have now settled the matter to my own conviction that it is an ancient song; and there is reason to conclude that it is the original one, and that the *March to Longmaston* has at first been a garbled copy taken from some singer, as almost every ballad is that is copied from a singer. In Mr. Gordon of Ford's MS., from which I copied it, it is denominated simply *Lesley's March*—"to Scotland" is added, that it may be distinguished from the other. The air is copied from Mr. Oswald's ancient Scottish music, and is an excellent and original tune.

David Lesley, the leader of this host of "blest ragamuffians," seems to have been a brave and resolute officer, but one who made a pretence of zeal for religion a cloak for the most brutal acts of barbarity, as well as dishonour. There is no act of perfidy on record more detestible than that of his at Newark on Yarrow, on the evening of the day on which he gained the battle of Philiphaugh. A brave body of Grahams, Stuarts, some of the Clan Chattan, and about two hundred Irish, who formed the principal part of Montrose's foot at that hapless engagement, had, notwithstanding the discomfiture, still kept together, and defended themselves, though deserted by the horse, and attacked on every side. About two o'clock they got possession of the old tower and castle-yard of Newark, where they resolved to defend themselves to the last, seeing no quarter given to the common soldiers. Lesley, observing that it would cost some pains to dislodge them, offered them quarter; which being accepted, it was signed by him and Adjutant Stuart. On that they came all out to an adjoining field, as ordered, and laid down their arms; and while this was doing, some of the ministers, of whom he never wanted plenty about him, represented to him that that army was all composed of Papists and vile prelates; on which, as soon as they were disarmed, he surrounded them with his "scourges of heresy," and

cut them down every man, except Stuart himself, whom, he said, he would reserve to be hanged. In this he meant to be as good as his word ; but Stuart contrived to make his escape in women's clothes, on the very night before he was to have been executed. He acted the same scene over again in Cantire the year following, causing a whole army of Macdonalds to be cut to pieces, after granting them quarter and disarming them. It was on this occasion that he said to John Nevay, a bloody preacher, who accompanied him, " Well, Mr. John, have not you got your fill of blood for once ? "

The Commission of the Estates and Church granted Lesley 50,000 merks and a chain of massy gold for these exploits ; and to Middleton, his associate, they granted 25,000 merks : but they soon were weary of them, and contrived, with a good deal of pains, to get them ordered back into England the next year. Never did the middle counties of Scotland suffer so much under the tyranny of an army as they did under this host of the righteous ; which was the reason why they were so easily persuaded to rise in a mass to oppose Cromwell, two years afterward. And besides, Lesley hanged all the noblemen and gentlemen of the king's party that fell into his hands. Bishop Guthrie, in his Memoirs, enumerates upwards of twenty of those who suffered in the course of that year. At the execution of three of them, in Lesley's presence, at Glasgow, the Rev. David Dixon exclaimed in ecstasy, " O but the gude wark gangs bonnily on ! "

From this time to the battle of Bothwell Bridge, I find no song descriptive of any event that happened in Scotland, excepting those published in the Border Minstrelsy, to which I refer the curious ; for it would be superfluous to make extracts from a work so popular. There is one spirited verse, describing the feelings of the Highlanders during the time of the Commonwealth very well, though apparently not written by a Highlander : but as it is rather a poem than a song, I insert it here.

Te Commonvelt, tat grammach ting,  
Gar preak him's vow, gar dee him's king ;



Gar pay him's cess or poind him's geers :  
 She'll no de tat—deil cove te lears !  
 She'll bide a while amang te crows,  
 She'll scour te sorde and whisk te bows ;  
 And fan her nain sell see te Rei,  
 Te deil-ma-care for Cromachie !

*Grammach* is the Gaelic for ugly ; *Rei*, for king ; and *Cromachie* is a cant name for Cromwell. The meaning of the rest is obvious.

#### SONG V.

#### *The Restoration.*

THIS song is rather valuable on account of its antiquity than any intrinsic merit that it possesses ; it having been first sung, as the manuscript bears, on the 29th of May, 1660. The air is however, very fine, and many songs were made to it afterwards, all on the same subject, *the twenty-ninth of May*, which was an interesting day to all lovers of our old hereditary line of kings, it being the anniversary of King Charles II.'s birth, as well as his restoration.

“ Old Pendril the miller, at risk of his blood,  
 Hid the king of our isle in the king of the wood.”

As a Scottish minstrel has celebrated this instance of loyalty in old Pendril, and as there is such ample field for encomiums on the disinterested loyalty of our own countrymen in subsequent times, it is with great pleasure that I give the first instance of it in our sister kingdom. This cannot be better or more truly displayed than by relating some of the leading circumstances connected with the battle of Worcester, which shall suffice for the illustration of this song and the three following cantatas, all made on the same subject.

It is well known, that at the beginning of 1651, Charles remained in the hands of the most rigid Covenanters ; and though



treated with civility and courtesy by Argyle, a man of parts and address, he was little better than a prisoner, and was still exposed to all the rudeness and pedantry of the ecclesiastics.

This young prince was in a situation which very ill suited his temper and disposition. All those good qualities which he possessed, his affability, his wit, his gentlemanlike disengaged behaviour, were here so many vices : and his love of ease, liberty, and pleasure, was regarded as the highest enormity. Though artful in the practice of courtly dissimulation, the sanctified style was utterly unknown to him ; and he never could mould his deportment into that starched grimace which the Covenanters required as an infallible mark of conversion. The Duke of Buckingham was the only English courtier allowed to attend him ; and, by his ingenious talent for ridicule, he had rendered himself extremely agreeable to his master. While so many objects of derision surrounded them, it was difficult to be altogether insensible to the temptation, and wholly to suppress the laugh. Obligated to attend from morning to night at prayers and sermons, they betrayed evident symptoms of weariness or contempt. The clergy never could esteem the king sufficiently regenerated ; and by continual exhortations, remonstrances, and reprimands, they still endeavoured to bring him to a juster sense of his spiritual duty.

The king's passion for the fair could not altogether be restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman ; and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglas, began with a severe aspect, informed the king that great scandal had been given to the godly, enlarged on the heinous nature of sin, and concluded by exhorting his majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful, for the future, in shutting the windows. This delicacy, so unusual to the place and to the character of the man, was remarked by the king, and he never forgot the obligation.

The king, shocked at all the indignities, and, perhaps, still more tired with all the formalities to which he was obliged to submit, made an attempt to regain his liberty. General Middle-

ton, at the head of some royalists, being proscribed by the Covenanters, kept in the mountains, expecting some opportunity of serving his master. The king resolved to join this body. He secretly made his escape from Argyle, and fled towards the Highlands. Colonel Montgomery, with a troop of horse, was sent in pursuit of him. He overtook the king, and persuaded him to return. The royalists being too weak to support him, Charles was the more easily induced to comply. The incident procured him afterwards better treatment, and more authority ; the Covenanters being afraid of driving him, by their rigour, to some desperate resolution. Argyle renewed his courtship to the king, and the king, with equal dissimulation, pretended to repose great confidence in Argyle. He even went so far as to drop hints of his intention to marry this nobleman's daughter ; but he had to do with a man too wise to be seduced by such gross artifices.

As soon as the season would permit, the Scottish army was assembled under Hamilton and Lesley ; and the king was allowed to join the camp. The forces of the western counties, notwithstanding the imminent danger which threatened their country, were resolute not to unite their cause with that of an army which admitted any engagers or malignants among them ; and they kept in a body apart under Ker. They called themselves the *Protesters* ; and their frantic clergy declaimed equally against the king and against Cromwell. The other party were denominated *Resolutioners* ; and these distinctions continued long after to divide and agitate the kingdom.

Charles encamped at the Torwood ; and his generals resolved to conduct themselves by the same cautious maxims, which, so long as they were embraced, had been successful during the former campaign. The town of Stirling lay at his back, and the whole north supplied him with provisions. Strong entrenchments defended his front ; and it was in vain that Cromwell made every attempt to bring him to an engagement. After losing much time, the English general sent Lambert over the Frith into Fife, with an intention of cutting off the provisions of the enemy. Lambert fell upon Holborne and Brown, who commanded a party of the Scots, and put them to rout with great slaughter. Crom-

well also passed over with his whole army ; and, lying at the back of the king, made it impossible for him to keep his post any longer.

Charles, reduced to despair, embraced a resolution worthy of a young prince contending for empire. Having the way open, he resolved immediately to march into England, where he expected that all his friends, and all those who were discontented with the present government, would flock to his standard. He persuaded the generals to enter into the same views ; and, with one consent, the army, to the number of 14,000 men, rose from their camp, and advanced by great journies towards the south.

Cromwell was surprised at this movement of the royal army. Wholly intent on offending his enemy, he had exposed his friends to imminent danger, and saw the king, with numerous forces, marching into England, where his presence, from the general hatred which prevailed against the parliament, was capable of producing some great revolution. But if this conduct was an oversight of Cromwell, he quickly repaired it by his vigilance and activity. He despatched letters to the parliament, exhorting them not to be dismayed at the approach of the Scots : he sent orders everywhere for assembling forces to oppose the king : he ordered Lambert, with a body of cavalry, to hang upon the rear of the royal army, and infest their march, and he himself, leaving Monk with 7000 men to complete the reduction of Scotland, followed the king with all the expedition possible.

Charles found himself disappointed in his expectations of increasing his army. The Scots, terrified at the prospect of so hazardous an enterprise, fell off in great numbers. The English Presbyterians, having no warning given them of the king's approach, were not prepared to join him. To the royalists this measure was equally unexpected ; and they were farther deterred from joining the Scottish army by the orders which the committee of ministers had issued, not to admit any, even in this desperate extremity, who would not subscribe the covenant. The Earl of Derby, leaving the Isle of Man, where he had hitherto maintained his independence, was employed in levying forces in Cheshire and Lancashire, but was soon suppressed by a party of the parlia-



mentary army, and the king, when he arrived at Worcester, found that his forces, extremely harassed by a hasty and fatiguing march, were not more numerous than when he arose from his camp in the Torwood.

Such is the influence of established government, that the Commonwealth, though founded in usurpation the most unjust and most unpopular, had authority to raise everywhere the militia of the counties ; and these, united with the regular forces, bent all their efforts against the king. With an army of about 30,000 men, Cromwell fell upon Worcester, attacking it on all sides, and meeting with little resistance except from Duke Hamilton and General Middleton, broke in upon the disordered royalists. The streets of the city were strewed with dead. Hamilton, a nobleman of bravery and honour, was mortally wounded ; Massey wounded and taken prisoner ; the king himself, having given many proofs of personal valour, was obliged to fly. The whole Scottish army was either killed or taken prisoners. The country people, inflamed with national antipathy, put to death the few that escaped from the field of battle.

The king left Worcester at six o'clock in the afternoon, and, without halting, travelled about twenty-six miles, in company with fifty or sixty of his friends. To provide for his safety, he thought it best to separate himself from his companions ; and he left them, without communicating his intentions to any of them. By the Earl of Derby's directions, he went to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, inhabited by one Penderell, a farmer. To this man Charles intrusted himself. The man had dignity of sentiment much above his condition ; and though death was denounced against all who concealed the king, and a great reward promised to any one who should betray him, he professed and maintained unshaken fidelity. He took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honourable with himself ; and, having clothed the king in a garb like their own, they led him into the neighbouring wood, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed upon such homely fare as it afforded. For a better concealment, he mounted upon an oak, where he

sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent in search of the king ; and some expressed, in his hearing, their earnest wishes of seizing him. This tree was afterwards denominated the Royal Oak ; and for many years was regarded by the neighbourhood with great veneration. *Heath's Chron.* *Hume.*

Charles, after this, intrusted at least forty men and women with his life, every one of whom proved faithful ; a circumstance that does great credit to the English gentry of that age, and marks, in no ordinary degree, their generous principle of loyalty to their sovereign.

#### SONG VI.

#### *The Royal Oak Tree.*

THIS song, as well as the foregoing, was taken from a curious collection of ancient MS. songs, in the possession of Mr. D. Bridges, jun., of Edinburgh. It is probably of English original, notwithstanding the first line, which ascribes it to Scotland. This may be an unfair and illiberal suggestion, considering that I got it as a Scots song, and in a Scots gentleman's collection ; and am told that it was formerly published as such. The air, however, is decidedly English, and to this a good deal of weight should be placed. I would not exclude an old song, on bare suspicion of having had its origin in the sister kingdom, especially if it appears to have been known and sung in this, but must not conceal what I think concerning it. The air, as here given, is said to have been composed by a Charles Dibdin, for Garrick's jubilee song of *The Mulberry Tree* ; but there is an air of that name as old as the days of Shakspeare himself, of which this, in all likelihood, is a modernized set.



## SONG VII.

**The Tree of Friendship.**

THIS cantata is likewise taken from Mr. Bridges' collection, but is to be found in *The True Loyalist*, printed privately in A.D. 1779, nobody knows where : and though it is said in the MS. to have been written for the 29th of May 1660, the antiquity of it appears rather equivocal, as some of the airs, to which the verses have visibly been made, are well known to have been composed since that period ; one of them I am certain has. The airs are so well known, that I did not think proper to load the work with six long tunes for one song, especially as none of them are Scots airs, save one, which has here an English name. The cantata may be as old as represented, and the musical arrangement of a later date.

## SONG VIII.

**The Drowning of Care.**

I HAD this song from the same source with the preceding three, and it is likewise to be found in the same printed Scottish work with the latter of these ; at least, so I am informed. The airs in this are all Scottish, but cannot be said to be Jacobite airs. The poetry is apparently from the same hand with the foregoing, and is highly respectable for the age.

Among many other poetical effusions that appeared about this period, the following English song of OLD SIR SIMON THE KING, deserves particularly to be quoted for its humorous allusions. The air is well known over both kingdoms.

REBELLION hath broken up house,  
And hath left me old lumber to sell ;  
Come hither, and take your choice ;  
I'll promise to use you well.

Will you buy the old Speaker's chair,  
Which was warm and easy to sit in,  
And oftentimes has been made clean,  
When as it was fouler than fitting ?  
Says old Sir Simon the king,  
Says old Sir Simon the king,  
With his threadbare hose and his malmsy nose,  
Our old Sir Simon the king.

Will you buy any bacon flitches ?  
They're the fattest that ever were spent ;  
They're the sides of the old committees,  
Fed up with the Long Parliament;  
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,  
And for a small matter I'll sell 'em ;  
They're made of the Presbyter's lungs,  
To blow up the coals of rebellion ;  
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once  
To some blacksmith for his forge ;  
But, now I have consider'd on't,  
They're consecrated to the church :  
So I'll give them to some choir,  
To make the organs to roar,  
And the little pipes squeak higher  
Then ever they did before ;  
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,  
The one square, and t'other is round ;  
Betwixt them both, the tail  
Of the RUMP fell unto the ground.  
Will you buy the States' council-table,  
Which was made of the good Wains-*Scot* ?

The frame was a tottering Babel,  
 T' uphold the Independent Plot,  
 Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's the besom of Reformation,  
 Which should have made clean the floor ;  
 Yet it swept the wealth out o' the nation,  
 And left us dirt good store.  
 Will you buy the States' spinning-wheel,  
 Which spun for the Ropers' trade ?  
 Far better it had stood still,  
 For now it has spun a fair thread,  
 Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's a very good glyster-pipe,  
 Which was made of a butcher's sump ;  
 And oftentimes it hath been used  
 To cure the colds of the RUMP.  
 Here's a lump of Pilgrim's salve,  
 Which once was a justice of peace,  
 Who Noll and the devil did serve,  
 But now it is come to this,  
 Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of States tobacco,  
 If any good fellow will take it ;  
 It's neither Virginian nor Spanish,  
 But I'll tell you how they do make it :  
 'Tis *Covenant* mixt with *Engagement*,  
 With an *Abjuration oath* ;  
 And many of them that did take it  
 Complain it is foul in the mouth,  
 Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve  
 To cure the scab of the nation,

When they have an itch to serve  
A rebellion by innovation.  
A lanthorn here is to be bought,  
The like was scarce ever begotten ;  
For many a plot 't has found out,  
Before they ever were thought on,  
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,  
Which once did carry the nation ?  
And here's the bit and the bridle,  
And curb of dissimulation.  
Here's the breeches of the RUMP,  
With a fair dissembling cloak,  
And a Presbyterian jump,  
With an Independent smock,  
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's Oliver's brewing vessels,  
And here's his dray and his slings.  
Here's Hewson's awl and his bristles,  
With divers other odd things.  
And what is the price doth belong  
To all these matters before ye ?  
I'll sell them all for an old song,  
And so I do end my story,  
Says old Sir Simon the king,  
Says old Sir Simon the king,  
With his threadbare hose and his malmsy nose,  
Our old Sir Simon the king.

There is another excellent Scottish song of this period, which should have been inserted in the body of the work, both on account of its antiquity and merit ; but, in the confusion of Jacobite relics that I had collected, I had overlooked it among some more modern stuff. It relates to the defeat and fall of Archibald, earl

of Argyle, in 1685, and appears to have been a song of that year. I have seen a copy of it printed in 1694.

### **The Rebel Captive.**

*AIR—Three bonny lads were Sandy and Jockie.*

THREE bonny lads were Sandy, Claud Hamilton,  
 And Andrew Grier, the captain that led them on.  
 Then for the lads it proved a fatal day,  
 Argyle was ta'en, and a' his men ran away.  
     When Douglas jived him,  
         Rived him,  
         Drived him,  
 And of all hopes his stars had deprived him ;  
     Routed him, flouted him,  
     The deil bigotted him,  
 And now the States a rope have allotted him.

On June the fifteenth, oh ! 'twas a fatal day,  
 Archibald fled, and a' the rogues ran away.  
 In a disguise the loon thought to shun his fate ;  
 Three bonny boys stopped him on the gate,  
     In a blue bonnet ;  
         On it  
         One hit  
 Such a braid gash as made him till own it.  
     O spare me, disarm me,  
     And do no more harm me,  
 For I am Argyle, the head o' th' Whig army !

Quarter ! oh, quarter ! I yield myself prisoner :  
 Here, take my sword too, that useless tool of war.  
 Footmen and horses, now I all give you o'er ;  
 Dumbarton's forces no man can stand before ;



But they will fight him,  
     Right him,  
     Fright him,  
 The proudest foe, will put to the flight him ;  
     Thunder him, plunder him,  
     Dash all asunder him,  
 And make Argyle himself truckle under him.

Thus having yielded up baith his sword and durk,  
 These bonny boys convey'd him to Edinburg ;  
 Where with a train he enters the Watergate,  
 The hangman walking before him in muckle state,  
     With a hemp garter,  
     The martyr  
     To quarter,  
 And by the lugs to cut the loon shorter.  
     The same fate ever wait  
     To crown the rebel's pate,  
 And all such traitors as dare oppose the state.

I find another excellent Scottish song, apparently as old as 1678 ; but as it relates to an event that happened in England, I thought meet rather to preserve it among the notes than among those songs that relate to the events in Scotland. It is descriptive of the character and life of the infamous Oates, commonly called Doctor Oates, and I believe it is true what another old song says of him,

“ There was a braw doctor, as ever ye saw,  
 Though not of divinity, physic, nor law.”

He was the informer and principal contriver of a tremendous plot, that threw the whole kingdom into consternation—of fires, rebellions, insurrections, and massacres, such as never were heard of in a nation ; and that being confounded with another plot, of which there appeared good evidence, it was never properly understood by the generality of the people. The songs that were made about it in England were almost innumerable ; but the one that

follows is evidently Scottish, as is also the air. It has certainly been written to the old tune of *Let me in this ae Night*; but I have seen it in a very old collection, set to the tune of *Sic a Wife as Willie had*. The following is the character that Hume draws of this Titus Oates:—

“Oates, the informer of this dreadful plot, was himself the most infamous of mankind. He was the son of an Anabaptist preacher, chaplain to Colonel Pride; but having taken orders in the church, he had been settled in a small living by the Duke of Norfolk. He had been indicted for perjury, and by some means had escaped. He was afterwards a chaplain on board the fleet; whence he had been dismissed, on complaint of some unnatural practices, not fit to be named. He then became a convert to the Catholics; but he afterwards boasted that his conversion was a mere pretence in order to get into their secrets and to betray them. He was sent over to the Jesuit’s college at St. Omers; and, though above thirty years of age, he there lived some time among the students. He was despatched on an errand to Spain; and thence returned to St. Omers; where the Jesuits, heartily tired of their convert, at last dismissed him from their seminary. It is likely, that from resentment of this usage, as well as from want and indigence, he was induced, in combination with Tongue, to contrive that plot of which he accused the Catholics. This abandoned man, when examined before the council, betrayed his impostures in such a manner as would have utterly discredited the most consistent story, and the most reputable evidence.”

### **Sic a Life as Titus led.**

Sic a life as Titus led,  
 As Titus led, as Titus led,  
 When laird was rascal, lady jade,  
     He’ll never lead again, jo.  
 Commissions and black bills he had,  
 Which did uphaud the swearing trade;  
 And a’ the land played *Hey go mad*,  
     The like was never seen, jo.

He swore it out through thick and thin,  
Through twa-inch boards he saw within,  
And for the truth pawned saul and skin,  
Most deftly done o' him, jo.

His Pilgrims and his Narratives,  
His Pilgrims and his Narratives,  
Prepar'd for Pope and Prelates' sleeves,  
He'll never see again, jo.  
Before the plot ran retrograde,  
Then every bully was a blade,  
And sceptre levell'd wi' the spade,  
The like was never seen, jo.  
Had we prevailed against the duke,  
I will be sworn upo' the Beuk,  
He'd done the rest by heuk or creuk,  
And a' had been our ain, jo.

Sic a trade as Titus drave,  
As Titus drave, as Titus drave,  
When these three nations he did save,  
He'll never drive again, jo.  
Ten pounds a-week he did receive,  
And muckle mair the *godly* gave,  
And there was nought but ask and have,  
The like was never seen, jo.  
But to Tyburn Titus trigs,  
In company o' the godly Whigs,  
To dance and sing Geneva jigs,  
And there's an end o' him, jo.

#### SONG IX.

#### **Hey, Boys, up go we.**

I HAVE got many editions of this popular old song, all distinct from one another, but all levelled against the Whigs, though in different ages. I am informed that this which I have adopted is

one of Charles I.'s time, and that it was originally an English song, though popular in this country. There is another, which begins thus :

Now, now the Tories all shall stoop,  
 Religion, and the laws,  
 And Whigs on Commonwealth get up,  
 To tap the good old cause,  
 Tantivy boys shall all go down,  
 And haughty monarchy ;  
 The leather cap shall brave the crown,  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

The next I shall copy in full, which plainly relates to what was termed the Fanatic Plot, in the reign of Charles II.

Now, now the plot is coming out,  
 That caus'd our doubts and fears,  
 And all the tribe that made the rout,  
 Both commoners and peers,  
 The mighty patrons of the cause  
 'Gainst Pagan Popery,  
 Have rais'd a gibbet for our foes ;  
*And hey, boys, up go we.*

With sanctified religious zeal  
 The brethren did agree  
 For to raise up our Commonweal  
 On Christian liberty;  
 To undermine the church and state,  
 And blow up monarchy :  
 But now, alas ! 'tis our own fate,  
*And hey, boys, up go we.*

A holy covenant we took,  
 To sacrifice the king,

And, next to him, the royal duke,  
A bloody offering ;  
For which, according to the vote,  
The Papists all should die :  
But now the saints have chang'd their note,  
*And hey, boys, up go we.*

Our zealous covenanting saints,  
Associating peers,  
Each heart, for fear, with *Patience* pants,  
To lose more than his ears.  
Tony's dead, and Monmouth's fled ;  
The helm is turn'd a-lee ;  
The plot (the nail) is knock'd o' th' head,  
*And hey, then, up go we.*

No longer may the Papists boast  
Their bloody black designs ;  
Old Rome, thy ancient glory's lost,  
For all thy learn'd divines.  
For royal murders, treasons base,  
And matchless treachery,  
The Jesuits must now give place ;  
*And hey, boys, up go we.*

How well did we contrive the plot,  
And laid it at their door,  
For which old Stafford went to pot,  
And many guiltless more !  
But now the tide is come about,  
The truth of all we see.  
And when the murder all is out,  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

Rumsey's gold, and Rumbold bold,  
Conspire to kill the king ;



And Pickering, in fatal hold,  
 Must answer for the thing.  
 Nethrop, West, and all the rest,  
 With Perkin may agree,  
 To be o' th' Tower (not throne) possest ;  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

Our city riots and country routs,  
 That to rebellion tend.  
 Our races, and our hunting-bouts,  
 In insurrection end.  
 The rebel now is catch'd i' th' snare  
 He laid for monarchy :  
 At last the gallows claims its share ;  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

Another of them begins thus :

Now, now the antichristian crew  
 Shall all go down, because  
 Our Magistrates do well pursue  
 And execute the laws.  
 Those rascals, who do always rail  
 Against all laws with spight,  
 Would make a law against a law ;  
 Great York should lose his right.

And another thus :

Now the bad *Old Cause* is tapt,  
 And the *vessel* standeth stooped ;  
 The *Cooper* may starve for want of *work*,  
 For the *cask* shall never be hooped.  
 We will burn the association,  
 The covenant, and vow,  
 The public cheat of the nation,  
 Anthony, now, now, now.

A sixth, and not the worst of this long list, begins as follows :

O wicked Whigs, what can you mean ?  
 When will your plotting cease  
 Against our most *renowned* queen,  
 Her ministry, and peace ?  
 Your Protestant succession's safe,  
 As our great men agree ;  
 Bourbon has Spain ; the Tories laugh,  
*And hey, boys, up go YE.*

Colonel William Cleland, the famous Cameronian leader, who was slain at the battle of Dunkeld, wrote another to the same air, and with the same chorus. It seems that about the time of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and after that, one of these songs, it is not easy to say which, had been very popular ; and it was in mockery of that popular song that he wrote his in the same style, but exaggerated to a degree that rendered the theme ridiculous. It has a great deal of spirit, but is too unpolished for insertion here.

#### SONG X.

#### **You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs.**

THIS is manifestly a song of 1688 ; the allusions to King William and the Whigs prove it so : and it may be remarked throughout, that these songs of the royalists are always bitter, and full of gall, in proportion to the desperate state of their master's affairs. The foregoing song is temperate, compared with this. The rapid progress of the Revolution, and the sudden ascendancy gained by the Whigs, confounded the other party, some of which had amused themselves and vented their spleen in these intemperate effusions. The song is supposed to have been the production of a celebrated Scottish nobleman.

## SONG XI.

**Cakes of Crowdy.**

THIS is another production of the same year, and likewise of a nobleman, having been written by Lord Newbottle in 1688, as the MS. bears. The author was eldest son to William, first marquis of Lothian; and notwithstanding this satire on the revolutionists, he closed with that great measure. Here are two noble authors whom Walpole knew nothing of. The following are some of the heroes mentioned in this song:—*Chinnie*; Lord Melville, called Chinnie from the length of his features.—*Rethy*; Lord Raith.—*Little Pitcunkie*; Melville's third son.—*Leven the hero*; who whipt Lady Mortenhall with his whip. He is the Lord Huffle of Dr. Pitcairn's "Assembly," where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers.—*Cherrytrees Davie*; Mr. D. Williamson, who did lie with Lord Burke's daughter.—*Greenock, Dickson, Houston*; taxmen of the customs. They were, Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr. R. Young.—*Borland*; this is Captain Drummond, a great turn-coat rogue, who kept the stores in the castle.—*Grave Burnet*; old Gribo.—*Mary, Willie, and Annie*; prince and princess of Orange, and princess of Denmark.—*Argyle*; he was killed (received his death's wound, at least) in a brothel near Newcastle.—So says an old commentator on my Lord Newbottle's *elegant and witty* song.

## SONG XII.

**There came a Fiddler out o' Fife.**

It is impossible to discover with certainty who is meant by this fiddler that came out of Fife. I first imagined it to have been Clavers, who, though he did not come from Fife, yet came from that quarter; and the "gooly knife," and

"Learning the Whigs a morrice dance  
That they loved wonder dearly, O,"

applied so well to him ; for there can be no doubt that by the latter is meant the hanging of them, an honour which their opponents alleged they strove for by every means in their power. But perhaps this celebrated fiddler was no other than the archbishop of St. Andrews, who was indeed skilled in music, and might likewise be said to have many “links o’ leary, O.” At all events, the song is ancient ; for the one that follows was professedly composed to the tune of *There came a Fiddler out o’ Fife*, and that song was written by a Scots clergyman of the Episcopal persuasion, who lived at the time of the Revolution.

## SONG XIII.

**Ne’er to Return.**

THIS song is out of place as to time, for it is plain that it was written on the death of King William ; but is placed here on account of its having been written in imitation of the former, and to the same air. It is greatly inferior to the original fragment, wanting all its spirit and velocity. The air is beautiful, simple, and original. I took it from a country songster ; and if it has been published before, I do not know of it.

## SONG XIV.

**King William’s March**

Is one of the many Jacobite songs whose date of composition may almost be traced to a day. It must have been a rant composed by some wag of a Cavalier, on the departure of King William to join his army in Ireland, which took place on the 4th June, 1690. Had the date of it been later, the success of his expedition would have rendered such sarcasm ridiculous ; and earlier, no one could have known of it. I have often heard the two first verses sung as an interlude in a nursery tale, the scope of

which I have puzzled myself in vain to recollect, but think it must have been allegorical. The poetry is poor, but the song is particularly whimsical. “Wi’ a bullet in his boretree.” It is of boretree or alder that boys make their air-guns. This is making as light of King William’s fire-arms as possible. The third verse seems to insinuate that he had been horribly sick in crossing the Channel. The air is plain, but supposed to be very old. Both that and the song are decidedly of Scottish original.

#### SONG XV.

#### **It was a’ for our rightfu’ King.**

THIS song is traditionally said to have been written by a Captain Ogilvie, related to the house of Inverquharity, who was with King James in his Irish expedition, and was in the battle of the Boyne. He was a brave man, and fell in an engagement on the Rhine. There is no part of the history of these times so affecting as that which relates to King James and his officers in France. In 1690, when the clans were broken up, and forced to submit to William’s government, upwards of a hundred gentlemen, all of good families, voluntarily exiled themselves to attend their master in his adversity ; and, what will astonish many, the greater proportion of these were Lowlanders, as appears by the list of their names, which now lies before me. The king of France was kind to them, and settled small salaries on them ; but after his misfortune at La Hogue and Cherbourg, seeing that James’ restoration, which they fondly anticipated, would on that account be delayed, and that they would become burdensome to the king of France, they besought that they might be reduced to a company of private soldiers. “For the sake of your Majesty,” said they to James, “we will submit to the meanest circumstances, and undergo the greatest hardships and fatigues that reason can imagine or misfortune inflict, until it shall please God to restore you and us to our own.”

They would take no denial, and the measure was complied



with, much against James' inclination. His speech to them, on taking leave of him in the court of Versailles, must affect the hearts of those who most abhorred his political principles.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my own misfortunes are not so nigh my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the stations of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects, who have been forced from their allegiance by the Prince of Orange, and who, I know, will be ready on all occasions to serve me and my distressed family, could make me willing to live. The sense of what all of you have done and undergone for your loyalty, hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions but what you have just pretensions to. As for my son, your prince, he is of your own blood, a child capable of any impressions; and as his education will be from you, it is not supposable that he can ever forget your merits.

"At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessaries. Fear God, and love one another. Write all your wants particularly to me, and depend upon it always to find me your parent and king."

Having ended, he asked every officer his name, and wrote it down in his pocket-book; then made them a low bow, with his hat in his hand, and prayed God to bless and prosper them.

In that campaign they behaved themselves, and fought, to the astonishment of all that beheld them, both friends and foes; but many of them fell, or died in the hospitals of Spain. Intercession was made for them, and an order was sent out, that every one of them who chose might return to France, or to their own country; but they declined both, returning for answer, "That Louis had been kind to their master, and they would fight for him as long as they had a drop of blood to spend." They afterwards served in the campaign on the banks of the Rhine, against Prince Louis

of Baden ; and during that period exposed themselves so much, that in 1696, when the peace was concluded, only sixteen of them remained alive. My author says, that only four out of all these noble gentlemen were Roman Catholics, and that the rest were Protestants of the Episcopal persuasion, and several of them bred as divines. But laying all prejudices with regard to religious or political principles aside, and judging of these simply as men—if they are not an honour to our country, where are such to be found ?

The writer of Dundee's Memoirs calculates that they could not do otherwise than they did, either with safety or honour. "Dundee and the clans fought it bravely," says he, "and he died on the field of battle. Glenco and his people took the oaths, became loyal and obedient subjects, and lived peaceably and quietly under the established government, yet they were inhumanly massacred. Now, which had the best on't ? Dundee or his clans for their rebellion ; or Glenco and his followers for their loyalty ? It will puzzle a country parson to resolve. Whether was it better for Generals Buchan and Cannon, with their officers, to go to France, and live sparingly on what their master King James could allow them ; or stay at home, and live peaceably, and be Glenco'd ?"

#### SONG XVI.

### *Three good Fellows ayont yon Glen.*

THIS is manifestly an ancient song. Some verses of it are popular, but I never heard so much of it as is here. The correspondent to whom I am indebted for this copy adds, that it is supposed to allude to the battle of Culloden ; but I think it must be evident to every one, at first sight, that it is the chant of some Highland bard, previous to the battle of Killcrankie. The repetition of the name of Graham, the first on the list, is testimony sufficient of this. By Lindsay is probably meant Colin, Earl of Balcarras : but the song is either imperfect, or very hard to be understood. However, it is so far correspondent with the battle of Killcrankie ; for

the young *chief of Skye* was there, as was also *the true Maclean*. The *Evan* mentioned is likely the Sir Evan Dhu Cameron mentioned likewise in the succeeding song. The rest it is impossible to trace ; but it is likely that they may all be wrong spelled. A Highland gentleman whom I consulted supposes that by Mac-rabrach is meant a son of the laird of Coll, and that it should have been spelled M'Abrach. If this could be ascertained, it is no great stretch of fancy to suppose that Hector and Reoch Bane were likewise chieftains of the clan Maclean, and that the song may be derived from some Gaelic rhyme made by a bard of that sept. The air is strongly characteristic of that country ; and the character of the hero who succeeds to Lindsay, and whose name is not mentioned, seems very applicable to Alaster Macdonald of Glengary, who carried King James' standard at the battle of Killicrankie.

#### SONG XVII.

#### **The Battle of Killicrankie.**

THIS celebrated battle was fought on the 17th of July, 1689, in the upper part of Athol, in the Highlands of Perthshire, a little to the north of the romantic pass from which the engagement takes its name. The Whigs were commanded by General Mackay, a Scots gentleman of considerable renown as a leader ; and the clans, who still adhered strenuously to the cause of the Stuarts, by John Graham of Claverhouse, better known in the north by the title of "the gallant Dundee," and in the south by that of "the bloody Clavers." "Let every ane roose the ford as they find it," is a good old Scotch proverb ; and if the history of this leader is traced throughout, it will be found that the Lowlanders did not bestow their epithet without good cause. Neither was that given by the Highlanders purely ideal, as the following sketch of the incidents leading to this battle will fully illustrate.

It has been alleged against him, that on his advance southward to support his master against the Prince of Orange, he offered his

services to the latter, on certain conditions. His proposals being coldly received, or at least an ambiguous answer returned to them, he was fired with indignation, and seems thenceforth to have resolved on standing by his old master and benefactor through good report and through bad report, and either to reinstate him in authority, or spend his life and blood in attempting it.

Accordingly, in a conversation which he had with James, at Rochester, on the 20th of December, he is said to have addressed him in the following sensible and arduous words: "The question, sire, is Whether you shall remain in Britain, or fly to France? Whether you shall trust the returning zeal of your native subjects, or rely on a foreign power? Here, then, I say, you ought to stand. Keep possession of a part, let it be ever so small, and the whole will return to you by degrees. Resume the spirit of a king, and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Your army, though dispersed, is not disheartened. Give me but your commission, and I will carry your standard through England at its head, and drive before you these Dutch and their prince."

In conformity with the infatuation attendant on all the counsels of the Stuart race, this brave advice was rejected, at the only period, perhaps, when effectual resistance could have been made, while the constituted authorities acted in their name. These considerations had no effect on James, who seems previously to have resolved on quitting the kingdom, which he did in a day or two thereafter.

Clavers posted to the north with his army, and during the remainder of the winter, was not idle in the cause of James; but the country was in a distracted state, and the nobility divided among themselves; neither were they aware what proposals were to be made to them; consequently the exertions of Clavers proved of small avail in concentrating the party of James. In the spring, he was authorised, by an instrument signed by King James, to call a convention of the states at Stirling; and in this authority the Earl of Balcarres and the Archbishop of Glasgow were joined: but by the delay and folly of the party, the measure was disappointed.

William summoned a convention to meet at Edinburgh on the



14th of March; and there Clavers also attended, on purpose to effect all for his master's interest that he could. But being alarmed by an information of a design formed by the Covenanters to assassinate him, he fled suddenly from the city, at the head of 150 horsemen. When he passed under the walls of the castle, the Duke of Gordon, who held that place for James, called him to a conference. He scrambled fearlessly up the tremendous precipice, to the consternation of all that beheld him, and informed the Duke of all his designs in favour of the late king, conjuring him, at the same time, to hold out the castle. The novelty of the sight collected multitudes of spectators. The convention became alarmed; and the president ordered the doors to be locked, and the keys to be laid upon the table. The drums were beat to alarm the town. A parcel of ill-armed retainers were gathered together in the street by the Earl of Leven. But Clavers, in the meantime, riding off with his party, the adherents of James were in dreadful apprehensions, and fifty gentlemen, members of the convention, retired from Edinburgh; and that circumstance produced an unanimity in all the succeeding resolutions of the convention, now composed solely of Whigs, that gave one severe blow, among others, to the cause of James.

The adherents of the exiled monarch now turned their eyes towards Clavers; for the convention having in vain urged him to return, they declared him a fugitive, an outlaw, and a rebel. General Mackay was despatched by William to Scotland with four regiments of foot and one of dragoons; and Clavers, being warned of his design to surprise him, retired to the Grampian mountains, with only a few horse in his train. He marched from thence to Gordon castle, where he was joined by the Earl of Dufferline, with fifty gentlemen. He then passed through the county of Moray to Inverness, where he found Macdonald of Keppoch lying with 700 men, after having laid waste, in his way, the lands of the clan of Mackintosh. Clavers, having promised to the magistrates of Inverness to repay, at the king's return, all the money extorted from them by Keppoch, induced the latter to join him with all his men. He could not, however, prevent them from first returning home with their spoil; and therefore, in



order that he might not lose hold of such a band of brave fellows, he resolved on accompanying them himself to the Braes of Lochaber. On the 8th of May, having gone as far as Badenoch, from thence he wrote letters to all the chiefs of the clans, appointing them to meet him at a general rendezvous in Lochaber, on the 18th of the same month; and turning round from thence, he passed suddenly through Athol, endeavouring all that he could to raise the country as he proceeded, and found many of the country gentlemen in those parts inclined to support him. Then, pushing onward, he surprised the town of Perth, where he raised a considerable contribution for the service of his master; and in hopes of gaining over to his party the two troops of Scots dragoons that lay at Dundee, he marched suddenly to that place; but the fidelity of Captain Balfour, who commanded them, disappointed his views. He, however, raised the land-tax all the way as he advanced, and having thereby realised a good sum of money, of which he stood greatly in need, he returned by Athol, and across the pathless wilds of Rannoch, to hold his diet of rendezvous in Lochaber, where he arrived on the 17th. If the nature of the roads of Scotland in those days is taken into account, this is an instance of activity and intrepidity scarcely to be found on record.

At the meeting in Lochaber he was reinforced by a number of brave Highland chiefs, so that he again found himself at the head of 1500 men; and, impatient to do something for the cause in which he was engaged, so long as his scanty resources lasted, he crossed the mountains like lightning against Mackay, who, having advanced as far as Inverness, fled at his approach, and Clavers pursued him for four days as far as Strathbogie, and had now the whole Highlands behind him, clear of any opposing force. On reaching this place, he received letters from the officers of the Scots dragoons, who held a secret correspondence with him. The information contained in these letters was manifestly false, and was framed as an excuse for their own fears, and their backwardness in joining him. This intelligence, together with the impatience of the clans, induced him to retreat back into the mountains; and by the time he had again reached Badenoch, the low-country men, disliking the Highlanders and their country, had

deserted his standard to a man, while the Highlanders plundered without discrimination the whole country as they went. Clavers certainly now stood in need of all the energies of his mind ; and there is no denying but that he was possessed of great decisiveness of character. His resources were exhausted ; the clans returned home by hundreds, laden with booty ; he himself fell grievously sick ; and Mackay was hovering on his rear. A desperate skirmish happened, in which the Highlanders prevailed ; but they lost their baggage during the action, at which they were bitterly irritated, and each one threw the blame on others. This was not much to be wondered at. The baggage of a Highland army, newly returned from the fertile plains of Murrayland, would be of some avail.

Mackay being again reinforced with a body of 1200 men, and having intelligence that other regiments were advancing by Perth and Dumblane to support him, he advanced rapidly against Clavers, towards Ruthven in Badenoch ; but the army of the latter having gradually disappeared, he was forced to retreat again across the mountains ; and by the time he reached the Braes of Lochaber, he had not 200 men remaining. To complete his disappointment, he at the same time received intelligence of the surrender of Edinburgh castle.

On the 23d of June he received letters from King James, with a promise of immediate succours from Ireland ; and a few hundreds of naked recruits soon after arrived. But Clavers remained undaunted by all these unpromising events. He again summoned the Highland chiefs to assemble round his standard, at the heads of their respective clans ; and they being well affected to the cause, he soon found 1400 brave and desperate fellows rallied around it. Still he could scarcely be said to have any thing save the mere bodies of men. The Highlanders had no weapons save old broad-swords, durks, and targes ; the Irish had no weapons of any sort, excepting such as they could pick up by the way ; and he had no more than forty pounds of powder in his whole army. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted by the general, for whom the army entertained an enthusiastic zeal.

With all these disadvantages, he determined instantly on

marching to give battle to the enemy : for he knew that his army was composed of different clans jealous of each other, and that though now they were united in one common enterprise, yet they were ready to fall asunder on the slightest quarrel among themselves. From former experience, he knew that inactivity would disperse them sooner than defeat, and he therefore was obliged to proceed to active operations.

As I said before, Clavers, on his late march, found many of the gentlemen of Athol favourable to his cause ; and they now began to bestir themselves. One of these, John Stuart of Ballechan, a relation of the Marquis of Athol, seized on the castle of Blair for King James ; and the same gentleman had the address to prevail on his countrymen, raised by Lord Murray for the service of the regency, to return to their homes, rather than dare to fight against the rights of their lawful king.

Clavers first marched into Badenoch, where, getting intelligence of what was going forward at Blair in Athol, he hastened to cover that castle from the threatened attack of Mackay ; and on coming there, he learned that that general was just entering the pass of Killicrankie at the head of a formidable and well-appointed army.

The Athol men advised that Clavers should defend the pass, from which it was easy to drive the enemy back in confusion ; but this he declined, observing, that he would suffer him for once to get clear of the pass ; perhaps he would not find his way so clear when he returned. It is even reported that he sent word to some friends in the strath of Athol below, “to secure the pass, that no flyers might escape ; for that he was going to beat General Mackay in the afternoon.” And it would appear that this caution was not given in vain.

Clavers marched from Blair, keeping the side of the hill above the path, and came in sight of Mackay’s army at two o’clock, which had now cleared the pass, and was formed into eight battalions, ready for action. They consisted of 4500 foot, and two troops of horse. There are various accounts of the number of Highlanders under Clavers : it seems to have been nearly about 3000. These he ranged in order of battle. Maclean, with his

clan, and those of some subordinate chieftains, formed the right wing. The Macdonalds of Skye, under the chief's eldest son, formed the left. The Camerons, the Macdonalds of Glengary, the followers of Clanronald, and the Irish auxiliaries, were in the centre. A troop of horse was placed behind, under the command of Sir William Wallace. The officers sent by James from Ireland were distributed through all the line. Thus the whole army stood in sight of the enemy for several hours, on the steep side of a hill, facing the narrow plain where Mackay had formed his line. Clavers wished for the approach of night, a season which suited him either for victory or flight.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, a kind of skirmishing began between the right wing of the Highlanders and the left of the enemy; but neither party appearing disposed to change their ground, the firing was discontinued for the space of three hours, and both kept their positions, gazing at one another. Clavers, in the meantime, flew from clan to clan, and animated them to action, thus whetting their natural impatience; for an army of real Highlanders, in sight of an enemy, become absolutely furious, as a lion or tiger does when watching over his prey.

At eight o'clock in the evening the long-expected signal of battle was given, and down came the Highlanders from the hill, with a rolling murmur of ferocity and impatience. The general himself advanced at the head of the horse, and at the first onset charged the enemy in person.

“Clavers and his Highlandmen  
Came down upon the raw, man.”

That is to say, they advanced in a row. One would suppose, from this reading, that they had come down in a line, so as to outflank the enemy; but the truth is, that they were disposed in narrow deep columns, every clan by itself, so that they might have been said properly enough to have “come down upon the raw.” This was the great Montrose's favourite mode of attack at the head of the clans, and it was adopted by his successor in arms and fame at this time, with its wonted success. In these narrow and close columns the Highlanders came rushing from the hill



like so many torrents, kept their shot till within a pike's length of the enemy, and then, firing off their muskets, they threw them with all their force in the faces of their opponents, and attacking them sword in hand, pierced their line in every part, towards the left of its centre. That wing of Mackay's army did not stand the shock for seven minutes. They were driven off by the Macleans with great slaughter, and chased, some into the coils of the pass, and others across the river Garry, where the greater part of them were slain.

On the other hand, however, the Macdonalds, who formed the left of the Highland army, were not so successful. Colonel Hastings' regiment, flanked by some companies of Dutch guards, kept their ground; and after sustaining the fury of the first onset, they even advanced in their turn, and forced the Macdonalds to retreat. The Macleans were now wholly engrossed in the pursuit, and its concomitant attendants. The chief, however, (who seems to have been an uncommonly brave man,) with a few gentlemen of his clan, made a wheel to the left; and joining with Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, they advanced briskly along the verge of the valley, and attacked the Dutch and Hastings' brave regiment in flank. It was while directing this movement that Clavers received a wound below the arm, and was obliged to retire secretly from the field, that the spirits of his army might not be depressed by the unfortunate circumstance.

The author of the History of the Revolution, who gives a very particular account of this engagement, says, that he was shot in the left eye; and this author was a contemporary. Circumstances are, however, against him; for the coat of mail which Clavers wore that day is still preserved, in which the hole made by the bullet is apparent below the right arm.

“ Sir Evan Dhu, and his men true,  
Came linking up the brink, man,” &c.

This movement of Cameron's and Maclean's gave the Macdonalds time to rally; and that wing of the enemy being attacked both in front and flank, was forced to retire, so as to cover the



mouth of the pass and the retreat of their scattered compeers : but this part of Mackay's army was never broken.

“ King Shames' red-coats should pe hing'd up,  
Pecause she rin'd awa, man.”

This seems to allude to the Irish recruits sent to Scotland by King James ; and as they were placed between the different septs of the Clan-Macdonald, it may have been owing to their defection that the rout on that wing was not as instantaneous and complete as on the other. No other red-coats were there. It is evident that the bard had viewed the matter in that light ; but it is indeed possible, that by “ King Shames' red-coats ” may be meant the British soldiers in general.

Few of those who fled first made their escape. The Athol men, as they had been directed, waylaid the pass of Killicrankie, through which they suffered none to find their way with impunity. For, with a few muskets, and showers of large stones rolled from the bank, they dashed the flyers into the linns of the Garry ; and those who took the water were either slain in crossing, or overtaken and cut down on the moor beyond it. It is certain, that the columns forming the right wing of the Whig army never were broken, but stood their ground beyond the pass till the fall of night ; and then, learning that there was a serpent in the straits, they retreated across the river, and along the moor, towards the upper parts of the Tummel, without molestation : yet, on the morrow, Mackay found one-half of his whole army missing.

Clavers neither fell nor was buried at the stone that is always pointed out as his grave-stone, beyond the pass of Killicrankie. He received his mortal wound on a small mound that is now enclosed within the garden of Orrat ; and it was into that house that his two friends, Haliburton and Macpherson, carried him. He survived the battle, and wrote an account of it to James with his own hand, but died before noon next day, in a small farmhouse, that stood, as some report, where the upper corner of old Faskelly garden is now situated ; but, after all the information I have been able to collect, I think it is probable that he died in the house of Orrat. He was buried in the vault at Blair-Athol.

The men of Orrat were all in the battle. The lady of the house, with some female friends and domestics, fled to the hills; and her son died in her arms by the way. They did not return for several days; and when they came back, the beds and floors were all covered with blood. Many seemed to have died there. When a week had elapsed from their return, being incommoded by a disagreeable smell, they made search to discover what it was, and found a dead Whig soldier lying in a dark closet, where he had concealed himself, and died of his wounds. It is called *The Soldier's Hole* to this day. In the fall of Clavers, the great bulwark in the cause of the Stuarts in Scotland was demolished.

From my youth I have heard a tradition that he fell by the hand of his own servant; and I have heard it so often, and with so many attendant circumstances, that I believe it. This servant is said to have been a Covenanter of Lanarkshire, whose whole kin Clavers had murdered on account of their tenets; and this remaining stem had taken an oath to his God, to be revenged by shedding the blood of that detested persecutor, or to perish in the attempt. That for that purpose he followed him, first as a volunteer, and afterwards was employed about him as a groom; and in these capacities had watched his opportunities for three years and a half, but could never find a chance of executing his purpose with any prospect of safety for himself, until the hottest of the battle of Killcrankie, when he shot him below the arm (as his hand was raised to direct the Camerons) with a horse-pistol charged with a silver button in place of a bullet, as he believed in the popular superstition of his being proof against lead. This feat, it is said, the incendiary was wont to boast of as long as he lived. It has likewise been said that he was shot by a gentleman who was in love with his lady, and to whom she was very shortly married. Both may be alike untrue.

“He was abhorred by the Whigs,” says one author, “and not without some reason on their part. They accounted him a demon, and insulted his memory by lavishing on him every degrading epithet. But, on the other hand, he was highly esteemed by the Episcopal clergy; and one gentleman wrote the following epitaph on him :

*“ Ultime Scotorum, potuit, quo sospite solo,  
 Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ.  
 Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,  
 Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.  
 Illa nequit superesse tibi, tu non potes illi,  
 Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane, vale.  
 Tuque vale, gentis prisce fortissime ductor,  
 Ultime Scotorum, ac ultime Græme, vale !*

“ Fergus’ last son, hadst thou alone but liv’d,  
 Our liberty and country had surviv’d ;  
 But, oh, thou’rt gone ! and Scotland finds this odds,  
 A king that’s new, new subjects, and new Gods.  
 In thee we liv’d, in thee we died together :  
 Scotland’s proud name, adieu, adieu for ever !  
 And fare thee well, brave prop of our old state,  
 Last Scot, last Graham, and last of all that’s great ! ”

Another writer of the same period says (and he is the last I shall quote), “ I cannot tell how my Lord Dundee hath come to be compared and equalled to the great Montrose, or to have arrived at such a character for great bravery as he hath lately done. Not that I would derogate aught from his character, now that he is no more, if I could perceive any properness in putting him in with Montrose. This last worthy hero won twelve pitched battles, often against two times and three times his numbers. My Lord Dundee never won one battle in his life, nor indeed did he ever command in one, save at Lowden height, where a rabble of unarmed Covenant men beat him to pieces, and in that battle in which he fell. All that I can see to countenance the late opinions of men, is his integrity to the cause he espoused,” &c.

So much for Clavers. Mackay, who commanded against him, was likewise a Highlander, who had served a number of years in Holland, and was a zealous Presbyterian. He was a brave and honest man ; and though his conduct was often blamed, his courage was never. He was constantly making long marches, and exhausting the spirits of both men and horses, for no earthly

purpose that any one could see : sometimes hasting towards Clavers, as if he intended giving him battle ; and again, without doing any thing, retreating as fast as he advanced. Even that day, at Killicrankie, he was rather taken at unawares ; for his ammunition waggons were quite behind, and some of his troops had almost none. Yet when Clavers sent him word, in the forenoon, to prepare for battle, for he should soon have it, he could not yield to the disgrace of at once turning and flying from the face of the very man he was in search of ; and he was too far advanced in that impervious country to have time for an orderly retreat. An English gentleman, who was present with him during a part of the campaign, surmises that Mackay was very doubtful of the fate of the battle, from the time that the clans appeared. The same gentleman says, that he was nevertheless a brave man, and well qualified to be a colonel of a regiment, but had not capacity for a general officer. The Highlanders abhorred him on account of his principles ; and one bard, in consequence, insinuates, that he hid himself in a bush during the engagement, which there is no ground for supposing to be true.

The song is given precisely as published in other collections, but much of it is wanting. I have heard several other verses sung by an uncle of my own, who is long since dead. The air is among the finest of the slow strathspey kind in the kingdom, but the second part is beyond the reach of the human voice.

#### SONG XVIII.

#### *Prælium Gilliecrankianum.*

THIS curious Latin rhyme is said to have been composed by a Professor Kennedy of Aberdeen. It answers well as a series of notes to the other ballad ; for every man of note that was in the battle is mentioned with some eulogium. “ *Canonicus clarissimus Gallovidianus,*” &c., by many readers supposed to mean some great Galloway priest who had made a figure in the battle, refers to Colonel Cannon, who was a native of that country, and who came



over at the head of the Irish troops sent by James to the assistance of Clavers ; and as he makes some figure in the Jacobite annals of that period, it will be necessary, for the sake of connexion, to trace his short and disastrous career.

No people in the world can do more than the Highlanders with a good commander ; and none will do less, or do things to less purpose, with a bad one. From the moment that Clavers was taken from their head, their army became paralysed. They were like a man struggling in a dream, and seem to have acted without counsel and without energy. Never was there a general with his army so completely in the toils as Mackay seems to have been on that evening after the battle of Killlicrankie. One half of his army was broken, scattered, and cut to pieces : he had enemies before and behind him, and was in the midst of a country through which an orderly retreat was impracticable. The Highlanders had nothing ado but to have cut off that retreat, and annihilated his whole army. They did neither ; nor do they appear once to have attempted it. It is not easy to conceive what they were engaged in during that night and the two following days. The battle was fought on Saturday, the 17th of July : and on the Monday evening following Mackay arrived at Stirling with only 1500 men, without having seen an enemy from the time that they left the field. They were even suffered to draw off as peaceably as if they had gained a victory ; at which Mackay was not a little astonished, and assured his officers that Clavers must have fallen.

Colonel Cannon now assumed the command of the clans, as bearing his commission immediately from King James, and holding the highest in the army. Several of the chiefs opposed this and gave their voices for the Earl of Dunfermline, as the nobleman of most influence of any then attached to the cause. The matter could not be decided until they sent to Ireland, that James might determine it ; who, with his accustomed infatuation, gave it in favour of Cannon. Nothing could be so impolitic as giving the command to this stranger, who neither understood the manners, the language, nor the spirit of the Highlanders. Besides, he appears to have been an utter blockhead—a man who could not calculate on the issue of the most obvious event ; and of course



went on blundering, till he annihilated that powerful and victorious army. Nothing but the attachment of the clans to the cause could have induced them to follow this Galloway man, or submit to be commanded by him ; especially as they got so good a specimen of his abilities immediately after his election.

Resolved to signalise himself in no ordinary manner, he was no sooner confirmed in his pretensions, than down he comes with his army to the Lowlands, to take all the stores laid up at Perth for King William's troops, and, in short, to carry all before him. For this purpose he despatched Captain John Hacket, a countryman of his own, with 500 horse, to make sure of that rich store in the first place : but Mackay, getting intelligence of the design, hastened to meet him with a force greatly superior, and, as might have been expected, beat him, annihilated the corps, and took the captain prisoner.

In the mean time, Cannon, who was with the main army, learning that the celebrated Cameronian leader and poet, Colonel William Cleland, was lying at Dunkeld with Angus' regiment and two companies of Eglinton's dragoons, consisting in all of about 900 staunch and desperate Cameronians, he turned aside to cut them in pieces ; but he led on his men with such extreme folly, that he met with the weird he meant to bestow, and was beat off most disgracefully, though his army outnumbered the other by two-thirds. The dispute continued four hours with great fury. Cleland's men were posted behind the walls of the cathedral, and in the Marquis of Athol's house and garden. Cannon led on his men in throngs and crowds, so that every bullet of his opponents took effect ; while the Highlanders, who depended chiefly on their broad-swords, could not, with all their bravery, get to handy blows with their enemies, which they attempted again and again. Indeed, there was no lack of bravery apparent on either side. Cleland fell in the heat of the action ; the major of the regiment was desperately wounded ; yet, for all this, the men, perceiving the advantage of their situation, maintained their ground, and forced the Highlanders to draw off, after losing many of their companions. Glengary and Keppoch were highly indignant, and insisted on returning to the charge ; but

even the brave Sir Evan Dhu Cameron refused it, and remarked, that their commander was both desperate and mad.

It was strongly suspected that there had been some hot division and bloodshed among the clans that night ; for the next morning, some parties of the Whigs, that had arrived to the assistance of those that fought so bravely, going out to scour the country, found in one place a great number of dead ; but whether they had been slain on the spot, or died of the wounds they had received the day before, was not known. However, from that time forth there was but little subordination in the Highland army. Cannon wished to keep on the borders of the low country : but the chiefs had lost their confidence in him, if indeed they could ever have had any ; and drawing off their several clans, they marched slowly and heavily towards the north by different routes, and by degrees vanished.

Cannon went to Lochaber with the Macdonalds and Camerons ; and at Inverlochy, over their cups, they told him to his face that he was a fool, and unfit to command them, and that they would no longer obey his orders. They then broke open his trunks, and took all his baggage and the remainder of his money, which amounted only to eighty louis d'or and twenty-two guineas ; and then adding, that they knew better how to make a good use of that than he did, they deposited it with Lochiel, whom they nominated their leader that same night, in the room of Cannon.

By this time he began to think that the sooner he was out of the country the better ; and accordingly he set out on his way to Ireland as privately as he could, but was detained in Mull by Sir Allan Maclean, and proceeded no further. From that place he held a correspondence with James, who renewed his commission, but included Colonel Buchan in it as his coadjutor.

Nothing can set the attachment of the Highlanders to the cause of the Stuarts in so strong a light as this, that they should again follow this gentleman, to fight under him in the low country : yet, for all the brave chiefs they had among themselves, seeing it was their sovereign's purpose, they made no objections to it ; and we actually find him, next spring, marching from Lochaber at the head of 1500 chosen men. He rested some days at the end

of Loch Ness; and then, marching over the mountains of the Spey, he encamped on the north side of that river for ten days. He then marched to a place called Culmakill, and finally to Cromdale in Strathspey, where he lodged his men in hamlets all over the valley, save only 100 that were posted at the church under Captain Brodie, and as many at the ford of the river with Captain Grant. The laird of Grant was in dreadful alarm, for they had already begun to harry his lands; and he sent post after post to Sir Thomas Livingston, who commanded in those parts, to come and oppose Cannon and Buchan with their Highlanders. Sir Thomas made all the haste he could toward them, and on the 28th of April he arrived at Brody with a well-appointed army, having no fewer than seventeen troops of dragoons and three regiments of foot; and here also he was joined by 800 Grants. But at this place he was obliged to wait two whole days for the coming up of his baggage; so that it was the most unaccountable thing in the world how Cannon suffered himself to be surprised, when the foe was lying so near him, and in such strength. On the 30th, at even, Sir Thomas decamped and set out on his march, and reached Balloch castle a good while before the break of day. From this he perceived distinctly how the lines of the clans and their two outposts lay, from the glimmering of their fires; and having good intelligence of the country from the Grants who were with him, he proceeded up the Spey for about a mile, where there was another good ford that was not guarded at all; and at that he crossed without opposition, and without being discovered. About the break of day he was in the midst of the enemy's camp, who were first awakened by his platoons of musketry, and the shouts of the Grants, who were wild for the engagement. Several attempts were made by the chiefs to rally the Highlanders, naked as they were; and it appears that in some corners of the camp they fought with great desperation. In particular, there was a strong body of Macdonalds defended a village in which they were lodged with uncommon bravery, every man of them as naked as he was born, with only the buckler in one hand and the claymore in the other; until, seeing themselves surrounded and all in confusion, they were

obliged to betake themselves to flight. The mountains were at hand, and by good fortune chanced to be covered with a dark fog, so that they were soon free from any danger of pursuit. The illustrious General Cannon was discovered skipping among the mist, with no other arms to defend himself against the cruel enemy, or the no less remorseless elements, than just his shirt and nightcap. Buchan had neither sword, hat, nor coat.

The writer of the History of the Revolution, who, though a Whig, is nevertheless a fair and liberal author, appears, from his description, to have been in this action himself, and gives a very minute account of it. He says there were 400 of the clans left dead on the field, and that it was solely owing to the mist that Sir Thomas could not pursue them, and that he lost very few men. The author of Dundee's Memoirs, on the other hand, says, that though the Highlanders were worsted, it was at the expense of their assailants ; for they fought so bravely in their shirts with swords and targets, and killed so many of both horse and dragoons, that Livingston never attempted any pursuit. Twenty officers were taken prisoners, three of whom were Macleans, but none of the others are Highland names.

The clans again dispersed and went home. They would fain have done something for the cause of their master, but had not the means, and he would do nothing for himself. Besides, like all men whose undertakings are unfortunate, they were continually jarring among themselves, and at every council meeting their disputes ran to extremity. On their return home, the chiefs met, to consult about sending a deputation to King James, who might represent their case to him. Two men were named, but to these Sir John Drummond of Auchany objected, on account that they were Papists ; and added, that these people had been the ruin of the king. Glengarry asked, in high wrath, if he alluded to him. Sir John said, Not particularly, though he knew him to be a Papist. Glengarry said, he was a d——d liar, for that he was as good a Protestant as he, and a much better man. On which they both drew, and attacked each other with great fury ; but Sir Evan Cameron struck up their swords, and rushed



between them : yet, ere he could pacify them, he received a severe wound, that had very nearly proved mortal.

Buchan afterwards made a feeble attempt to raise the shire of Aberdeen, and chased the master of Forbes into that city ; but he could not draw the country to any head. Cannon, in the mean time, marched south, at the head of 500 horse, as far as Monteith, where he had a skirmish with Lord Cardross's dragoons, in which he had the advantage, owing solely to the bravery of his troops, many of whom were gentlemen, the last brave remains of the Jacobite faction. After wasting a part of the country, they were again obliged to retire towards the north and disperse themselves. Buchan and one part of the officers went with Glengarry, and Cannon and the others went to the Honourable Sir Donald Macdonald of the Isles, where they remained nine months, waiting for advices from James. These despatches at length arrived, and contained an order for them to submit to the reigning government, and live in peace for the present, seeing they had not power to do better ; and, in the mean time, to procure the best conditions for themselves that they could.

Accordingly they had a meeting with the commissioners from Government at Auchalader in Glenorchy, who treated them with great liberality, and allowed them two ships to transport such of them to France as did not choose to submit to King William. We have traced the end of that expedition in another place ; and thus terminated the second war in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart in Scotland. The first did so with the fall of Montrose.

## SONG XIX.

### *Killicrankie.*

THIS is another popular song on the same subject. It is given in Johnson's Museum as an old song with alterations. The " bauld Pitcur " mentioned here, as well as in the Latin song, was Habburton of Pitcur, a man of extraordinary might and valour, and



a great favourite with Clavers. He is represented by one writer as moving about in the front of the lines like a walking castle. When Clavers received his mortal wound, he accompanied him to a house, and saw him taken care of ; and, on leaving him, assured him that all would be well if he was so. The other answered, that there was no fear of him. Pitcur had not well returned to the field till he was slain. The tune is, in some old collections, called *Three Miles to Corry*.

## SONG XX.

**The Devil o'er Stirling.**

THIS ballad appears, from its style, to be of English original ; the air is decidedly so : but as I got it among a Scots gentleman's MS., and found that it had merit, I did not choose to exclude it on bare suspicion of its illegitimacy. There is a good deal of humour in the dialogue between King William and the devil.

## SONG XXI.

**Willie the Wag.**

THIS excellent song has something in it of a modern cast ; yet it is not easy to conceive one writing songs about national events long after they have occurred. They are always written on the emergency, and superseded by events that come after them, and press more immediately on the minds of the people. For instance, who would think of writing a song about Bonaparte and invasion now ? Yet, if the songs made in this country on that hero alone were collected, they would amount to several volumes. This is indeed the land of song, nor is its character in the least altered in that respect. It is a fact, that at the close of the war, a worthy divine in this neighbourhood, finding that he himself had written so many songs about Bonaparte, that they would amount to a

volume, collected them all and published them in one ; and I am told that it is an exceedingly curious volume. No one need therefore wonder at the number of Jacobite songs that lie forgotten in the repositories of the curious, considering for what a length of time the nation was interested in the subject. There are some allusions in the song that are not very apparent at first sight.

“ Out o’ my good black gowny,  
That ne’er was the waur o’ the wear,”

certainly alludes to the putting down of the Episcopal religion in Scotland, that was not corrupted by having been long in use.

“ Wi’ the wagging o’ his fause tongue  
He gart the brave Monmouth die.”

I have somewhere read a proof of William’s having acted a part of great duplicity and baseness with regard to Monmouth, and of his ambassador using every means to hasten the death of that nobleman, for fear of his making discoveries ; but cannot again light upon the article. It was probably only a story concocted by the party.

“ O wallyfu’ fa’ the piper  
That sells his wind sae dear,”

is a singular exclamation, and certainly looks very like being quite out of place here ; whereas the allusion is sly and ingenious. “ We’re a’ fools but the piper and he sells wind,” is an old Scots proverb, and uniformly applied to a fair-tongued flatterer, one that gives good words and high promises, without any design of fulfilling them. I am told that the song is popular in some parts of the country, but I never heard it sung, and never saw a copy of it save the one from which this was taken. It is there called *Willie the Wad*, which I judged to be a mistake, and downright nonsense : however, I suspect it to have been some other term than either that or the one substituted. I once heard a country fiddler play a tune which he called *Willie the Wag* ; and this was the reason why I changed its name, from a conviction that they must have been originally the same.

## SONG XXII.

*The Cameronian Cat.*

THIS is another popular country song, and very old. It is by some called *The Presbyterian Cat*, but more generally as above ; and is always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters, which is certainly, in some cases, carried to an extremity rather ludicrous. I have heard them myself, when distributing the sacrament, formally debar from the table the king and all his ministers ; all witches and warlocks ; all who had *committed* or attempted suicide ; all who played at cards and dice ; all the men that had ever danced opposite to a woman, and every woman that had danced with her face toward a man ; all the men who looked at their cattle or crops and all the women who pulled green kail or scraped potatoes, on the Sabbath-day : and I have been told, that in former days they debarred all who used fanners for cleaning their oats, instead of God's natural wind. The air is very sweet, but has a strong resemblance to one of their popular psalm-tunes.

## SONG XXIII.

*Carle, an the King come.*

THIS is another song that has always been popular, owing partly to the sweetness and originality of the air. It is reported to be as old as the time of the Commonwealth, though with different words ; but, like *The King shall enjoy his own again*, has always appeared as an auxiliary in the cause which first called it into existence. It has often been published ; but I copied this from the same MS. volume from which I took the three preceding ones.

## SONG XXIV.

**Willie Winkie's Testament.**

THIS is a parody of an older song of the same name, that describes the effects of a poor wretched countryman. It was a favourite mode of writing in those days, many such testaments being still extant that were written about that time. Both the words and air are apparently Scottish; for though there is an attempt at making it broken Dutch, it is no more than Aberdeenshire Dutch. The name Dennison must be wrong spelled, for no such name is to be found in the annals of that day. There was an Archbishop Tennison, I find, who administered the sacrament and some ghostly comfort to King William in his last illness; and though I am persuaded *he* is meant, I thought it best to keep by the manuscript, lest I might be caught napping. The solicitude of William about the affairs of Europe, and the consequence that he assumed in their direction, is well depicted in the song. "Darien and dat Macdonnel" adverts to the affair of the Scots settlement at Darien and the massacre of Glencoe, two events that cannot be investigated without exciting disgust and abhorrence; but they are too generally known to be discussed here.

The following character of King William, drawn by a Scottish historian, coincides very well with the sketch given in the song. "The distinguishing criterion of his character," says Smollett, "was ambition. To this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally, certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin.



In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, contractors, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart; a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign."

The air of this song has been popular for ages, and has never changed its name, a very rare circumstance with Jacobite tunes; but neither the song itself, nor the one of which it is a parody, have ever been much sung.

#### SONG XXV.

##### *The Act of Succession.*

THIS is a song of 1704, when the act of succession came before the Scottish parliament, and, as the bard has it, was "kicked out by a vote," though it had passed in the English parliament, without an amendment, so early as the 12th of June, 1700. It created great heats and spirited debates in the parliament here; and it is not a little singular, that the greatest jealousy of English ascendancy should have prevailed in this country, just immediately before these very men were going to yield up the liberties and independency of the nation to their more potent neighbours. By a laudable exertion of spirit, they obtained an act of security from the queen; and the general opinion of the country was, that the two kingdoms were then separated by a law, so as never to be



rejoined ; and yet the year was scarcely expired before they passed the act for the treaty of union.

## SONG XXVI.

### **Would you know what a Whig is.**

THIS is one of the most violent of all the party songs, bitter as they are. It was often sung by the Tory clubs in Scotland, at their festive meetings, during the late war, in detestation of those who deprecated the principles of Pitt. It is a good deal in unison with the following prose character of a Whig, drawn up by the celebrated Butler.

“ He is the spawn of a regicide, hammered out of a rank Anabaptist hypocrite : his father was enabled to beget him by the fat of sequestered lands, upon a bed stolen from an honest Cavalier. His villanous principles he imbibed in his mother’s womb, nourished them when born with her infectious milk, and is an incorrigible rebel by instinct of nature, improved into an incarnate devil by the early infusions of his nurse, which were ripened to maturity by a malicious education. He is hardened in his hatred to kings and bishops beyond the influence of grace, or check of conscience ; and thinks nothing can be a more meritorious act, than to sacrifice either to the fury of a mad rabble, who, when they have but liberty and property in their mouths, always let loose the devil in their hearts, and believe the very name of the Protestant religion gives a sanction to their villanies. He is a republican monster, so full of passion and prejudice, that he is blind to all truth, and deaf to all reason ; and is so cursedly obstinate in the justification of his own errors, that it is as easy a matter for a man to take an elephant by the snout, and throw it o’er his back, as a fox does a goose, as it is to convince him of any started opposition to his own partial sentiments. When he talks about religion or government, it is generally with as much violence as a fishwoman scolds ; and the wise men of Gotham might as well have hedged in their cuckoo, as a man confine him within

the bounds of good manners, when he disputes his principles. He is as hot as pepper, as biting as mustard, and as sour as vinegar. He always talks as impudently of great men, as if they were his fellows ; and snuffs up his nose at the name of a king, as if the very title itself was grown offensive to his nostrils. He cannot speak with respect towards our government, but a commonwealth ; and if you do but say one word in the behalf of the court or its favourites, in his company, he would with more patience hear you speak twice as much in the praise of the devil ; for it is a maxim among such rebels, viz. : that all kings are tyrants, and their favourites betrayers of their country. His chiefest recreation is to invent false calumnies ; and his greatest industry is to spread them when he has done. His lies are always levelled at those worthy persons who are most difficult to be hit, which is one great reason why his malice is so often disappointed. He always accuses his enemies of his own evils, and measures out their corn by the deceitful bushel that belongs to his own party. The most daring hypocrite of his associates is always cried up as the greatest saint ; and the most virtuous and pious enemy to their wicked principles is always cried down as a High-flyer, a Papist, and a traitor to his country. He is an impatient angler, who thinks it best fishing in troubled waters ; and hates peace and quietness as much as a poor debtor does the sight of a bailiff, or a country farmer a wet harvest. He is so deeply affected with the memory of his ancestors' villany, that he longs for nothing more than the like opportunity of imbruing his own hands in royal blood, that the son might have the satisfaction of being full as wicked as his father. He has more wild wrinkles in his head relating to government, than a crack-brained mathematician has concerning perpetual motion ; and has more ambition in his breast than the most extravagant tyrant in the universe. He is very fearful of being made a slave, but is very desirous of being a slave-maker : for whenever he cries out for liberty, he is endeavouring to destroy it ; and never thinks himself a complete freeman, till the nation that he lives in has no religion to guide him, no law to punish him, and no prince to govern him ; for his chief aim is to pull down all, when the madness of the common people gives him a

fair opportunity. In all conditions, he is as restless as a froward infant whilst breeding of his teeth ; will please no government, and with no government be pleased. He is as tempestuous as the ocean, that swells into a rage with every gale that happens, and seldom reconciles himself to a calm, till, like that, he has been the occasion of some remarkable mischief. He is one that is very swift to revenge, but very slow to gratitude ; and like an ill-tempered jade, loves to run forward when he is checked, and to hang an a—e when he is driven. When angry, he looks as sullen and as gloomy as a thunder-cloud, and, like that, makes a very wonderful deal of noise, whenever he spits his venom. He is never better pleased than when he has got it in his power to oppress others, which he certainly makes use of without mercy ; yet nobody bears the slightest sufferings with so much envy and impatience as himself, though he knows in his own conscience, he has justly deserved his punishment. He is a harsh man to his inferiors, and a haughty man to his betters ; a severe tyrant in authority, and a turbulent incendiary amongst magistrates when he is out of it. The more his miscarriages are connived at, the more impudent he grows ; and the more mercy you show him, the less he will show you. He is of the nature of a nettle : the more gently you handle him, the more apt he is to hurt you ; but if ever you meddle with him, the best way to secure yourself, is to gripe him hard. He is one that hates all men, but such who are as wicked as himself ; and loves nothing so well in this world as a calf's head upon the thirtieth of January ; but the next time that he sits down to one, in derision of the sufferings of the royal martyr, I heartily wish that the devil may choak him. Amen."

#### SONG XXVII.

#### **When the King comes o'er the Water,**

Is one of the most beautiful of the Jacobite songs of that period, and sung to one of the sweetest airs. It appears either to have been composed by the Lady Mareschal, or, in her name, by some kindred bard.

“ My father was a good lord’s son,  
 My mother was an earl’s daughter,  
 And I’ll be Lady Keith again,  
 That day our king comes o’er the water.”

Her maiden name was Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth. She was a Roman Catholic, and so strongly attached to the exiled family, that, on the return of her two sons to Scotland, she would never suffer them to enjoy any rest, till they engaged actively in the cause of the Stuarts.

#### SONG XXVIII.

##### *Freedom’s Farewell.*

I INSERTED this song on account of its stupendous absurdity. It must have been written by an incorrigible pedant ; for when the overcharged verses and the sublime air are taken together, nothing can be more unique. One can scarce conceive any thing more amusing than such a man singing such words to such a tune in a meeting of true Jacobites, when his spirits and loyalty were elevated to the highest pitch ; and there is little doubt that his associates thought it excellent sport.

#### SONG XXIX.

##### *Come, fill your Bowls,*

Is rather a clever song, to an old favourite tune. It is manifestly one of those composed for, and sung at, the celebration of the anniversary of the birth-day of the Chevalier de St. George.



## SONG XXX.

**The King shall enjoy his own again,**

Is another of the same, but the festival is supposed to be kept by a number of hinds with their sweethearts in a meadow. It has little merit, but might be instrumental in swaying the political affections of the peasantry where it was sung. The following is a better song, though likely of an earlier date. It is called

**The King enjoys his own again.**

WHIGS are now such precious things,  
 We see there's not one to be found ;  
 All roar, " God bless and save the king !"   
 And his health goes briskly all day round.  
 To the soldier, cap in hand, the sneaking rascals stand,  
 And would put in for honest men ;  
 But the king he well knows his friends from his foes,  
 And now he enjoys his own again.

From this plot's first taking air,  
 Like lightning all the Whigs have run ;  
 Nay, they've left their topping square,  
 To march off with our eldest son :  
 They've left their 'states and wives, to save their precious lives,  
 Yet who can blame their flying, when  
 'Twas plain to them all, the great and the small,  
 That the king would have his own again ?

This may chance a warning be,  
 (If e'er the saints will warning take)  
 To leave off hatching villany,  
 Since they've seen their brother at the stake :  
 And more must mounted be (which God grant we may see),  
 Since juries now are honest men ;



And the king lets them swing, with a hey ding a ding,  
Great James enjoys his own again.

Since they have voted that his guards  
A nuisance were, which now they find,  
Since they stand between the king  
And the treason that such dogs design'd ;  
'Tis they will you maul, though it cost them a fall,  
In spite of your most mighty men ;  
For now they are alarm'd, and all loyalists well arm'd,  
Since the king enjoys his own again.

To the king, come, bumpers round,  
Let's drink, my boys, while life doth last :  
He that at the core's not sound  
Shall be kick'd out without a taste.  
We'll fear no disgrace, but look traitors in the face,  
Since we're case-harden'd honest men ;  
Which makes their crew mad, but us loyal hearts full glad,  
That the king enjoys his own again.

#### SONG XXXI.

#### **Here's a Health to them that's away,**

HAS always been a popular air, and one of those songs that Allan Ramsay altered into a love song for the sake of preserving the old chorus, which he has done in many instances, and for which he can scarcely be blamed ; because to have published any of the Jacobite songs at that day, was risking as much as his neck was worth. It appears to be but a remnant. I took this copy from a set of old manuscript songs belonging to the Honourable Miss Rollo.

## SONG XXXII.

**Over the Seas and far awa,**

Is an older song than those among which it is here placed ; but there are so many of them of a general nature, that it is impossible to decide in what reign they had their origin ; nor does it signify ought to know, for they suit one equally as well as another. I think it probable that this is the original song to which this popular air was first sung. There is indeed a Jacobite song that is more frequently sung to it, *The Wind has blown my Plaid awa* ; but it seems to be more modern, and will appear in the second volume of this work.

## SONG XXXIII.

**I hae nae Kith, I hae nae Kin.**

THIS is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland. The allusion to the king's daughter would make it appear to be very old. There is another ranting song which I have often heard sung about the same lady, or rather about the ingratitude of her husband, in whose hands she was no more than the clay is in the hand of the potter.

O WHAT'S the rhyme to porringer ?  
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer ?  
 King James the Seventh had ae dochter,  
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him ?  
 Ken ye how he requited him ?  
 The lad has into England come,  
 And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog he sanna keep it lang,  
 To flinch we'll make him fain again ;  
 We'll hing him hie upon a tree,  
 And James shall hae his ain again.

Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper ?  
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper ?  
 A hempen rein, a horse o' tree,  
 A psalm-book and a Presbyter.

The last verse of the song manifestly alludes to some plot that the Jacobites expected would explode, and prove destructive to the other party. The allusion answers best to the Gunpowder Plot, but, from the foregoing part of the song, it is impossible that could have been meant ; nor does any other on record answer it. It may indeed allude to the change in Queen Anne's ministry from the Whig to the Tory faction ; a change that exalted the hopes of those that favoured the cause of the Stuarts to the highest pitch. The intrigues that were then carried on for the furtherance of that great object may have been the

“ Adder that lay in the corbie's nest,  
 Beneath the corbie's wame.”

There was no other plot about this period, save a whimsical one known by the name of the Bandbox Plot, of which the wags made game, and wrote many songs on the subject. The following stanzas from a song of the day describe the circumstances better than any history that I have met with.

But now your last and blackest deed  
 What mortal can rehearse ?  
 The thought on't makes my heart to bleed :  
 O Muse, assist my verse !  
 A plot it was, so deeply laid,  
 So diabolical,  
 Had not the secret been betray'd,  
 In one 't had slain us all.

Two inkhorn tops you Whigs did fill  
With gunpowder and lead ;  
Which, with two serpents made of quill,  
You in a bandbox laid :  
A tinderbox there was beside,  
Which had a trigger to't,  
To which the very string was tied  
That was design'd to do't.

As traitors spare nor care nor cost,  
These crackers dire were sent  
To th' treasurer, per penny-post ;  
And safely so they went :  
And if my lord had pull'd the thread,  
Then up had blown the train,  
And th' inkhorns must have shot him dead,  
Or else have burst in twain.

But fortune spar'd that precious life,  
And so sav'd church and queen ;  
Good Swift was by, and had a knife,  
For corn or pen made keen.  
“Stand off, my lord,” he cried, “this thread  
“To cut I will not doubt.”  
He cut, then oped the bandbox lid,  
And so the plot came out.

Now God preserve our gracious queen ;  
And, for this glorious deed,  
May she the doctor make a dean,  
With all convenient speed.  
What though the tub hath hinder'd him,  
As common story tells ?  
Yet surely now the bandbox whim  
Will help him down to Wells.

There is another comical one on the same subject, called *MINE BUM IN A BANDBOX*, of which a copy is here subjoined. For the air, see p. 143.

Come, listen, ye Britons, the whilst I relate  
A plot in a bandbox that happen'd of late,  
As Abel has wisely set forth in great state ;  
Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

Unto a lord's porter was sent a small packet,  
About which the Tories have made a great racket ;  
But the schoolboy that made it has not had it back yet ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This Westminster rogue a pistol had stole,  
Nay, fill'd it with powder and cramm'd it with ball,  
Resolving to fire it in Mortimer's Hole ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This pistol a stock had, but yet not two locks,  
Which the mischievous dog clapt in a bandbox,  
With a meaning as wicked as ever had Vaux ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For this bandbox he loaded just like a petar,  
With two linen barrels of black gunpowder,  
To blow up two goose-quills, as sure as you're there,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Two inkhorns did steal, too, this rogue—a shame on him !  
Which in this dire engine he us'd for a cannon.  
From the devil, no doubt, this thought came upon him ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

With touch holes behind, and not at their noses,  
These pot-guns stood crossways, as Abel supposes,  
To batter down palaces, churches, and houses ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.



Nay, to shew that this plot went still a deal higher,  
 In the bandbox were also two quills of wildfire,  
 Which were to go off, too, when need should require ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Thus loaded with mischief was this box of Pandore,  
 And sent by a porter, as I told you before,  
 Nay, unto Bob Presbyter's house, too, that's more ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

But, by Bob's usual luck, the mischief was mist all ;  
 For he knew where to look for't, and soon spied the pistol,  
 And then gave the box to a wit that was his tool ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Swift goggled and star'd, and turn'd up his whites,  
 And ran with the box to the window to rights ;  
 Where he found out what put us all into sad frights ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

How lucky 'twas Guiscard ne'er knew this machine,  
 Nor the rogues that would have Paul's let down on the queen !  
 For then a good peace we should never have seen ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

And whoever hereafter shall of this vile act read,  
 Will give thanks for this peeping and stretching of packthread,  
 And pray that his honour to stretch may ne'er lack thread ;  
 Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

#### SONG XXXIV.

#### *Ye Jacobites by Name.*

THE air of this song has always been popular, and is sung to many different songs on different subjects ; but none of them are Jacobite save this. Both song and air are copied from Johnson's Museum.

## SONG XXXV.

**My Love he was a Highland Lad.**

ONE would think that a number of these Jacobite songs had been written by ladies, and those generally the best. No man would think of writing such a song as this, unless it were for a favourite tune that some lady loved to sing, which might cause him to suit the circumstances to the air. It must, however, be confessed, that the sympathy, delicacy, and vehemence, manifested in this song, are strongly characteristic of the female mind, ever ardent in the cause it espouses.

## SONG XXXVI.

**Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation,**

Is a well-known song and air. Both have frequently been published. For an account of the "parcel of rogues" that "treasonably sold us for English gold," see the notes to the song entitled *The Awkward Squad*.

## SONG XXXVII.

**This is no my ain House.**

THIS is another of the old songs altered by Ramsay into a love song, and greatly to the worse; nothing being preserved in his but the chorus. How beautiful is the allegory here of Scotland losing its rightful owner, compared to the insipid and commonplace trash that we have got in lieu of it! Compare the second stanzas of each. The Jacobite one runs thus:

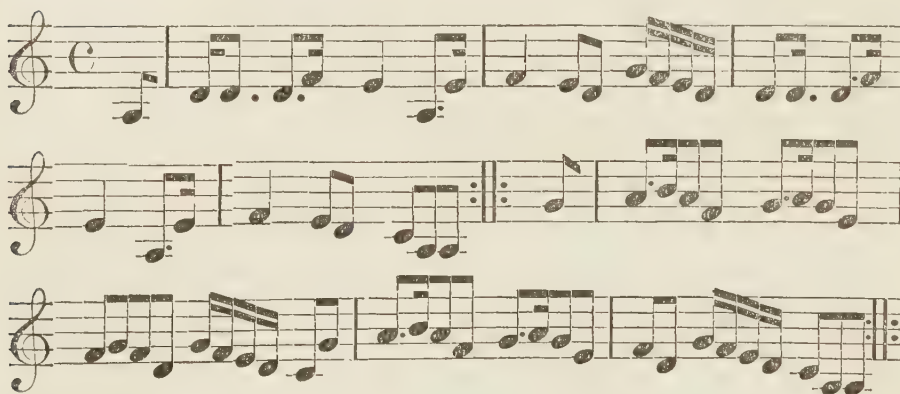
"Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,  
My daddy's door it wadna steek;  
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,  
And girdle-cakes the riggin o't."

What a delightful picture of our ancient and homely hospitality these few lines convey ! Look at Ramsay's love song.

“ For now that I'm young Robie's bride,  
And mistress o' his fireside,  
Mine ain house I'll strive to guide,  
And please me wi' the triggin o't.”

The bathos is enough to turn one's stomach. One naturally gets fond of a literary research on which he has long been employed ; but I really expect that the publication of these Jacobite relics will work a revolution in Scottish song, and that, for a time, we shall hear them more generally sung than any other. The airs are unequalled either in sweetness or spirit, and there are songs in the collection suiting every species of singers. The air to which I have set this song is not the original one, but it is the most popular, being always sung both to this song and *This is no my ain Lassie*, by Burns. For my part, I like the old original one much better.

THE ORIGINAL AIR OF “THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.”



SONG XXXVIII.

**There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame,**

Is another of those beautiful effusions, in which the songs of that party so far excel anything else of the same age. It is very like

Burns, but is given in Johnson's Museum as an old song without any alterations. The air is likewise remarkably beautiful, and well appropriated to the words.

### SONG XXXIX.

#### *The Awkward Squad.*

As this song contains such a list of those Whig champions, who forwarded the Union, and opposed every measure that was taken in favour of the Stuarts, I have been at some pains to select sketches of the characters of each of them from the writings of those of the other party, as some of the most curious relics of the spirit of the age.

“The Campbell and the Graham  
Are equally to blame.”

Archibald, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Argyle, in outward appearance was a good-natured, civil, and modest gentleman ; but his actions were quite otherwise, being capable of the worst things to promote his interest, and altogether addicted to a lewd profligate life. He was not cut out for business, only applying himself to it in so far as it tended to secure his court interest and politics, from whence he got great sums of money to lavish away upon his pleasures : but when he set himself to it, no man was more capable, or could more quickly, and with greater solidity and judgment, despatch it than himself ; so that, for want of application, a great man was lost. He was always an enemy to the loyal interest, and came over with the Prince of Orange to England, though King James had been kind to him, and given him hopes of being restored to his estate, which stood at that time under a sentence of forfeiture. But what other could be expected from a man that (to curry favour with King James) had renounced his religion, and turned Papist ? Notwithstanding which, and his constant vicious life and conversation, he was the darling of the Presbyterians, being descended from, and the representative of, a

family that suffered for The Cause (as they termed it), and of great power in the country, and himself so involved in treason and rebellion, that they were confident he would never venture to leave them : and thus they supported one another, and he made a great figure.

Of Graham, Lockhart says, 'Twas odd that the Marquis of Montrose could be so far seduced, as not only to vote, but even reason with heat and passion, against this resolve (against the succession). But why should I say it was odd? What could be expected from him, who had ratified the Presbyterian government and Revolution in the first session, and in the last went every length with Johnstoun the registrar, who was the son of the chief persecutor of his glorious great-grandfather, and himself head of the Hanoverian, republican, whiggish faction in Scotland; and, lastly, had several times of late received the sacrament from the Presbyterian ministers, which, in honest men's opinion, inferred necessarily his owning the validity of their excommunication of his great-grandfather? For if they had a power of administering sacraments, it must likewise be allowed that they had a power of excommunication.

When he first appeared in the world, he had enough to recommend him to the love and affection of the nation, by being the representative of that noble, loyal, and worthy family; and his interest increased to so great a degree, by his good behaviour after he came from his travels, and in the first sessions of this parliament, that, had he continued in these measures, he had the fairest game to play of any young man that ever was in Scotland; since undoubtedly he would have been acknowledged and followed as the head and leader of the Cavaliers. But being of an easy, mean-spirited temper, governed by his mother and her relations (the family of Rothes), and extremely covetous, he could not resist the first temptation the court threw in his way; and from the time he first engaged with them he adhered closely to their interest, and with the greatest vehemence prosecuted their measures, notwithstanding all the friends of his father's family remonstrated to him against it, and that he lost the esteem and favour of them and the Cavaliers. He was a man of good understanding, yet was



led by the nose by a set of men whom he far surpassed, and never, in all his bypast life, did one material action that was prudent and discreet. His courage, upon some certain accounts, was much questioned ; but his insincerity and falseness allowed by all.

*The Squadronie.*—The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *Squadronie volante*, from their pretending to act by themselves, and cast the balance of the contending parties in parliament.

*The Dalrymples.*—John, Earl of Stair, was the origin and principal instrument of all the misfortunes that befell either the king or kingdom of Scotland. 'Twas he that advised King James to emit a proclamation, remitting the penal laws, by virtue of his own absolute power and authority, and made him take several other steps, with a design (as he since bragged) to procure the nation's hatred, and prove his ruin. 'Twas he that, underhand, carried on the Revolution in Scotland, thus acting the same part as the Earl of Sunderland did in England. 'Twas he that, to secure his court interest in King William's time, contrived and was the author of the barbarous murder of Glencoe, and had a main hand in the plot to cut off the chief of the Cavalier and country parties : and in this, to whom can he be so well compared as to Catiline ? 'Twas he that first suffered—I should rather say, taught and encouraged—England arbitrarily and avowedly to rule over Scots affairs, invade her freedom, and ruin her trade. 'Twas he that was at the bottom of the Union, and to him, in a great measure, it owes its success ; and so he may be styled the Judas of his country. As he was thus the bane of Scotland in general, so he and his family were the great oppressors of all the particular persons that did not depend upon him, and go along with his designs ; and that so openly and barefacedly, that a Cavalier or anti-courtier was not to expect common justice in the session, where his brother was president ; whereby he and his family were, at the same time, the most dreaded and detested of any in the kingdom, ruling over whom, and in what manner they pleased. This family had risen but lately from nothing ; and it was so much the stranger, that they pretended, and others suffered them, to usurp such a dominion as extended not over the

Cavaliers alone ; but even such of the Revolution party as were of any other interest beside theirs, felt the heavy effects of it. From this short abstract of the earl's life, 'tis easy to gather, that he was false and cruel, covetous and imperious, altogether destitute of the sacred ties of honour, loyalty, justice, and gratitude ; and, lastly, a man of very great parts, else he could never have perpetrated so much wickedness. He had indeed a piercing judgment, a lively imagination, a quick apprehension, a faithful memory, a solid reflection, and a particular talent of dissimulation and cunning in their greatest extents ; so that he was seldom or never to be taken unawares. He was extremely facetious and diverting company in common conversation ; and, setting aside his politics (to which all did yield), good-natured. To these qualifications was likewise added that of eloquence ; being so great a master of it, that he expressed himself on all occasions and subjects with so much life and rhetoric, and that likewise so pointedly and copiously, that there was none in the parliament capable to take up the cudgels with him. Had a judgment of his inside been taken from his outside, he might well enough have passed for that of which he was the least. These endowments, much improved by long experience and application in business, may justly entitle him to be ranked among the greatest, though, at the same time, likewise among the worst men in this age : and what has been said of him may serve for a character of his two brothers, Sir Hugh and Sir David Dalrymple, yea, the whole name ; only with the difference, that though they were all equally willing, yet not equally capable of doing so much evil as his lordship.

*Bargeny.*—The Earl of Stair did suborn false evidence against the Lord Bargeny before the Revolution, who was tried for his life ; but the villany was discovered, and Bargeny acquitted.

*Lord Annandale.*—He was a man framed and cut out for business, extremely capable and assiduous ; of a proud aspiring temper, and, when his affairs and politics went right, haughty to a great degree ; and, *vice versa*, the civilest, complaisantest man alive, and a great affecter of popularity. He had gone backwards and forwards so often, and been guilty of such mean, ungentlemanly compliances, to procure the favour of that party with

which he designed to engage, that no man whatsoever placed any trust in him. Even those of the revolution party only employed him, as the Indians worship the devil, through fear ; and as soon as they found themselves strong enough without him, they kicked him out of doors : and though honest men welcomed a guest so capable to serve them, and willing to do their, and now his, adversaries all the prejudice he could, yet they were secretly glad to see one that had been so severe to them humbled. As it was plain his being turned out of the secretary's office was the cause that induced him to oppose the Union, so, upon that account, he was much caressed, but little trusted by the Cavaliers.

*Little Rothes.*—The Earl of Rothes had not, that I know of, one good property to recommend him ; being false to a great degree, a contemner of honour and engagements, extremely ambitious, ridiculous, vain, and conceited (though of very ordinary parts and accomplishments), extravagantly proud, and scandalously mercenary. No man was more forward in the country party, nor did any profess greater regard to the royal family, than his lordship, and that with repeated oaths and asseverations ; but alas ! he had neither enough of sense nor honesty to resist the first temptations.

*Coully Black.*—The Earl of Rothes fought and fell in the street with a caddie called Black, because he wore a hat with white tracing, in mock of the Whigs, who distinguished themselves as Hanoverians in the end of Queen Anne's reign.

*Belhaven.*—John, Lord Belhaven, was a man that could not be fixed to any party or principle, being a mighty projector, and still plodding how to advance himself, and for that end steered his course to many opposite shores ; by which means he became distrusted both by Cavaliers and Revolutioners. 'Twas avarice and ambition moved him to desert the country party, and go over with the Marquis of Tweeddale : but as soon as he found them going down the hill, he left them altogether, and returned to his old friends, though, I'm afraid, there's too much reason to believe he acted a double part. In parliament he affected long premeditated harangues, wherein, having a prodigious memory, he used to be very full in citing such passages of history as made for what

he advanced, drawing parallels betwixt preceding and present times. He was a well-accomplished gentleman in most kinds of learning, well acquainted with the constitution of this kingdom, very dexterous in choosing the proper seasons and means of managing a debate in parliament, and a forward useful man in a party. Mackay, speaking of him, says, "He was the only peer that opposed the act of succession in Scotland, when the Duke of York was present ; for which he was sent prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh. He hath been angry with the administration of all reigns ever since, because he can never get into any post. Sets up for a patriot ; loves to make long speeches in parliament, and hath the vanity to print them. A rough, fat, black, noisy man, more like a butcher than a lord."

*Haddington*.—The Earl of Haddington was entirely abandoned to Whiggish and Commonwealth principles, and one of Cockburn of Ormiston's beloved pupils. He much affected, and his talent lay in, a buffoon sort of wit and raillery ; was hot, proud, vain, and ambitious.

*Ormiston*.—He was a man of good understanding, and wanted not abundance of application to business ; but of so hot, virulent, turbulent, and domineering a temper, that he was uneasy even to his own party. Of all that were concerned in the government, there was none equalled him in vindictive persecution of all that he thought enemies to the established government of either church or state, having upon that score regard for neither sex, age, nor quality, but, Jehu-like, drove always most furiously on, and by these means preserved his interest at court, serving as a scarecrow to terrify others.

*Sir James Stuart*.—Sir James Stuart of Goodtrees was an eminent lawyer of this period, supposed to know all the virtues of his trade, and popularly termed Jamie Wylie. He was king's advocate from the Revolution to 1709 ; a keen Revolutionist and Presbyterian. There are many traditional anecdotes about him at the Scottish bar.

*Mr. Cockburn*.—Cockburn, junior, of Ormiston.

*Lord Polworth*.—Lord Polworth and his comrades used frequently to strip naked and burn their shirts in the taverns, at



bonfires, drinking to the house of Hanover ; at one of which they abused two servant-maids in a scandalous manner.

“ Mr. Bailey’s surly sense,  
And Roxburgh’s eloquence.”

George Bailey of Jerviswood was morose, proud, and severe, but of a profound solid judgment, and by far the most significant man of all his party, to whom he was a kind of dictator. In King William’s time he had gained a great reputation by standing so stiffly by the interest of his country ; but being of a rebellious race, he never had the least thought of serving the royal family ; and though he joined with the Cavaliers and country parties, in opposition to the Duke of Queensberry and the court measures, yet he always favoured the Hanoverian succession ; and therefore, as soon as the court of England inclined to that measure, he left his maxims and measures, and, being once dipped, never fell off, but served them to the latter end.

John, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Roxburgh, made his first appearance in the world to the satisfaction of all men. He was a man of good sense, improved by so much reading and learning, that perhaps he was the best accomplished young gentleman of quality in Europe, and had so charming a way of expressing his thoughts, that he pleased even those ’gainst whom he spoke ; and it was a thousand pities, a man so capable of doing good should have proven the very bane and cut-throat of his country, by being extremely false and disingenuous and so indifferent of the ties of honour, friendship, vows, and justice, that he sacrificed them all, and the interests of his country, to his designs, viz., revenge and ambition.

*Mr. Johnston.*—Having mentioned the design of resuming the grants, it will be no great digression to narrate a conversation I had on that subject with Mr. Johnston, late secretary of state for Scotland to King William, seeing some things pretty extraordinary appear in it. That gentleman having got from King William a grant of the tithes belonging to the bishops of Scotland, for making up a certain sum of money particularly ascertained by the grant, had, in collecting the same, miserably harassed a great



many gentlemen, by tedious vexatious suits, and compelling them to pay him considerable sums for renewing the leases of their tithes ; and he was apprehensive the designed resumption would cut off his right amongst others : whereupon he accosted me, desiring to know if his grant was designed to be comprehended within the act of resumption which Mr. Shippen and I had moved for, and were ordered to bring in. I told him I admired how he made any question of it ; for as we designed to strike at all grants in general, his could not fail to be comprehended. He returned, that he did not doubt but he would be able to satisfy the house so far with the account he would give, of the occasion of the grant, that they'd except it from the resumption ; but at the same time he'd be obliged to discover some things to which none yet, except the late King William and the Lord Portland, were privy, and which would appear so amazing, that people's hair would stand on end on their heads at hearing of them. I was thereupon very curious to know what these wonderful things were, that would appear so strange in an age that was not very nice, and begged him to let me into the secret. He seemed to be exceedingly uneasy ; but I could bring him no farther than that, if the resumption bill went on, and he found himself obliged to make this discovery, he would previously communicate the matter to me : and here he once more repeated, that my hair would stand in my head at it. I must confess, the loss of the resumption bill was so much the more regretted by me, that I thereby lost an opportunity of discovering some things that probably would have appeared very extraordinary, with respect to some secret transactions of King William's life.

*David Bailey.*—A gentleman engaged at that time in some plots with the Duke of Queensberry and Marquis of Annandale. He was employed as an evidence by the Squadronie ; and the Duke of Roxburgh set Kersland, after his death, on the same villainous business, and decoyed several poor gentlemen.

*Honest Kersland.*—Mr. Ker of Kersland was the son of a private gentleman in the shire of Ayr ; and being married to the heiress of the Kers of Kersland, an inconsiderable but ancient family, and always violent Presbyterians, he set upon that footing,

and aimed at being a ringleader of the Cameronians. During the sitting of the Union parliament, he professed himself a great enemy to the Union, and thereby endeavoured to converse and gain credit with the Jacobites; but as he was known to be a person highly immoral, and guilty of several base actions, such as forgery and the like, no person of any note would have the least intercourse with him; yet he found means to ingratiate himself with several people of no great rank, from whom he picked up stories. But his chief correspondence was with the Duchess of Gordon and some Roman Catholic priests, who, though often advertised to beware of him, entered into projects and framed schemes with him, and communicated all they knew from the Court of St. Germain's to him. Being thus sufficiently supplied with means to make himself acceptable and useful to the British court, he was employed as their spy and intelligencer.

*Sutherland.*—John, Earl of Sutherland, a privy-councillor to King William and Queen Anne, and one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union. A contemporary says of his lordship, "He is a very honest man, a great assertor of the liberties of the people, hath a good rough sense, is open and free, a great lover of his bottle and of his friend; brave in his person, which he hath shewn in several duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it. He is a fat, fair-complexioned man." Jeanie Man is celebrated by some other writers of that period. It is easy to discover to what class of society she has belonged. His lordship raised an army in the north on the breaking out of the rebellion, and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir.

*Traitor M'Kertney.*—General M'Kertney, who was engaged in the famous duel between Lord Mohun and his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, as the following interesting extract shows.

"When they were come to the spot of ground agreed to in Hyde Park, and were throwing off their coats, the Lord Mohun said to the Duke, that he hoped these two gentlemen (meaning General M'Kertney, his own, and Colonel John Hamilton, the Duke's second) were only to look on, and not be personally engaged in any part of the quarrel. The Duke answered, he believed Mr. M'Kertney was the chief occasion of their coming on

this errand ; and since it was so, he had brought his (M'Kertney's) old friend to entertain him with a share of the dance. All four immediately fell to work ; and Hamilton having soon disarmed M'Kertney, and looking about to see what was become of the other two, he perceived Mohun lying dead or expiring on his back, and the Duke falling on his face on the top of the other. Then throwing down his own and M'Kertney's swords, he ran and lifted up the Duke, who, he observed, was wounded in two places, and faint with the effusion of blood from the wound in his thigh. Whilst he was performing this good office, M'Kertney took up one of the swords, and, coming behind Hamilton, whilst he supported the Duke by the back in his arms, stabbed his Grace, who walked nevertheless some little way to a tree, where he soon after expired ; and as soon as the keepers of the Park and some others came up, which was just as the Duke reached the tree, M'Kertney went off. This account Hamilton gave of the matter ; but the Whigs took a world of pains to save M'Kertney's reputation and person, by denying that part which the other second did aver he had acted, and hiding him so carefully, that, though all means were used to discover him, he was securely concealed, and at length safely conveyed beyond the sea.

“The Whigs laughed at Hamilton's story ; and indeed it seemed very odd, that he who was known to be personally as brave as his sword, and a devoted servant of the Duke's, did not himself seize M'Kertney, or call out to those who came up, that they should apprehend him. To which, when I challenged him on it a few days after, whilst he lay concealed, and saw none but some of the Duke's friends, whom he sent for to advise with, he replied that he could not apprehend him himself, for the Duke was so lame and faint with the loss of blood, he would have tumbled down if he had not supported him ; and when the people came up, he was so confused, and in such a consternation, and withal so apprehensive of what would befall himself after the death of two such great men that he did not know what he was doing ; and after two of the Duke's servants came up to take care of his Grace's body, thought of nothing but getting off with himself.

“But notwithstanding all the Whigs' endeavours (who, by the

bye, were extremely well pleased at what had happened, and would have bestowed half-a-dozen such lives as Mohun's and M'Kertney's for such a good job), the unbiassed part of mankind did credit Hamilton's account, believing that the Duke's death was a wilful premeditated murder ; and for illustrating the same, I will mention some particulars that seem to make it unquestionable.

“1st, It is a certain truth, that frequently, and for a long time before this happened, the Whigs were heard to say that they had many irons in the fire to hinder his Grace's journey ; and some two or three days before his death, the Lord Hinchinbroke, a notorious Whig, being lately come from London, and talking with some people at Boristouness about the Duke's journey, told them they might depend upon it his Grace would not see France at this time.

“2nd, The offensive words were given by the Lord Mohun to the Duke, who frequently, upon former occasions, to my hearing, declared his positive resolution to bear every thing but blows from the other during the dependence of the lawsuit, and did accordingly (and likewise, no doubt, because of the public character he bore, and the great trust committed to him) resolve to pass over the injurious words he had then given him. Which the Whigs perceiving, buoyed up the Lord Mohun, persuaded him to turn the chace and send the challenge ; and as his lordship was never thought a hero (having, even but very lately, been publicly affronted and ill-used by a certain gentlemen, without resenting it, and never done anything remarkable but stabbing a poor actor, as he came out of the playhouse, some years ago), M'Kertney and two or three more of that gang never left him, from the time that he was with the Duke till the duel was fought, keeping him (as was deposed by the evidences) flushed with wine during all that time, which was two nights and a day and a half, and calling upon him, when he took fits of being grave and melancholy, to cheer up, take the other glass, and not be afraid.

“3d, When the Elector of Hanover came to the crown, the Whigs prevailed with him to take off the sentence of outlawry against M'Kertney, though all the Scottish nobility, Whigs and



Tories, opposed it ; and when M'Kertney came afterwards and stood his trial, sent orders to his attorney and solicitors-general not to appear and plead against him, allowing them, however, to appear for him if they pleased. And as particular directions were given to pick up a favourable jury for him, a great many of the Whig lords and most considerable commons did attend him at his trial. Now, can it be imagined, that so much pains would be taken and so much respect shown for a person of such an infamous and detestable character, had he not done something to merit it ? And indeed it was loudly talked, that he threatened to discover the whole story, if he was not acquitted ; which prevailed with the Whigs to carry him through his trial.

“ 4th, It was impossible for my Lord Mohun to give the Duke the wound that killed him ; for he was run in at the very top of the left breast, near to the collar-bone, sloping so far down towards his belly, that, had the wound been but an inch or two deeper, it had pierced his belly above his navel : and Mohun could not plant such a thrust, unless he had stood up very high above the duke, or, having enclosed, had shortened his sword. But that this did not happen, appeared from General Gorg's groom's deposition, that as soon as their swords were drawn, the Duke attacked and Mohun retired till he fell ; and he was found dead with his arm stretched out and his sword in his hand. Besides, I heard Doctor Garth (before he reflected on the share his friends the Whigs were to have in the story) affirm, a few days after it happened, that it was impossible for my Lord Mohun to grapple and give that wound to the Duke, after he himself had received the wound of which he died ; and that the Duke, after receiving of his wound in his body, could not be able to make a pass with so much vigour as was necessary to give the wound which killed the other. So that, as I said before, by the groom's testimony, they did not enclose, without which that wound could not have been given to the Duke by the Lord Mohun ; and, in Doctor Garth's opinion, whichever of them received the first wound was not capable to give the other ; and consequently Hamilton's account may be the better credited, seeing it is not so much as pretended that any unfair thing was done to Mohun. But to put the matter



out of all controversy, the sword which was found in Mohun's hand, and known to be what he usually wore, was a Saxon blade ; whereas the wound in the Duke's body, whereof he died, was with a three-cornered blade, which, being the only one of that kind amongst them, belonged to Hamilton, and was snatched up by M'Kertney to perpetrate the execrable deed.

“ 5th, It was observed, that several of the most violent Whigs, such as the Duke of Richmond, Sir Robert Rich, and others, were that morning, about the time of the duel, seen riding disguised in Hyde Park ; which made some people think there were other snares laid for his Grace, if he had escaped M'Kertney. And a hackney-coachman did depose, that, whilst he waited that morning for a job in St. James's-street, a hackney-coach came up to him, and, passing easily by him whilst he sat on his box, the other coachman asked him if he had heard of the two lords being killed ; and on his answering, No, and inquiring who had killed them, and how he knew it ; the other replied, that the Duke had killed Mohun, and M'Kertney the Duke ; that he had driven out Mohun and M'Kertney, was standing by, and saw it. The coachman who carried out my Lord Mohun, being found out by the number of his coach, but having by this time got his lesson, denied it. The other, when they were confronted, did still affirm upon oath that a coachman had said so to him, but would not take it upon him to assert that this was the person ; for that coachman was a stranger to him, and spoke to him after he was past by him, so that he could not see his face so fully that he could swear that the coachman now confronted with him was that person.

“ 6th, M'Kertney was devoted to the Whigs, and at the same time so scandalous and infamous a wretch, that he had been guilty of all the crimes one can possibly imagine ; and that he was capable of so base an action, the Whigs could not well deny : which put me in mind, that, some years ago, he had undertaken to murder the Duke of Marlburgh ; and though his Grace was reconciled to him, whether out of fear, or that he might be useful in executing his designs against others, if his occasions required it, I shall not determine ; yet still, one who did certainly undertake so villanous an action then, might be supposed willing and capable

to commit the like now. And indeed his character agreed with the action he committed ; for, besides that he was one of the most profligate wretches alive, he was more to be reckoned a bully than a man of courage : and though it is not to be denied that he was a good officer, and had behaved well enough in some public actions, it was certainly and publicly known, that, as he was of a haughty, quarrelsome, and blustering temper, he had been often kicked and cuffed by this same Colonel Hamilton, Lord William Hay, and other officers of the army, without his daring to resent the same.

“ I have been more particular in the account of this dismal story, that it may thence appear, there’s too much ground to believe the Whigs are a set of men who stand at nothing to accomplish their own ends,” &c.

*Loudoun.*—Hugh, Earl of Loudoun, was, of all the persons concerned in the government, without doubt, amongst the best. He had nothing in his nature that was cruel or revengeful ; was affable, courteous, and just ’twixt man and man ; and though he pursued his own maxims and designs, yet it was in a moderate, gentlemanly way. Being descended of a family enemies to monarchy, and educated after that way, and his fortune in bad circumstances, he easily dropt into the court measures, was soon taken notice of, and first made an extraordinary lord of the session, in which post he behaved to all men’s satisfaction, studying to understand the laws and constitution of the kingdom, and determine accordingly. He was endowed with good natural parts, and had much improven them in his younger years by reading ; and though he did not much affect to show them in public, yet there were few exceeded him in contriving and carrying on a design, having a clear judgment and ready apprehension.

*Lord Ross.*—William, twelfth Lord Ross, succeeded his father in 1682. He entered zealously into the Revolution, 1689 ; was a privy-councillor to King William and Queen Anne ; high commissioner to the Church of Scotland, 1704 ; one of the lords of the Treasury, and a commissioner for the Union, of which treaty he was a staunch promoter.

*Lady Lauderdale.*—This was the Lady Margaret Cunningham,

only child of Alexander, tenth Earl of Glencairn, and heir of line of that ancient family.

*Forfar*.—Archibald, Earl of Forfar, &c., came early into the Revolution ; was sworn a privy-councillor to King William, and appointed one of the commissioners for executing the office of keeper of the privy-seal. He was also of the privy-council to Queen Anne, and was, by her Majesty, constituted one of the commissioners of the treasury, which he held till the dissolution of that court in consequence of the Union, which he steadily supported in parliament.

*Tweeddale*.—The Marquis of Tweeddale never obtained any other character, than that he was a well-meaning but simple man ; and I have the charity to believe, he was forced against his will by his friends and those he trusted (who made a mere tool of him), to enter into many of the bad measures he pursued : so I may safely say, he was the least ill-meaning man of his party, either through inclination or capacity.

The following curious poem on the same subject is taken from a manuscript book belonging to Mr. Walter Scott.

### Advice to the Painter.

LIMNER, would you express Albania's fate ?  
 Draw then a palace in a ruin'd state ;  
 Nettles and briars instead of fragrant flowers ;  
 Sleet, snow, and hail, instead of gentle showers :  
 Instead of plenty, all things meagre look ;  
 Our swords are turn'd to ploughshare, scythe, and hook :  
 Instead of guards, you ravenous wolves must place,  
 And all the signs of government deface :  
 Instead of order, justice, and good laws,  
 Let all appear confus'd as the first chaos.  
 Near to the palace, one on every hand,  
 The ruins of two noble fabrics stand :  
 A church where none but priests of Belial stay ;  
 A court of justice fill'd with birds of prey.

With a bold pencil draw the great Argyle,  
In some respects the glory of our isle ;  
Draw his intrepid heart and generous mind,  
Where nought that's base did ever harbour find :  
But near him place his —— and display  
By what base acts he leads his friends astray ;  
Give him an air that's sullen and morose,  
Still looking downward his dark mind expose.  
Place Roxburgh up amid the vilest band  
That ever did infest this wretched land ;  
In proper colours paint his sordid mind,  
Which rules of honour never yet could bind.  
Now truth and justice banish'd quite away,  
Revenge and falsehood bear a sovereign sway.  
Limner proceed : conspicuously expose  
The chicken-hearted, narrow-soul'd Montrose :  
Oh ! how he does debase his noble line,  
Which heretofore illustriously did shine !  
Oh ! how he makes himself a tool of state !  
Slave unto avarice, to his friends ingrate !  
Tweeddale demands a place upon the stage,  
Compos'd and learn'd, though scarce attained to age :  
Time must determine how he will employ  
The talents he so largely doth enjoy.  
As from the morn the day is often guess'd,  
He'll prove, I fear, a hawk like to the nest.  
Queensberry next a station here doth claim ;  
Oh ! how I tremble when I write the name ?  
Will he for what his father did, atone ?  
Or will he in the self-same course jog on ?  
To Stair allow, as he deserves, much space,  
And round about him the Dalrymples place ;  
Describe how these their sovereign did betray,  
And sold our nation's liberty away.  
Let Haddington appear, as is his due,  
Amongst a rakish, unbelieving crew ;



Near to him place no man who does desire  
 To 'scape the vengeance of eternal fire.  
 Place Sutherland, Orkney, Lauderdale, and Norton,  
 Rothes, Ross, Buchan, Belhaven, booby Hopetoun,  
 All close together as a pack of tools :  
 And near to them another class of fools,  
 Where Douglas, Hindford, Selkirk, bear some sway,  
 And Lothian won't to Forrester give way.  
 But now observe some place for Athol's grace ;  
 In any of these two last ranks him place :  
 Do not forget his visage to describe,  
 And fill his breast with avarice and pride.  
 Near to him let his Grace of Gordon stand,  
 For these two drakes may neb, go hand in hand ;  
 But if you mount him on his Grecian steed,  
 Pray leave him room to gallop off with speed.  
 Findlater surely will pretend some space,  
 For he ne'er wants pretensions to a place ;  
 For this, a footman couch, his friends betray,  
 Engage at night, and break his word by day,  
 Profound respect to every party pay.  
 A place apart to him assign you must,  
 For who'd be near to him whom none will trust ?  
 If these will but reflect on what is past,  
 Give any one a stone who first will cast.  
 With these you may a canvass large supply,  
 And then to match them all the world defy.

#### SONG XL.

#### *The Union.*

“ There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar.”

QUEENSBERRY was the son of William, Duke of Queensberry, who was highly in favour both with King Charles and King James, and by them entrusted with the greatest offices and employments



(which he well deserved, being in all respects a great man); but after the Revolution he retired, and lived privately for the most part, and continued firm to King James's interest all the time he lived: but the son, notwithstanding King Charles and King James's kindness to his father and family (through which he was created a duke, and scraped together a vast fortune), and the respect and favour which King James had all along bestowed on himself, was the first Scotsman that deserted over to the Prince of Orange, and from thence acquired the epithet (amongst honest men) of Proto-rebel; and has ever since been so faithful to the Revolution party, and averse to the king and all his adherers, that he laid hold on all occasions to oppress and depress the loyal party and interest. Having thus made his first appearance in the world by deserting his king and benefactor, we are not to expect he'll prove more faithful to his country; and had he deserted her, as he did the former, 'twould have been happy for us: but, alas! he stuck close by her, and never left her till he had ruined her to all intents and purposes; having undertaken and promoted every proposal and scheme for enslaving Scotland, and invading her honour, liberty, and trade, and rendering her obsequious to the measures and interest of England. This proceeded, I suppose, from his being of a lazy, easy temper; and falling at first into bad hands, he was seduced by them; and being once deeply dipt in all projects against the king and country, he could never imagine that repentance and amendment would be accepted of (the frequent effects of a hardened conscience), and that he was safe against an after-reckoning. He was reputed a man of good parts, but wanted application to business; was extremely covetous, and, at the same time, extremely lavish of his money; for though he got vast sums of money by his public employments, most of it was squandered away. He was well-bred, and had so courteous a behaviour, that what by this, and the occasion of doing acts of kindness, by having the chief administration of affairs a long time in his hands, he engaged the favour and friendship of very many of all ranks of people, and entirely managed the Revolution party, and such as were willing to prostitute themselves to serve the court measures. To outward appearance, and in his ordinary

conversation, he was of a gentle and good disposition, but inwardly a very devil, standing at nothing to advance his own interest and designs. Though his hypocrisy and dissimulation served him very much, yet he became so very well known, that no man, except such as were his nearest friends and *socii criminis*, gave him any trust : and so little regard had he to his promises and vows, that it was observed and notour, that if he was at any pains to convince you of his friendship, and, by swearing and imprecating curses on himself and family, to assure you of his sincerity, then, to be sure, he was doing you underhand all the mischief in his power. To sum up all, he was altogether void of honour, loyalty, justice, religion, and ingenuity ; an ungrateful deserter of, and rebel to, his prince ; the ruin and bane of his country, and the aversion of all loyal and true Scotsmen.

James, Earl of Seafield, was the son and heir of the Earl of Findlater, at that time alive. In his younger years, his father's family being very low, and his elder brother alive, he was bred a lawyer, and entered and continued an advocate with a good reputation. In the convention, 1689, he was much taken notice of, by reason of a speech he made against the forfeiting of King James ; but he did not long continue in these measures, for, by William, Duke of Hamilton's means, he was made solicitor to King William, and enjoyed that office several years ; during which time he prosecuted his employment to good purpose, and made a fair estate. In the year 1696 he was called to court, to be one of King William's secretaries of state ; and indeed it must be owned he served him very faithfully, consenting to and going alongst with any thing demanded of him, though visibly against the interest of his country ; and trimmed and tricked so shamefully in the affair of Darien, that he thereby, from being generally well beloved, drew upon himself the hatred of all who wished well to that glorious undertaking. He was believed to be of loyal enough principles, but had so mean and selfish a soul, that he wanted both resolution and honesty enough to adhere to them ; which evidently appeared from his changing sides so often, and cleaving to that party he found rising. People were willing to excuse, at least extenuate, his first faults, because of the lowness of his worldly

circumstances ; but after he had raised them to a considerable height, and had a fair occasion of retrieving his reputation, when he joined with the Cavaliers in the Parliament 1703, to leave them so basely and meanly as he did, is altogether inexcusable. He was finely accomplished ; a learned lawyer, a just judge, courteous and good-natured ; but withal so entirely abandoned to serve the court measures, be what they will, that he seldom or never consulted his own inclinations, but was a blank sheet of paper which the court might fill up with what they pleased. As he thus sacrificed his honour and principles, so he likewise easily deserted his friend, when his interest (which he was only firm to) stood in competition. He made a good figure, and proceeded extremely well in the parliament and session, where he despatched business to the general satisfaction of the judges. He had a principal hand in carrying through the treaty of Union ; and when he sanctioned that act, which annihilated Scotland as an independent kingdom, he said, with brutal levity, “ There is an end of an auld sang.” His brother, Colonel Oglivy, dealt deeply in the droving trade ; and once upon a time, when his brother, Lord Seafield, was upbraiding him for practising a sort of traffic which was beneath his rank, the colonel replied, in his broad Angusshire dialect, “ Ay, ay, my lord, we maun baith do as we dow—I only sell *nout*, but you sell *nations*,” alluding to the share Lord Seafield was supposed to have in the celebrated Equivalent.

John, Earl of Mar, was descended from, and the representative of, a family noted for its loyalty on many occasions, both ancient and modern, and much beholden to the bounty of the crown. 'Tis true, indeed, his father embarked with the Revolution ; but if all be true that is reported, his lordship gave a particular though fatal sign of his remorse and repentance. This present gentleman's fortune being in bad circumstances when he came to age, he devoted himself to the Duke of Queensberry and the court measures, to which he always stuck close, till, in the year 1704, he headed such of the Duke of Queensberry's friends as opposed the Marquis of Tweeddale and his party's designs, and that with so much art and dissimulation, that he gained the favour of all the Tories, and was by many of them esteemed an honest man,

and well inclined to the royal family. Certain it is, he vowed and protested so much many a time ; but no sooner was the Marquis of Tweeddale and his party dispossessed, than he returned as the dog to the vomit, and promoted all the court of England's measures with the greatest zeal imaginable. He was not a man of a good *coram vobis*, and was a very bad, though very frequent, speaker in parliament ; but his great talent lay in the cunning management of his designs and projects, in which it was hard to find him out, when he aimed to be *incognito* ; and thus he shewed himself to be a man of good sense, but bad morals.

*Morton*.—A contemporary says of him, “ This gentleman was zealous for the Revolution, and always a follower of the Duke of Queensberry ; of no great capacity but for the ladies, and hath been famous that way. He is very fair, sanguine complexioned, well shaped, and taller than the ordinary size.”

*Leven*.—David, Earl of Leven, in the beginning of his life, was so vain and conceit, that he became the jest of all sober men ; but as he grew older, he overcame that folly in part, and from the proudest became the civilest man alive. He was a man of good parts and sound judgment, but master of no kind of learning ; and though he had once the command of a regiment, and was at last created lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the forces in this kingdom, yet his courage was much called in question upon sundry accounts, not necessary to be mentioned here. He was born and bred an enemy to the royal family, and therefore cheerfully embraced, and significantly promoted, everything against its interest. However, he was noways severe, but rather very civil to all the Cavaliers, especially such as were prisoners in the Castle of Edinburgh when he was governor ; from whence he gained more of their favour than any man in the government.

*Weems*.—David, third Earl of Wemyss, succeeded his mother in 1705. Same year he took the oaths and his seat in parliament, was sworn a privy-councillor, and nominated one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union. In 1706 he was appointed high-admiral of Scotland, steadily supported the Union and parliament, and was by them chosen one of the sixteen representatives



of the Scottish peerage in 1707. At the general election in 1708, the Earl of Wemyss was re-chosen one of the sixteen peers. He died in 1720.

*Roseberry.*—Archibald Primrose of Dalmeny, only son of the second marriage of Sir Archibald Primrose, lord registrar. In the reign of James VII. opposing the measures of that monarch, he was summoned before the privy-council on a charge of leasing-making on the chancellor, and sowing discord among the officers of State; but, by the friendship of the Earl of Berwick, he obtained a countermand of the process. At the Revolution he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark. In 1695 he was chosen one of the members of Parliament for the county of Edinburgh, and was a zealous supporter of the king's ministers. In 1700 Mr. Primrose was raised to the peerage, by the title of Viscount of Roseberry, Lord Primrose and Dalmeny. Upon the accession of Queen Anne he was sworn a privy-councillor, and further dignified with the titles of Earl of Roseberry, Viscount of Inverkeithing, &c. He was selected as one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union, which he steadily supported in parliament, and was chosen one of the sixteen peers by the parliament of Scotland. His lordship died in 1723.

*Glasgow.*—David, Earl of Glasgow, had nothing to recommend him, save that his surname was the same with the Duchess of Queensberry's; being upon no account to be reckoned a man of more than ordinary sense. He was esteemed proud, arrogant, greedy, extremely false, and a great speaker at random; was so ridiculously vain, that he affected a great deal of respect and reverence as his due. Nothing pleased him so much, as to dedicate a book to his lordship; and he was sure to take it and its author into his protection, provided much and frequent mention was made in the preface of his illustrious and ancient family, though he and all the world knew his predecessors were not long ago boatmen, and since married to the heiress of Kelburn, a petty little family in the shire of Ayr, the representatives of which, until his father's time, were never designed the Laird, but always the Goodman, of Kelburn. However, having, by being concerned in farming the public revenues, scraped together a good estate, he



wanted not ambition to be a man of quality, and concerned in the government ; both which the duchess's favour and his own impudence procured him. Thus we see to what height ambition and impudence, without any merit, will bring a man in this world. There was no man had such a sway with the Duke of Queensberry, as he ; and I look upon him as the chief of those evil counsellors that persuaded and engaged him to follow, at least persevere in, such pernicious ways.

*Duplin.*—Thomas Hay of Balhousie, second son of George Hay of Balhousie, was elected Member of Parliament for the county of Perth, and took the oaths and his seat in 1693. He was created a Peer, by the title of Viscount Duplin, 1697 ; and took the oaths and his seat in Parliament, as such, in 1698. He was one of the commissioners for the Union ; supported that treaty in Parliament ; succeeded as Earl of Kinnoul, 1709 ; was chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish Peers at the general election in 1710, and was re-chosen in 1713. He was one of the supporters of the Tory administration. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1715, he was, amongst other suspected persons, summoned to surrender himself, and was committed a prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh. He died in 1719.

*Francis Montgomery.*—The Honourable Francis Montgomery of Giffen, second son of Hugh, seventh Earl of Eglintoun, was a privy-councillor to King William and Queen Anne, and one of the lords of the Treasury of Scotland in their reigns. He was appointed one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union, 1705, of which measure he was a zealous supporter. He was chosen one of the members of the Parliament of Great Britain in 1707. He died in 1753. *Macay. Wood. Lockhart, priv. com.*

The others that are mentioned in this song are of so little note, that I scarcely find any notice taken of the parts that they acted during that eventful period, in the annals that have come to my hand.

## SONG XLI.

*The Thistle and the Rose*

Is an allegorical song, written about the year 1710, when the effects of the Union were most severely felt in this country. Its merit is not of the first rate, though it is rather a fair specimen of a certain illegitimate kind of song-writing which became fashionable about that period, and continued so among a numerous high-looking pedantic class for the greater part of a century. The following is another allegorical song, which seems to have been written about the same time.

*The New Game of Forty-One.*

COME, cut again ; the game's not done,  
Though strangely yet the cards have run,  
As if they pack'd had been :  
And those most like to lose may say,  
They know not what's next best to play ;  
Such shuffling ne'er was seen.

Look well, my masters, to your hits,  
And have about you all your wits,  
For high the play does run ;  
Three kingdoms now at stake do lie,  
And rooks all pocus-tricks do try,  
That ye may be undone.

On clubs and spades some wholly bet,  
For they the most are like to get ;  
While hearts in vain contest,  
And diamonds too (unto their cost  
That have them), sure are to be lost :  
The blackest cards are best.

God bless all kings and queens, though now  
 The best coat-cards (the Lord knows how)  
     At this preposterous game,  
 Are like all to commanded be,  
 And trump'd with all their royalty,  
     By every knavish pam.

So Hewson blind, though he be dead,  
 Alive, was by blind fortune led,  
     And still did winning go ;  
 And ever since, we find that he  
 Sweeps all with his *effigie*,  
     The great Pamphilio.

Now trays and deuces, which were deem'd  
 The basest cards, are now esteem'd  
     Prime ones, to win the day.  
 All ye that wish to gain the prize,  
 Both kings and queens you must despise,  
     And honours throw away.

Thus the best cards are now the worst,  
 And what was last's become the first :  
     No wonder, now-a-days,  
 The nation topsy-turvy lies,  
 And, as 'twere pleased with contraries,  
     At losing-load-'em plays.

#### SONG XLII.

#### **Queen Anne; or, the Auld Gray Mare.**

THIS is another allegorical song of the same period. The poetry is wretched, and it is a pity it should be so, for the allegory is excellent, and well supported throughout. By the "twa mares on the hill" is meant Ireland and Wales, and by the "ane into

the sta'," England, which the author supposed enjoyed the principal fruits of the Union. Scotland is represented by the "auld gray mare;" and nothing can be happier or more humorous than the whole description of the operation of taming her. And truly a slight perusal of the history of our own country about that period will show how well every one of the cruelties which they exercised so wantonly on the "auld mare" are applicable to Scotland. By the "farrier stout," that was hired out of "the west countrie," is obviously meant the Duke of Queensberry, who, without doubt, was

" A crafty, selfish loon,  
That loe'd the white moneye :"

And by the other smiths which he hired and paid well are meant those who supported him in that great measure, they whose characters are given in the notes to some foregoing songs, and whom it was supposed, his grace bribed most liberally. Among the smiths may likewise be numbered the horde of excise and custom-house officers that were poured into the country, the vilest set to whom such a charge was ever before deputed. They might well be said to have bound "the auld mare head and heel," and to have teased her in no ordinary degree. The account given of them by George Lockhart is believed to be nothing exaggerated.

" No sooner was the first of May past, than the ministry (now of Great Britain) took care to establish the union of the two kingdoms; and as by the articles it was agreed, there should be the same regulations, impositions, &c., of trade, throughout the United Kingdom (that is to say, that the laws relative to trade in England should take place in Scotland), a set of commissioners was immediately appointed, one for managing the customs, the other the excise of Scotland, consisting partly of English and partly of Scotsmen, though these latter had no pretensions to entitle them to that name, save their being born in that country. At the same time, vast numbers of surveyors, collectors, waiters, and, in short, all or most of the officers of the customs and excise, were sent down from England, and these, generally speaking, the very scum and *canaille* of that country; which remembers me of a very



good story. Sometime thereafter, a Scots merchant travelling in England, and shewing some apprehension of being robbed, his landlady told him he was in no hazard, for all the highwaymen were gone : and upon his inquiring how that came about ; “Why, truly,” replied she, “they are all gone to your country to get places.” These fellows treated the natives with all the contempt, and executed the new laws with all the rigour, imaginable : so that, before the first three months were expired, there were too apparent proofs of the truth of what had been often asserted, in relation to the bad bargain Scotland had made. ’Tis true indeed, some particular merchants made vast gain at this juncture ; for the duties upon wine and most other foreign commodities being much less in Scotland than in England, great quantities were imported into the former before the commencement of the Union, and being afterwards carried into England, returned an extraordinary profit. But as discerning people saw that was only the accidental consequence of what could not be well avoided at this juncture, and that these sunshine days would be soon overclouded (as the merchants have since effectually experimented), it did noways lessen the dreadful apprehensions of the consequences of the Union ; and people of all ranks and persuasions were more and more chagrined and displeased, that nothing but the restoration of the royal family, and that by the means of Scotsmen, could restore them to their rights. So that now there was scarce one of a thousand that did not declare for the king : nay, the Presbyterians and Cameronians were willing to pass over the objection of his being Papist ; for, said they (according to their predestinating principles), “God may convert him, or he may have Protestant children ; but the Union can never be good.” And as the commons showed a great alacrity and readiness to join against the promoters of the Union, whilst it was in agitation, than did those of better rank and quality, so were they at this time more uneasy at their subjection, and zealous to redeem the liberty of the country ; and thence it was, that on all occasions, in all places, and by people of all persuasions, nothing was to be heard throughout all the country, save a universal declaration in favour of the



king, and exclamations against the Union, and those that had promoted it.

“Nay, so great a length did their indignation lead them, that the Presbyterian ministers became universally hated and despised, and lost all their interest with the commons ; these not sticking to tell them publicly that they were time-servers, and had preached up against the Union whilst they thought their kirk not well enough secured ; but that once being done, they valued not the country nor the people’s liberties : and thus were the commons come to this lucky pass, that they would have entered into and prosecuted any measure without the previous advice and constant concurrence of their ministers, who formerly, on all other occasions, acted only with a view to themselves, could never be guided by the nobility and gentry, and rendered the commons ungovernable by the influence they had over them.

“As these were the people’s inclinations, so likewise was there a universal expectation of the king’s coming over to them. Whence this came I cannot tell, but people were over all parts prepossessed, and pleased themselves with an opinion it would happen very soon, so that for several months they were in constant expectation of him ; and this was before any measure for the purpose was finally concluded, and in such countries where few or none were privy to the concert. Besides, they acted consequentially to this their belief and expectation, in preparing themselves to receive and assist him ; for the western shires had their private delegates from each parish to meet and concert measures together ; and, amongst others, they appointed several of their number to apply themselves towards getting of intelligence ; they named their officers who should head them till once the nobility and gentry took the command upon them ; they had arms making in all places, and appointed people to buy horses ; so that a worthy friend of mine, in the shire of Ayr, assured me, that very summer twelve or fifteen hundred good horses had been brought over from Ireland, which were picked and brought up by country people, and carried where nobody knew : and some of these delegates and ringleaders in Clydesdale did come to Mr. Lockhart of Carnwath, telling him they were ordered by a considerable party to inquire

of him against what time he thought the king would land ; and upon his answering, that he wondered how they could ask such a question of him, and that he knew nothing of these matters, they answered, he might indeed be shy in divulging his mind to them, but they doubted not but that he knew, and they would be glad to know likewise, that each of them might spare one or two of their best horses from work, and have them in good condition against he landed. And on another occasion, one of the chief Cameronians told him they were content to join in an army with the Episcopalians, for it was not now a time for Scotland to be divided amongst themselves.

“ I have instanced these two particulars, to show the inclinations of the people, the like to which happened to several other people in all parts of the kingdom ; so that I may well aver that the commons were most impatient at the king’s delay in coming over, and were most sincerely ready to have made him welcome, by assisting him to the utmost of their powers. And though the commons appeared with less caution and more barefacedly, yet were not the nobility and gentry less desirous to have him amongst them, so that never was a prince or deliverer more longed for by a people ; and what Ovid observed long ago,

“ *Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine tangit  
Humanas animas,*”

was remarkably evident on this occasion : for from hence arose that unanimity amongst the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Cavaliers, and many of the Revolutioners, so that, according to the Scots proverb, “ They were all one man’s bairns,” had the same desire, and were ready to join together in the defence of their country and liberties.”

#### SONG XLIII.

#### **Bishop Burnet’s Descent into Hell.**

It is not easy to conceive what made the Jacobite party so utterly to detest Bishop Burnet, who was always a moderate man, and

advised the Stuarts to moderate measures, and never in his life took any very decided part against the adherents of the abdicated family. It appears they considered him as a time-serving hypocrite. Probably it was after the publication of his *Memoirs* that all these bitter *jeux-d'esprit* were vented against him ; for it was always considered by the Jacobites as an unfair representation of their party that he gave in that work. The following humorous parody of his manner and epitaph are copied from a miscellany of that age.

“MONDAY, 6th MARCH, 1715.

“*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*”—LILLY.

“No folding of the hands to sleep, no slumber all night : can't lie in bed for fear. Rise at one. *Asthma* a fatal distemper. Consider how much my lungs should be distempered : used them with *great vehemence* in my younger days. Could not leave it off at last. Think if it could proceed from some other reason. Hope not. I don't remember all : all from the violent *pulpit*-motions : could not possibly help it : the power of the spirit certainly straitened the organs of the body. Call my servant in haste : send for *opium* and *balsams*. *Flesh* is *grass* ; certainly *grass*. Life is like many things ; a *shadow*, a *bird*, a *line* in the *water*, an *old story* : *Fumus et umbra simus*, a good *motto* for a *chimney*, or a *black gown*. Head swims. Get out, *Tories* ! I have nothing to say to you. A *perverse generation*. Convocation. Dr. S——pe. Let them do what they will. No good. *Chaplains* too. Honest *Ben* : a double portion for him. Present settlement. Kissing goes by favour. *Butter the rook's nest*, said Sir *Thomas Wiat*, at the Reformation, and then you may do what you please. *All joy to great Cæsar*, to little *Cæsar*. Another good saying of Sir *Thomas* ; *It is a strange thing a man can't repent of his sins without the leave of the Pope*. Pshaw ! how came the *Pope* into my head ? Give me the *drops* ; I'll try to forget every thing. Doze till four. *Opium* an excellent medicine. Many debates in my mind about a proper doctor. Dr. W——d, he is my country-

man ; don't care to trust him. *Garth*, he will laugh at me, and tell stories. Why can't a man do without them ? Necessary evils. Resolve to ask advice of *Jonathan* about it. Give my mind to contemplation. William the Conqueror ; Rufus ; the *Third*. Happy day ! Grand restorative : pleasant to think of these things. Cough again twice. Distempers will not be flattered. I wish they would : nobody could do it better. *Jonathan* comes in ; looks with a sad air. Don't like such looks at all. Order the family to come upstairs at seven : resolved to *preach* before them *extempore*. Not much matter what the *text* is : easy to run off from the subject, and talk of the *times*. Late order about *preaching* : it cannot relate to *chamber-practice*. Bid my man set the great chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with delight. The damsel *Jane* has a wicked eye. *Robin* seems to meet her glances. *Unsanctified vessels ! Children of wrath ! Lust of the eye. Evil concupiscence.* No flock without these evil ones. Look again at *Jane* : a tear of penitence in her eye. Sweet drops ! *Grace* triumphs. Sin lies dead. Wish *Tom* were present : he might be reformed. Consider how many *sermons* it is probable *Tom* hears in one year : afraid not one. Alas, the *Temple !* alas, the *Temple !* The *law* eats up divinity ; it corrupts manners, raises contentions among the faithful, feeds upon poor *vicarages*, and devours *widows' houses without making long prayers.* Alas, the *Temple !* Never liked that place since it harboured *Sacheverel* : he certainly spread an infection there. A swimming of my head. Seem to hear the noise of *tumults, riots, seditions.* Fresh noises of *High Church*, the *Doctor*. What would the multitude have ? Why are they incensed ? Who of our order has offended ? *Impeach, silence, hang, behead !* That the name of a man should turn one's head to a giddiness ! Say a short *mental* prayer. Cool by degrees. *Jane* petitions not to hear the *sermon*, but make her beds. There is no dealing with youthful inclinations : they are unsteady in every path : they leave the direct way : walk in by-places and corners. Give her leave to depart. Resolved within myself to deny *Robin* to go, if he should ask. *Robin* asks. Reprove him thus :—I have watched your mutual temptations, and the snares you laid for each other ; you



*Robin*, I say, and the damsel *Jane* : forbear your iniquity, struggle with sin ; make not excuses to follow the *handmaid* : thou shalt stay here, and hear and edify.—Prepare to preach : *hem* thrice : spread my hands : lift up my eyes : attempt to raise myself : sink backwards : faint suddenly : don't know what is done for half an hour : awakened to life by cold water, and many cries : rub my eyes : ask where I have been : servants tell me strange things : all press for a doctor : consent : send for *Garth*. Think of a *chapter* in praise of physicians ; no commentators guess who was the author. It must be *apocryphal*. Never was but one *saint* of the *faculty*. Hei mihi ! Religio Medici : where shall one find more than the title ? Send for Mr. *Boyle's* receipts : he was an excellent man : I knew him. Read in the book, For a *cough*, *honey and brimstone*. Can't take it. Fling away the book. *Garth* comes : takes up Mr. *Boyle's* receipts."

### An Inscription,

DESIGNED FOR HIS MONUMENT.

Beneath  
 There lies, against his own wishes,  
 A Man at last in PEACE.  
 He was master of a cunning, various Wit,  
 Agreeable to his own COUNTRY.  
 Great was He in Divinity, in Fable greater,  
 In POLITICS (if you'll believe himself) greatest.  
 So faithful a lover of *Truth*,  
 That it equally appears in his *Life*,  
 And *Writings*.  
 A violent, mighty, unwearied Preacher :  
 Many have had *purser* Doctrine,  
 No one Stronger Sides and Lungs.  
 So averse to ROME in all points,  
 That he almost approached GENEVA.  
 He died, to the universal grief of the *Dissenters*,  
 On the *Kalends of March*.



*Ben Hoadly* is my Lord Sunderland. The rest of the characters are all well known, save Hugh Peters, a mad fanatical preacher in the days of Cromwell, and one of his chaplains. He was highly instrumental in inflaming the people, and impelling them to regicide. He was condemned and executed after the Restoration ; and the following is part of his funeral sermon.

“ Ah ! my beloved, these are precious, I say precious, enjoyments. Therefore I shall conclude in the words of my text, *Let us, while we may, make use of our time*, taking for our pattern the life and manners of our deceased brother here before us ; of whom, that I may make him a short encomium, I shall say thus much : That from his youth he followed the calling of the ministry ; and because then the wicked prevailed, and he was a sufferer, he went about giving consolation to those who suffered for theft, and such like criminal offences. Afterwards he travelled, and as he found occasion he sowed his seed, sometimes in fruitful, sometimes in barren soils : and I may say this of him, that, while he lived, such was his zeal, he layed many a sinful daughter of Babylon on her back. When the faithful began to exalt their horns in this nation, he was a great fomentor of the quarrel, and gave occasion to the rest of his brethren to fish in troubled waters. To his prince he was a great assistance in all his designs, laying aside that notional impediment of a statesman called Conscience, that he might be the more serviceable to his country. His charity was not unknown, he giving two notable examples thereof, in his relieving our two dear sisters, the butcher’s wife and Mistress Middleton, in both their afflictions. He died not without associates to accompany him to his last rest, for, as I am informed, on the very night he departed, departed also a dear brother and sister of ours, the hangman and Moll Cut-purse.”

#### SONG XLIV.

#### **A Wicked Old Peer.**

THIS is a very clever and shrewd old song, on the same subject with the last. It has been a constant amusement with our Jaco-

bite song-makers to send the most obnoxious of their opponents to hell, and give some account of their treatment there, as abundantly appears in the course of this work. When they could get no other amends of them, they kept that behind as a corps-de-reserve,<sup>h</sup> or rather as a forlorn hope : seeming to feel for them exactly as the old mariner did toward the deceased gentleman who had left his estate wrongously, as he supposed, and cut off the right heir, his nephew, with a shilling : “ The old gentleman’s in hell, that’s some comfort !”

#### SONG XLV.

#### *Sarum’s Dirge*

Is a trifle of the same stamp, pretending to give a character of the Doctor. The following is a much more perfect one, from an old Jacobite poem, entitled “ The Republican Procession,” a piece of great cleverness, and, though anonymous, has merit which may justify the fathering of it on one of our best humorous poets.

“ Next these a lecturer of note,  
 A preaching scandal to his coat,  
 A busy, prating factious priest,  
 Advanc’d, as joyful as the rest ;  
 Distinguish’d by his habit holy,  
 Though ’t gave no sanction to his folly,  
 But made the wiser sort believe  
 A knave was hid in pudding sleeve :  
 To pulpit rais’d by Whigs, to smother  
 The doctrines of his sacred mother,  
 And to confound his factious hearers  
 With Whiggish and fanatic errors ;  
 Which he hath done with zeal so hearty,  
 To curry favour with his party,  
 That his whole parish, to his shame,  
 Is nicknam’d *Little Amsterdam*.

Himself a prating good-for-nothing,  
 A very wolf in shepherd's clothing,  
 Who does his utmost forces bend  
 To wrong the church he should defend,  
 And, caterpillar-like, indeed,  
 Destroys the tree by which he's fed."

## SONG XLVI.

**Awa, Whigs, Awa.**

THE air of this song is one of the most ancient Scots airs in existence. I am informed by my friend, Mr. William Stenhouse, a gentleman thoroughly versed in Scottish music, that originally it consisted only of one measure, and that the second is a modern variation of that. Burns sent a bad copy of it to the late Mr. Clarke, who put a bass to it; and it was that copy which was published in the *Scots Museum*, and which Ritson copied, with all its imperfections on its head. The air of the popular song, *What ails this Heart o' Mine?* is merely a modification of this ancient tune: so also is *My Dearie an ye die*. Part of the verses are as old as the time of Cromwell, but others have been added of a later date, it is impossible to say when. There is a tradition that, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the piper to Clavers' own troop of horse stood on the brink of the Clyde, playing it with great glee; but being struck by a bullet, either by chance, or in consequence of an aim taken, as is generally reported, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes more of it, till at last he plunged into the river, and was carried peaceably down the stream among a great number of floating Whigs.

## SONG XLVII.

**The Broad Swords of Scotland**

Is a popular song, said to have been written by an English gentleman who was sojourning here after the time of the Union, and witnessed the feelings of the country-people on that occasion. The nationality of the song has made it a favourite, although the air be originally an English one.

## SONG XLVIII.

**There was a Man came from the Moon**

Is as hard to be understood as any song I have ever met with. Mr. Scott, after considering it thoroughly, gave it up as a song made about some burgh politics ; but as I got it among a number of genuine old Jacobite manuscripts, I remained unalterably of opinion that it related to some national occurrence offensive to the Jacobites, and am now convinced, howsoever ill I can make it out, that it alludes to the establishment of the Whig ministry by George I. in 1714.

I conceive, then, that the man that “came from the moon” may be considered as an allegory, a personification of a general overruling providence in the affairs of government.

“ And first he brought a dozen’d drone.  
 And rais’d him up on high, sir,  
 Who knew not what was right or wrong,  
 And neither buff nor sty, sir.”

This “dozen’d drone” I take to be George I., who was not over accurate in making his estimates of the British character.

“ And then he took a maudlin wight,  
 A horse-cowper by name, sir.”

By this, though hinged on a vile pun, I take to be meant the Lord Cowper, keeper of the great seal.

“ And after him two shallow knights,  
To help to play the game, sir.”

These might be the Earl of Wharton and Lord Townshend ; the one made keeper of the privy-seal, and the other secretary of state.

“ A duke that daddled long in blood,  
A dog without the nose, sir.”

These are doubtless the Duke of Marlborough, appointed at this time colonel of the first regiment of foot and master of the horse, as well as head of the cabinet-council, and Mr. Pulteney, who was made secretary of war ; but whether the latter had a long or short nose, or no nose at all, I have been unable to learn.

“ And four braw norland pipers’ sons,  
From traitor race that rose, sir.”

These are likely the Dukes of Argyle, Roxburgh, Montrose, and Mr. Stanhope, all of whom got offices at that time, and made use of them to thwart the designs of the Tories to the utmost of their power : but that all their fathers should have been pipers is rather an extraordinary coincidence.

“ And when this dog’s game will be done,  
There is no one can tell, sir ;  
Or whether this man came from the moon,  
Or if he came from hell, sir.”

In this verse the rascally Jacobite doubts that the special providence which brought about the deposing of the rightful heir, and raising the Whigs over their heads, come from heaven at all, and slyly suggests that it came from the other place.

This, I think, is a solution of the song throughout : if it is not the true one, there is a strong similarity. But I have always found, that the more closely these party songs are searched into, the more plainly do the dark allusions contained in them appear, and the more pointed at individuals of the other party.



## SONG XLIX.

**At Auchindown.**

THIS is a north country song, and sung to the celebrated old tune of *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*. There are many copies of it. In one that I have seen, there is a long story about Jeanie Gordon introduced. It evidently alludes to a festival held at Auchindown on the Chevalier de St. George's birth-day, and is likewise a song of 1715. This copy is partly taken from one in a volume of old MSS. kindly sent to me by Mr. Hardy of Glasgow, and partly from one sent me in a letter from a correspondent at Peterhead.

## SONG L.

**The Riding Mare**

Is another allegorical song, wherein the throne of Britain is pictured out by a *riding mare*, and the different sovereigns as the riders. The author, however, seems to have been extremely stupid, for in the antepenult verse he forgets that the throne is the riding mare, and takes the monarch in place of it, with a sow for his director, namely, the Countess of Darlington. The Jacobites must have considered the joke of the sow as an excellent one, it has kept its ground through so many of their sarcastic effusions. This is altogether one of the most vulgar of the songs admitted, but nothing like hundreds that have been left out.

## SONG LI.

**The wee wee German Lairdie**

Is one of the most spirited songs existing, and a great favourite all over Scotland. It is copied from Cromek's Galloway and

Nithsdale Relics, all save three lines taken from an older collection. It is sung to many different tunes in different districts of the kingdom ; but the one to which it is here set was composed by me a number of years bygone, and it having been sung so often to it, I found that, all over the south country, any other would have been reckoned spurious. I have, however, added the best original one that I could find, which, though perhaps scarcely so good a tune as the former, is more in character. It is a capital song sung to either of these airs.

### SONG LII.

#### *The Kinging o't.*

THIS song ought, in the arrangement, to have been placed farther on, as it begins by an allusion to circumstances to which this volume does not reach, namely, the severity of the king in punishing those who rose in behalf of the exiled house. But, for the sake of explaining a circumstance that is often mentioned and alluded to in these songs, it was necessary to give it a place here.

“ At home, in Hanover, he killed, in cold blood,  
A pretty young prince, for the cuckolding o't.”

This was the Swedish Count Koningsmark, who was the cause of many unpleasant circumstances that fell out in King George's family. He had, while he was electoral prince, married his cousin, the Princess Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell ; a match of convenience, to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses ; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Koningsmark, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he

found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly ; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions at a day's warning. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure ; and he was actually introduced by them into her bedchamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared ; nor was it known what became of him, till, on the death of George I., on his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room ; the count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted there.

This is the short and distinct account of the matter given by Lord Oxford ; and he farther adds, with regard to the consequences : “ Of the circumstances that ensued on Koningsmark's disappearance I am ignorant ; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or separation ; nor do I know, or suppose, that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality, when a sovereign has reason or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the Gordian knot of matrimony, thrown in the way of an absolute prince, would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering husband, our Henry VIII. Sovereigns who narrow, or let out the rules according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws, no doubt, to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany ; and the code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand ; as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinances to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or

pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted, if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety ; but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit. Shocking consequence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice ; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal !

“Separated the Princess Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled Duchess of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me ; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the Duchess of Kendal with his left hand. As the Princess Dorothea died only some months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was scarcely deferred till then ; and the extreme outward devotion of the Duchess, who every Sunday went seven times to Lutheran chapels, seemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union ; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during Queen Anne's reign, the Duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son too, George II., had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen-dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German casuistry might allow her husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed in bed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary adieu constituted adultery ; and therefore of a formal divorce I must doubt,—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided, till future search into the Hanoverian chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance.

“I have said that the disgraced Princess died but a short time



before the king. It is known, that in Queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from Scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George I. to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the Duke and Duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive lest the Duchess of Kendal should be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the denunciation, that, on the eve of his last departure, he took leave of his son and the Princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons he hated.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I do not know whether it was about the same period, that, in a tender mood, he promised to the Duchess of Kendal, that if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The Duchess, on his death, so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows at her villa at Ilesworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and tenderness of duty, till the royal bird or she took their last flight."

Here we see the superstition of potentates and their illustrious associates, far outdoing those entertained by our own peasantry of the same age, which our enlightened neighbours have so often ridiculed. Concerning the prediction that related to the princess's death, and that of King George I., her husband, Lockhart, with all manner of gravity, tells the following extraordinary story.

"The circumstances of King George's death are terrible, and worth the knowledge of all our friends. They are kept concealed as much as possible even in Germany, so probably will be a secret both in England and France. What was told me lately by a person of superior rank, and of great esteem in these parts, I had



heard imperfectly before from a lady of quality. It seems, when the late electress was dangerously ill of her last sickness, she delivered to a faithful friend a letter to her husband, upon promise that it should be given into his own hands. It contained a protestation of her innocence, a reproach for his hard usage and unjust treatment, and concluded with a summons or citation to her husband, to appear within the year and day at the divine tribunal, and there to answer for the long and many injuries she had received from him. As this letter could not, with safety to the bearer, be delivered in England or Hanover, it was given to him in his coach on the road. He opened it immediately, supposing it came from Hanover. He was so struck with these unexpected contents, and his fatal citation, that his convulsions and apoplexy came fast on him. After being blooded, his mouth turned awry, and they then proposed to drive off to a nearer place than Osnaburg; but he signed twice or thrice with his hand to go on, and that was the only mark of sense he showed. This is no secret among the Catholics in Germany, but the Protestants hush it up as much as they can."

#### SONG LIII.

#### *Came ye o'er frae France*

Is a shrewd and clever rant, with some good lines in it; but somewhat disjointed, and apparently incomplete. It again alludes to the old jokes of the sow and the Count Koningsmark, whom it mentions as a notable weaver. I can make nothing of the other characters alluded to in it. "Montgomery's lady" may have been the lady of Lord James Montgomery, who was engaged in a plot in 1695, and who, it is likely, would be connected with the Jacobites. Neither can I tell who "Sandy Don" and "Cockolorum" are; but it is evident that by "Bobbing John" is meant John, Earl of Mar, who must, at the time this song was made, have been raising the Highlanders. The appellation seems to have been appropriately applied, as, both in his personal demean-

our, letters, and orders, he assumed a mighty importance. Witness the following original letter of his, as a single instance.

“We, John, Earl of Mar, &c., commander-in-chief of his Majesty’s forces in Scotland, grants us to have received from the magistrates of Montrose, for the use of his Majesty’s army, three hundred and seventy pound weight of powder, whereof we hereby grant receipt, and bind and oblige us either to pay for the same, or otherwise to see the same allowed to the said magistrates of Montrose, out of the first money that shall become due by the said town of Montrose to the government. In witness whereof, we have subscribed these presents with our hand, at the camp of Perth, this 24th of October 1715.

“MAR.

“To the Magistrates of the  
Town of Montrose.

#### SONG LIV.

### **Let our great James come ober.**

THIS is a long song of some merit, but so general in every observation contained in it, that there is no laying hold of any one part, either to found anecdotes on, or from which to draw inferences.

#### SONG LV.

### **The Sow’s Tail to Geordie.**

ALL this gibing and fun about the sow and Geordie, that runs through so many of the songs of that period, without explanation must appear rather inexplicable ; but from whatever cause it may have originated, it is evident that the less that is said about it the better. Both this song and air have always been popular, and the latter has been ornamented with scores of variations by the delighted masters of the fiddlestick. I remember, when a boy, of hearing the song frequently sung by an old woman, a determined

Jacobite, who always accompanied it with the information, that "it was a cried-down sang, but she didna mind that ; and that baith it and *O'er Bogie* were cried down at Edinburgh Cross on the same day." From this tradition I have been led to suppose that the original song of *O'er Bogie* must have been some intemperate party song, although no farther traces of it remain, that I have been able to discover, save this anecdote.

George's favourite mistress was Madame Schulemberg, afterwards created Duchess of Kendal ; but as she was lean and haggard in her appearance, the beautiful appellation of *the Sow* could in nowise be applicable to her. But, says Lord Orford, in his *Reminiscences*, "he was not more constant to her than to his wife ; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over, was Madame Kilmansegge, Countess of Platen, who was created Countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte, married to Lord Viscount Howe, and mother of the present earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter ; but Princess Amelia treated her daughter, Mrs. Howe, on that footing ; and one evening, when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

"Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large, and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows ; two acres of cheeks, spread with crimson, an ocean of neck, that overflowed, and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays. No wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of such a seraglio. They were food for all the venom of the Jacobites : and indeed nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted, even in their hearing, about the public streets. One of these German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried, in bad English, "Good people, why you wrong us ? We

come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye!" answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too, I think."

Of these gibes and lampoons our own countrymen have had apparently their full share; and no one need doubt, after this account of honest Horace's, who is meant by the black sow. One cannot help being amused, even at this distance of time, by his Majesty's taste in beauty and accomplishments. The following mad rant, called PETTICOAT'S LOOSE, must likewise have been made on these celebrated beauties. *Feddy* is Prince Frederick; *Robin*, Sir Robert Walpole; *Killy*, Madame Kilmansegge; and *Kenny*, the Duchess of Kendal.

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,  
 Hey gudeman, away gudeman;  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,  
 Bide na here till day gudeman.  
 For there is a harper down i' the north,  
 Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,  
 And aye the owre-word o' the tune  
 Is, Away gudeman, away gudeman.  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

It's Feddy maun strap, and Robin maun string,  
 And Killy may wince, and fidge, and fling,  
 For Kenny has loos'd her petticoat-string,  
 Gae tie't again, gae tie't again.  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

O Kenny, my kitten, come draw your mitten,  
 And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang;  
 For petticoat's loose, and barrie's slitten,  
 And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.  
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

## SONG LVI.

**Plain Truth.**

THIS song seems to allude to the association entered into by King George, the Emperor, and other princes and states of the Continent, against the power of the King of Sweden, who had acknowledged King James, and, had he lived, intended to have invaded Britain, in order to establish him in his rights.

It is a middling good song; but whether it is a true or a false character of the nation, and the Whigs in particular, it becomes not me to decide. I put down the sentiments of my friends the Jacobites as I find them. Their poetry and music I admire in part; their loyalty always. I do not know anything about the air, or where I first got it. It sounds like an Irish one.

## SONG LVII.

**The Pilfering Brood**

Is a song of 1714, and relates to the arrival of George I. in England. It is an intemperate song, having all the bitterness of the *Wee wee German Lairdie*, without its genuine merits.

“ Had you seen their public entry,  
When first they grac'd the city,  
Each did appear in his best gear,  
Like pilfering poor banditti.”

There is a poem of the same year that describes this “public entry” with more humour than any thing of the kind I ever saw. It must have been a high treat to those who were acquainted with the characters. When we consider that this Jacobite poem ran through several editions without any inquiry or trial having been instituted, we cannot but wonder at the forbearance of our brethren of the south, and calculate of how little note a “Chaldee



Manuscript " would have been among them. I can only afford to give a very few extracts from this old poem of sterling rough humour, though I believe it is unknown in Scotland.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

“ But as between the cup and lip  
 Things unforeseen will often slip,  
 So death was pleas'd to interpose,  
 And gratify the nation's foes,  
 By cutting short a milder reign  
 Than faction e'er will find again :  
 For none than ever ruled the roast,  
 Less ease or greater fame could boast,  
 None labour more for England's good,  
 Repaid with such ingratitude ;  
 Nor queen o'er any stubborn race  
 E'er suffer'd more, or punish'd less.  
 But yet, no sooner was it known  
 That Heaven had snatch'd her from the throne,  
 But envy made her death her sport,  
 And seem'd well pleased at the report ;  
 Whilst the glad Whigs reformed their faces,  
 And chang'd to smiles their late grimaces,  
 Advanc'd their stocks, cried “ Heaven bless her !”  
 And rung loud peals to her successor,  
 Who was proclaim'd, as princes ought,  
 With wondrous joy, surpassing thought :  
 Which tidings flying round as fast  
 As winds and seas could give 'em haste,  
 Soon brought our slighted champion over  
 From foreign shelter, back to Dover ;  
 Then moving on in princely pomp,  
 Like any Noll to meet a Rump,  
 Till he at length to town was brought,  
 Hoping to be the Lord knows what ;  
 And how he entered London city,  
 I'll tell you in the following ditty.

As cruel Nero triumph'd o'er  
 His lifeless mother heretofore,  
 And shamefully expos'd the womb  
 That brought the monster into Rome ;  
 To shew their madness much the same,  
 Our quondom champion and his dame,  
 In mighty pomp, the other day,  
 Came in t'insult their mother's clay :  
 That is, a queen who'd been, in troth,  
 A nursing mother to them both,  
 And made 'em, as 'tis understood  
 By all the world, more great than good.

From Kent, where they dispens'd their bounty,  
 To win the rabble of the county,  
 And bribe the rural looby-louts  
 To change their hisses into shouts,  
 They mov'd in state to Kent-street end,  
 With scarce a follower or a friend,  
 Besides the civil-list our Lord-  
 Protector landed from aboard ;  
 But here a mottled prick-ear'd troop  
 Of horse were drawn in order up,  
 Consisting of a factious crew  
 Of all the sects in Rosse's view,  
 From Calvin's Anti-Babylonians,  
 Down to the frantic Muggletonians,  
 Mounted on founder'd skins and bones,  
 That scarce could crawl along the stones :  
 As if the Roundheads had been robbing  
 The higglers' inns of Ball and Dobbin,  
 And all their skeletonian tits  
 That could but halt along the streets :  
 The frightful troop of thin-jaw'd zealots,  
 Curs'd enemies to kings and prelates,  
 Those champions of religious errors,  
 Looking as if the king of terrors

Was coming, with his dismal train,  
To *plague* the city once again,  
Before this inconsistent throng,  
In solemn order march'd along  
A file of liverymen or two,  
On horseback, cloth'd in German blue,  
To shew the Whigs, that, though they lead 'em,  
Their masters ready were to head 'em.  
Behind these blue dragoons, cut out  
To serve on horseback or on foot,  
Advanced a Brewing Knight, notorious  
For actions foolish and inglorious ;  
An excellent doctor, well as warder,  
To cure or keep madmen in order.  
Or, by sequest'ring what they've got,  
To make men mad, in case they're not.  
Nor is this famous knight less valiant  
Than any Covent-garden gallant,  
But claims a place among bravadoes,  
For paying *bills* with *bastinadoes*,  
And tearing notes himself has made,  
Before they're satisfied or paid.  
Besides, as other knights have kill'd  
Their dragon-foes an open field,  
And conquer'd giants, in defence  
Of ladies and their innocence ;  
So did our knight vouchsafe to thwack  
A surly carman's sturdy back,  
And prick'd his thill-horse in the ———,  
To shew himself a son of Mars,  
Laying him sprawling on the ground,  
With one victorious bloody wound ;  
And all because the brute, they say,  
Refus'd to give the knight the way.  
Thus do some champions win renown  
By deeds of prowess they have done,

Whilst other knights, who fear to face  
Like dangers, dwindle in disgrace.  
Next to the knight there rode a true-  
Blue cobbling Protestant, St. Hugh,  
So-called, because that saint is made  
The leathern patron of his trade,  
Whose wooden bones he worships more  
Than God, his church, or sovereign power,  
Or any thing, except his glorious  
Triumphal idol so victorious,  
Ador'd by all the gentle craft  
That work in garrets up aloft,  
As well as cobbling sots that breathe  
His praises out in stalls beneath.

Next him a famous Southwark Jailer,  
A trusty Whig of equal valour,  
Rode, shouting to the hissing crowd,  
And crying "Liberty !" aloud,  
Although, whene'er the laws o'ercome us,  
His business is to keep it from us,  
And, tyrant-like, to never grant it,  
Unless we pay for't when we want it.  
So rebels, that inflame a nation,  
Whene'er they rise, cry "*Reformation !*"  
But if they bring their betters under,  
Their whole religion ends in plunder.

Amidst this pompous cavalcade,  
The doctor, on his spotted jade,  
Not only made the greatest jest,  
But the best show of all the rest ;  
Spurring into his horse new vigour,  
That both might make the better figure ;  
Attended with his Indian trump,  
And pacquet-bearer at his rump ;  
One sounding forth the victor's fame  
In notes adapted to the same,

Whilst t'other two strain'd hard to raise  
 Their hoarse flux'd voices in his praise,  
 And made a concert sweeter far  
 Than that which terrified the ear  
 Of poor Belfegar, when 'twas told him  
 His noisy wife was come to scold him.

A broken leather-selling Roundhead,  
 Who for much less than half compounded,  
 Was also proud among the rest  
 To shew himself upon his beast ;  
 Though most men thought his ill-look'd person  
 Disgrac'd the brute he clapp'd his —— on :  
 For sure no counter-catchpole, mounted  
 For Tyburn-road, with soul undaunted,  
 When at cart's-tail he creeps full slow,  
 With javelin rested on his toe,  
 Could be more hissed at by the rout,  
 Or teas'd by those that rak'd about,  
 Than was our bankrupt emissary,  
 Who seem'd about the mouth so merry,  
 That all men in his smiles might see,  
 He triumph'd o'er dead majesty ;  
 Nay, often has been heard to prate,  
 And say, "She died three years too late."  
 A venomous revengful cit,  
 Who daily does in public spit  
 More poison, wheresoe'er he comes,  
 Than fifty toads have in their gums ;  
 A sharper, who has all his paces  
 In knavish suits and bankrupt cases ;  
 Well fitted for such jobs, or rather  
 To punish flies, in sultry weather,  
 For spitting upon Turkey leather.

A famous Brewer next advanc'd,  
 Upon a steed that finely pranc'd,  
 A horse well fatt'd for the day  
 With goods instead of oats and hay ;



Which made his laxative bumtwizzle  
Oft stain the streets with brewer's fizzle,  
And poison those that came behind  
With something worse than stinking wind,  
As odious as the rider's breath,  
Who curs'd the queen before her death ;  
For which, to his eternal shame,  
He paid marks forty for the same ;  
Yet afterwards was heard to rail,  
And say, if curses could prevail,  
He would be glad at such a rate,  
To curse away his whole estate.  
If this be true, as some report,  
May he be curs'd for ever for't,  
Unless he do repent at heart !

Next these, a Presbyterian Shot-man,  
In state affairs a very hot man,  
Advanc'd among the 'prentice boys  
And prick'd-ear'd saints, those sons of noise,  
Who seldom in such pomp appear  
Elated, but when danger's near.  
This rank republican, and great  
Reformer of the Church and State,  
Although he's rich, yet made his father  
His porter, or his packhorse rather,  
And threaten'd oft, as some have heard him,  
In case he grumbled, to discard him ;  
Yet every Tuesday cramm'd a crew  
Of pantile parsons, God knows who,  
Whilst his poor father, now at ease,  
Was glad to feed on bread and cheese :  
For which, and other things as bad,  
Returning from the cavalcade,  
His courser gave him such a cant,  
That broke the noddle of the saint,  
And would have given his brains a bruise,  
But that he'd none to hurt or lose.

Next these, who, like to blazing stars,  
 Portend domestic feuds and wars,  
 Came Managers and Bank Directors,  
 King-killers, Monarchy-electors,  
 And votaries for Lord Protectors ;  
 That, had old subtle Satan spread  
 His net o'er all the cavalcade,  
 He might at one surprising pull,  
 Have filled his lower dominions full  
 Of atheists, rebels, Whigs, and traitors,  
 Reforming knaves, and regulators,  
 And eas'd at once this land of more  
 And greater plagues than Egypt bore."

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## SONG LVIII.

**Kirn-Milk Geordie.**

THIS is an uncommonly clever and shrewd old song, possesses much liveliness and humour, and the allegory, though rather too easily unriddled, has the same sly appropriation with the rest. It is evident, that by "Donald the Piper" is represented the Highland clans. "Jockie" is John Bull, or the English ; and "douce Sawney" is the Scots Lowlanders. Who is meant by "the aumry cook" I have not been able to discover ; but it is likely to have been some of King George's household, whom they had supposed favoured the exiled family.

" Then down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie !  
 He maun hame but stocking or shoe,  
 To nump his neeps, his sybows and leeks,  
 And a wee bit bacon to help the broo,"

is such a picture of the pinching poverty of a German potentate as is not to be met with in as few words, while, at the same time, the humour is heightened by the sly allusion to the enormous

favourite in the “wee bit bacon.” The song is popular, and would likely have been more so, had the tune been good, which is rather indifferent and common-place. In general there went only to be two verses of it sung.

## SONG LIX.

**Come, let us drink a Health, Boys,**

Is rather a common-place, long song, but to a primitive air, which I suppose belongs exclusively to the song, though it is evidently the original from which *Cawder Fair* is imitated, as well as another one in *Johnson's Museum*. This is likewise a song of 1714, it having been in that year that the Princess Sophia, the grand-daughter of James VI. died.

## SONG LX.

**Donald Macgillavry.**

THIS is one of the best songs that ever was made, and manifestly alludes to one of the risings either in 1715 or 1745. The Clan-Macgillavry is only a subordinate one, so that the name seems taken to represent the whole of the Scottish clans by a comical patronymic, that could not give offence to any one, nor yet render any clan particularly obnoxious to the other party, by the song being sung in mixed assemblies. It may, however, have been written in allusion to that particular clan, small as it was, as we see Macgillavry of Drumglass mentioned in some copies of the *Chevalier's Muster-Roll*, as one of the chiefs that was coming on his part. There was, besides, one gentleman of the name (John Macgillavry) tried at Liverpool, and executed at Preston on the 10th of January, 1716; and in the year 1745-6, the brave and powerful clan of M'Intosh were led by a Colonel Macgillavry, for the name belongs to the Clan-Chattan, of which M'Intosh is the

head : therefore a bard connected with that associated clan may have written it. I am, however, disposed to think, that by that single name all the Highlanders are meant. It is a capital old song, and very popular.

#### SONG LXI.

#### *Jamie the Rober*

Is another song in celebration of the Chevalier de St. George's birth-day ; and there can be little doubt that it alludes to the very same festival on which Song XLIX. had been composed, as that likewise is said to be at Auchindown, on the tenth of June. This place is likewise mentioned in the old song of *The Haughs of Cromdale*, where it is denominated a *town* ; a term quite improperly applied, save for the rhyme. One is naturally curious to know where this place, so celebrated in Jacobite song for its loyalty, is. It is neither more nor less than an old ruinous castle in Glen-Fiddich, in Banffshire ; and it would appear that these festivals in honour of the exiled sovereign had been among the last entertainments given there, for about that very time the castle ceased to be inhabited, and we hear of the knights of Auchindown no more. The building is extremely ancient : no one knows in what age it was built, or by whom. At a very early period it belonged to the Ogilvies ; but in the year 1535 it came into the possession of the family of Gordon, and of that name there have been both knights and lords of Auchindown. It stands on a bold and commanding situation, on the top of a green mound that overhangs the Fiddich ; and in the central apartment of the castle there is a piece of curious and admirable workmanship, in grand and Gothic style.

## SONG LXII.

*The Curses.*

THIS song reminds one of the string of anathemas that forced Dr. Slop to feign asleep, and set my uncle Toby to whistle *Lillabullero*. “Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,” said my uncle Toby, “but nothing to this.” It seems to have been written by some Cavalier, in the height of despise and indignation.

“Curs’d be the parliament that day,  
Who gave the first occasion.”

Our Scottish royalists had a wretched opinion of the English parliament. Nothing can be better than George Lockhart’s description of it :

“And as what I have said will be found a just enough character of the people of England’s notions of liberty and government in general, the members of the House of Commons are much of the same temper, and manage their affairs after the same manner. For though all of them are vested with equal powers, a very few of the most active and pragmatical, by persuading the rest that nothing is done without them, do lead them by the nose, and make mere tools of them, to serve their own ends. And this, I suppose, is owing to the manner and way of electing the members : for, being entirely in the hands of the populace, they for the most part choose those who pay best ; so that many are elected who very seldom attend the house, give themselves no trouble in business, and have no design in being chosen, even at a great expense, but to have the honour of being called Parliament-men. On the other hand, a great many are likewise elected who have no concern for the interest of their country, and, being either poor or avaricious, aim at nothing but enriching themselves ; and hence it is that no assembly under heaven does produce so many fools and knaves. The House of Commons is represented as a wise and august assembly : what it was long ago I shall not say, but in our days it is full of disorder and confusion. The members that are



capable and mindful of business are few in number, and the rest mind nothing at all. When there's a party job to be done, they'll attend, and make a hideous noise like Bedlamites ; but if the house is to enter on business, such as giving of money or making of public laws, they converse so loud with one another in private knots, that nobody can know what is doing except a very few, who for that purpose sit near the clerk's table ; or they leave the house, and the men of business, as they call them, to mind such matters."

#### SONG LXIII.

##### **Perfidious Britain**

Is a middling good old song, and one, among many others, that I got among Mr. Scott's original papers. I do not always understand what the bard means ; but as he seems to have been an ingenious though passionate writer, I take it for granted that he knew perfectly well himself what he would have been at, so I have not altered a word from the manuscript, which is in the hand-writing of an amanuensis of Mr. Scott's, the most incorrect transcriber, perhaps, that ever tried the business.

#### SONG LXIV.

##### **The Thistle of Scotland.**

THIS is a modern song, and the only one that is in the volume, to my knowledge. It had no right to be here, for it is a national, not a Jacobite song ; but I inserted it out of a whim, to vary the theme a little. It is an excellent song, though professedly an imitation ; and, when tolerably sung, never misses of having a good effect among a company of Scots people. It has been published as mine in several collections ; I wish it were : but I am told that it was written by Mr. Sutherland, land surveyor, a gentleman of whom I know nothing, save that he is the author of some other popular songs.

## SONG LXV.

**Frae the Friends and Land I Love**

Is copied from *Johnson's Museum*. A song of no great merit ; but both words and air are affectingly simple.

## SONG LXVI.

**Here's to the King, Sir,**

THOUGH apparently a song of no merit, is exceedingly popular, and always has been so from the time of its first appearance, which, from the allusion to the King of Sweden, seems to have been about the period of which we are treating. It must have been owing to the celebrated old air of *Hey tutti tatti*, to which this song is sung, that it became so popular. The best song that ever was written, if set to a bad tune, must sink into oblivion.

## SONG LXVII.

**The Cuckoo**

Is a delightful little allegorical song, to an air highly appropriate. I never saw it either in print or manuscript, but have heard it sung frequently since ever I recollect. It must have been a great favourite in the last age, for about the time when I first began to know one song from another, all the old people that could sing at all sung *The Cuckoo's a bonny Bird*. There are many more verses, but I could not find them. I took these two verbatim from a shrewd idiot, or one whom we denominated much better in broad Scots, "a half-daft man," named William Dodds, who gave it as a quotation in a mock discourse, which he was accustomed to deliver to the boys and lasses in the winter evenings,

to their infinite amusement, in the style and manner of a fervent preacher. It is not easy to discover where the similarity existed between the Chevalier and the cuckoo.

### SONG LXVIII.

#### *The Rebellious Crew.*

I copied this song from an old printed ballad which I found among Mr. Walter Scott's original Jacobite papers ; and the tune I took down from the singing of Mr. Thomas Brown, who said he had heard the song sung to it.

“ Her son is a poor matchless sot,  
His own papa ne'er lov'd him.”

That “his own papa ne'er lov'd him,” may be gathered from the following anecdotes, from Orford's *Reminiscences* :—

“One of the most remarkable occurrences in the reign of George I. was the open quarrel between him and his son, the Prince of Wales. Whence the dissension originated ; whether the Prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind against his father, or whether hatred of his father occasioned his devotion to her, I do not pretend to know. I do suspect, from circumstances, that the hereditary enmity in the house of Brunswick between the parents and their eldest sons, dated earlier than the divisions between the first two Georges. The Princess Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity. In the earlier part of her life she had professed much zeal for the deposed house of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of hers in print, addressed, I think, to the Chevalier de St. George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no prospect of being benefitted by the deposition of a crowned head, to choose to think royalty an indelible character. The Queen of Prussia, daughter of George I., lived and died an avowed Jacobite. The Princess Sophia, youngest child of the Queen of Bohemia, was consequently the most remote from any pretensions to the

British crown ; \* but no sooner had King William procured a settlement after Queen Anne on her Electoral Highness, than nobody became a stauncher Whig than the Princess Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the expelled Stuarts. It is certain, that during the reign of Anne, the Elector George was inclined to the Tories ; though, after his mother's death and his own accession, he gave himself to the opposite party. But if he and his mother espoused different factions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her grandson, the Electoral Prince ; † and it is true, that the demand made by the Prince of his writ of summons to the House of Lords as Duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was so offensive to Queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the Elector, his father. Were it certain, as was believed, that Bolingbroke and the Jacobites prevailed on the Queen ‡ to consent to her brother coming secretly to England, and to seeing him in her closet, she might have been induced to that step when provoked by an attempt to force a distant and foreign heir upon her while still alive.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

“ The reconciliation of the royal family was so little cordial, that I question whether the prince did not resent Sir Robert Walpole's return to the king's service. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland, that would in futurity have exceedingly

\* It is remarkable, that either the weak propensity of the Stuarts to Popery, or the visible connexion between regal and ecclesiastic power, had such operation on many of the branches of that family, who were at a distance from the crown of England, to wear which it is necessary to be a Protestant, that two or three of the daughters of the King and Queen of Bohemia, though their parents had lost everything in the struggle between the two religions, turned Roman Catholics ; and so did one or more of the sons of the Princess Sophia, brothers of the Protestant candidate, George I.

† Afterwards George II.

‡ I believe it was a fact that the poor weak Queen, being disposed even to cede the crown to her brother, consulted Bishop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the consequence of such a step. He replied, “ Madame, you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three.” This sentence, dictated by common sense, her Majesty took for inspiration, and dropped all thoughts of resigning the crown.



hampered the successor, as it was calculated to do ; nor do I affect to ascribe Sir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the Prince : personal and just views prompted his opposition, and the commoners of England were not less indebted to him than the Prince. Sunderland had devised a bill to restrain the crown from ever adding above six peers to a number limited. The actual peers were far from disliking the measure ; but Walpole, taking fire, instantly communicated his dissatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He spoke, he wrote, he persuaded, and the bill was rejected by the Commons with disdain, after it had passed the House of Lords.

“But the hatred of some of the junto at court had gone farther, horridly farther. On the death of George I., Queen Caroline found in his cabinet a proposal of the Earl of Berkeley, then, I think, First Lord of the Admiralty, to seize the Prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he should never be heard of more. This detestable project, copied probably from the Earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles II. with regard to his Queen, was in the handwriting of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the Earl of Harrington : and so deep was the impression deservedly made on the mind of George II. by that abominable paper, that all the favour of Lord Harrington, when Secretary of State, could never obtain the smallest boon to his brother, though but the subordinate transcriber. George I. was too humane to listen to such an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conspirators to leave such an instrument behind him : and if virtue and conscience will not check bold bad men from paying court by detestable offers, the king's carelessness or indifference in such an instance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect.

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“The Princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son. The Prince had intended his uncle, the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburg, should, with his Majesty, be godfathers. Nothing could equal the indignation of his Royal Highness, when the King named the Duke of Newcastle for second sponsor, and would hear of no other. The christening took place, as usual, in the Princess's



bed-chamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bed-chamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmother; on the other the Prince and the Princess's ladies. No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremony, than the Prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the Duke of Newcastle, and, holding up his hand and fore-finger in a menacing attitude, said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you:" meaning, in broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged."—"What was my astonishment," continued Lady Suffolk, "when going to the princess's apartment next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at my breast, and told me I must not pass! I urged, that it was my duty to attend the Princess. They said, 'No matter; I must not pass that way.'"

"In one word, the King had been so provoked at the Prince's outrage in his presence, that it had been determined to inflict a still greater insult on his Royal Highness. His threat to the Duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge; and, to prevent a duel, he had actually been put under arrest—as if a Prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject. The arrest was soon taken off; but at night the Prince and Princess were ordered to leave the palace, and retired to the house of her chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham, in Albemarle-street."

"And Feckie is an idiot,  
As they can swear who prov'd him."

The following anecdotes, from the same gossiping courtier, make this accusation look but too like the truth.

"The Queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakness: the behaviour of her eldest son was a real thorn. He early displayed his aversion to his mother, who perhaps assumed too much at first; yet it is certain, that her good sense, and the interest of her family, would have prevented, if possible, the mutual dislike of the father and the son, and their reciprocal contempt. As the opposition gave into all adulation towards the Prince, his ill-poised head and vanity swallowed all their incense. He even, early after his arrival, had listened to a high act of disobedience. Money he

soon wanted : old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, ever proud and ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Bedford, to the Prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the Duchess's lodge in the Park at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

“ Youth, folly, indiscretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large sum of ready money, might have offered something like a plea for so rash a marriage, had it taken place : but what could excuse, what indeed could provoke, the senseless and barbarous insult offered to the King and Queen, by Frederick's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night, when she was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent risk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaided palace and bed at St. James's ? Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing to kill his wife and the heir of the crown ? A baby that wounds itself to vex its nurse is not more void of reflection. The scene which commenced by unfeeling idiotism closed with paltry hypocrisy. The Queen, on the first notice of her son's exploit, set out for St. James's to visit the Princess by seven in the morning. The gracious Prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother ; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach—still dumb !—But a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her Majesty's hand. Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt.”

The following whimsical epitaph on this Prince I found among the papers of the Honourable Miss Rollo :

Here lies Prince Fede,  
Going down among the dead.  
Had it been his father,  
We had much rather ;  
Had it been his mother,  
Better than any other ;

Had it been his sister,  
 Few would have miss'd her ;  
 Had it been the whole generation,  
 Ten times better for the nation :  
 But since 'tis only Fede,  
 There's no more to be said.

## SONG LXIX.

**M y L a d d i e .**

I GOT this song likewise among Mr. Scott's manuscripts, and collated it with one in young Dalguise's collection. I likewise got several copies of it from other quarters. Some of my correspondents may wonder that I do not acknowledge their favours, when they see the songs which they sent me inserted ; but, save in a few instances of rare songs, this is impossible. Exclusive of casual correspondences, I have amassed upwards of twenty collections of MS. songs, and in all of these numbers of the songs are repeated. This is rather a good song ; I am sure the bard who composed it thought it so, and believed that he had produced some of the most sublime verses that had ever been sung since the days of Homer.

## SONG LXX.

**Geordie Whelps' Testament.**

I GOT likewise innumerable copies of this whimsical and ridiculous song. Mr. Scott's copy was the one principally adhered to. For an account of the respectable personages mentioned at the end of the song, see notes on *The Sow's Tail to Geordie*.

## SONG LXXI.

**O, Royal James,**

THOUGH one of the best rhymed of the old songs, is nevertheless an overcharged and outrageous composition. It is in many MS. collections. I know nothing about the air, never having heard it till I got this copy sent me from a Jacobite lady. It is apparently Scottish.

## SONG LXXII.

**The Auld Stuarts back again.**

THIS song seems to have been composed on the very eve of the breaking out of the rebellion in 1715 ; at which time Ayr, Irvine, Kilmarnock, and all the western towns, were very active in raising men for the defence of the Protestant succession, which had moved the spleen of those who adhered to the Stuarts. The latter part of the song alludes to the famous hunting in the forest of Brae-Mar, which the Earl of Mar contrived as a pretence for bringing the Jacobite nobles both of the south and the north together. It was concerted among them, that *Hunting* should be the watch-word by which the design of their meeting might be understood to one another, and not to any one else, lest their letters and notifications should fall into the hands of government. Accordingly, many chiefs arrived daily, and they continued the hunt among these wild mountains, covered with pines, deer, and roes, to this day ; and at length, on the 26th of August, he called a council at the castle of Brae-Mar, where appeared “the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son to the Duke of Gordon ; the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son to the Duke of Athol ; the Earls of Nithsdale, Mareschal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, Linlithgow, and several others : the Viscounts of Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormount ; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairn ; with a good many gentlemen of interest in

the Highlands, amongst whom were the two generals Hamilton and Gordon, Glenderule, Auldbair, Auchterhouse, Glengary, and others from the clans."

### SONG LXXIII.

#### **Down among the Dead Men**

Is a song and air with which I am quite unacquainted. I got it among the songs sent me by young Dalguise.

### SONG LXXIV.

#### **Robin John Clark**

I got in the same collection. It is a good song, with an appropriate tune. But though I found them in an old Highland MS. neither of them have any thing characteristic of Scotland. I am disposed to think both are English.

### SONG LXXV.

#### **Both Sides the Tweed**

Is a beautiful song, to the old Scottish air of *Tweedside*. I have been unable to find any key to the names of the authors of these songs, but hope at the end of the work to add a list of a part of them.

### SONG LXXVI.

#### **The Fifth of November.**

THIS song is improperly named from the first line. It should have been called THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY, as it is main-



festly a festival song in honour of the Restoration. It likewise mentions the birth-day of the Chevalier, and the horrid iniquity of keeping from him his rights. One of the songs in the Beggar's Opera was made to this old air.

#### SONG LXXVII.

##### *The Bonny Moorhen.*

I took this beautiful little song from the same source with *The Cuckoo's a bonny Bird*, namely, from Willie Dodds's preaching. The allegory is, like the former, perfectly inapplicable, but there can be no doubt who is meant. Had it been a moorcock the likeness would have been much better. The colours are supposed to allude to those in the tartans of the Clan-Stuart. The route that the poet wished his moorhen to take is beyond all reason, and must have been sung wrong. If any eastern glen had been taken instead of Glenduich, it might not have been far from the Chevalier's route from his place of landing to Scoon. It is visible, however, that the song is only a fragment. Whatever name the air may have undergone, the original name of it is *The Bonny Moorhen*.

#### SONG LXXVIII.

##### *The Wars of Scotland.*

THIS song is copied from Cromeek's work, where it first appeared. I am afraid it is not very ancient, as it bears strong marks of the hand of the ingenious Allan Cunninghame, one of the brightest poetical geniuses that ever Scotland bred, yet who, in that light, has been utterly neglected. I do not, however, take it on me to say that the song is modern ; but any one acquainted with Cunninghame's poetry will easily mark the strong resemblance. His manner is too peculiar ever to be mistaken for that of any other. However, under such authorities as Cromeek and Cunninghame,

it would have been blameable to have left so good a song out of the collection from bare suspicion. The air has always been known by another name than *The Waes of Scotland*: it is called *The Siller Crown*.

### SONG LXXIX.

#### **Lochmaben Gate.**

THIS is one of the ballads that may be traced to a particular day. It appears, by an extract given in Rae's History of the Rebellion, but from what work he does not say, that it alludes to a meeting that took place in May, 1714.

“Upon Saturday, the 27th of May, there was a great confluence of gentlemen and country people at Lochmaben, on the occasion of a horse-race there. Two plates, which were the prizes, had peculiar devices. The one had a woman with balances in her hand, the emblem of justice; and over her head was ‘*Justitia*,’ and at a little distance, ‘*Suum cuique*.’ The other had several men in a tumbling posture, and one eminent person erected above the rest; with that scripture, Ezekiel xxi. 27, ‘*I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him.*’

“After the race, the Popish and Jacobite gentry, such as Francis Maxwell of Tinwald, John Maxwell, his brother, Robert Johnston of Wamphray, Robert Carruthers of Ramerscales, the Master of Burleigh (who was under sentence of death for murder, and had made his escape out of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh a little before he was to have been executed), with several others whom I could name, went to the cross, where, in a very solemn manner, before hundreds of witnesses, with drum beating and colours displayed, they did upon their knees drink *their king's health*! The Master of Burleigh began the health with ‘God damn him that would not drink it,’ &c. The year before they had another such meeting on the same occasion, in the same place; and their plate had the king in the royal oak, with this inscription, ‘*God will*

*restore;*’ and medals were produced with the Pretender’s head on one side, with this motto, ‘*Cujus est,*’ and on the reverse Britannia, or the islands of Great Britain, with this inscription, ‘*Reddite.*’”

Mr. Rae does not mention that the Lords Winton and Rollo were present there at either of the meetings. I find, however, from another part of the history, that they were both in Annandale that year first mentioned ; and it is most probable that they had been at this notable race, else the elated ballad-monger would not have included them.

#### SONG LXXX.

### *Hame, Hame, Hame,*

Is likewise taken from Cromeck ; and sore do I suspect that we are obliged to the same masterly hand for it with the two preceding ones. The air, to which I have heard it sung very beautifully, seems to be a modification of the old tune of *Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow.*

#### SONG LXXXI.

### *Our ain Country.*

THIS is a genuine old song, and has long been popular ; so also is the air : but I am told that there is another very beautiful original air, which I have been unable to procure. I got very many different copies of the song ; but this one is taken, I believe, solely from Mr. Scott’s MS. collection.

## SONG LXXXII.

**Marilla,**

I GOT this likewise out of Mr. Scott's collection, though I had several other copies that varied from this but a very little. It is like an English composition ; but the air is Scottish, quite original, and belongs, for anything I know, exclusively to the song. This song, as well as the one that follows, is among a company a few years older than themselves ; but I wanted to get quit of all extraneous matters before entering upon the transactions of the year 1715.

## SONG LXXXIII.

**A South-Sea Ballad.**

A SONG on the same project with the foregoing, and composed to the excellent old English tune of *Sally in our Alley*, which has long been naturalised here, not from having had any shares in the Bank of Scotland, but solely on account of its unadorned simplicity of character, the first excellence in music of which the Scottish ear is susceptible. At a concert lately, I asked a countryman of my own if he was not delighted with the execution of the performers. "I canna say't, man," said he ; "my lugs winna tak' in that confusion o' sounds. I wadna hae gi'en ae verse o' *The Flowers o' the Forest* for a' I hae heard." I am sorry that it is not a very good set of this fine old air that I have given. Mr. Thomson's work contains a much better and more perfect one.

## SONG LXXXIV.

**O, Beautiful Britannia.**

THIS is the original song of *The bonny gray-ey'd Morning*. It is little wonder that it was never before published.

## SONG LXXXV.

**Nobody can deny.**

THIS is rather a good song, with a singular original ranting tune of one measure. It is rather a song in mockery of the national tenets and character than of any particular party.

## SONG LXXXVI.

**James, come kiss me now,**

I PRESERVED this song solely on account of the antiquity of the tune to which it is composed. There is not a more ancient one known of. In the “days o’ langsyne” it was highly popular as a psalm-tune.

## SONG LXXXVII.

**What Murrain now has ta’en the Whigs.**

THIS is a popular ballad, to an old original air ; but neither have ever been published. There must have been some great original collection of Jacobite songs, from which others copied what suited or pleased them. This song, with the three preceding ones, were all in Mr. W. Scott’s, Mr. John Steuart’s, Mr. J. Graham’s, and Mr. R. Gordon’s MS. collections.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**True Blue.**

I GOT this from Mr. Steuart’s collection. It is a lively, clever thing, but may perhaps have been a Whig song.



## SONG LXXXIX.

**Will ye go to Sheriffmuir.**

FOR this truly original song I am indebted to my valuable correspondent, Mr. John Graham. It has never before been published, but the air has long been popular, and I have often heard the first verse of the song sung, perhaps the first two, I am not certain. Had I only rescued six such pieces as this from oblivion, I conceive posterity should be obliged to me ; not on account of the intrinsic merit of the songs, but for the specimens left them of the music and poetry of the age, so ingeniously adapted to one another. I have no conception who “bauld John o’ Innisture” was. The other four noblemen mentioned in the first verse were among the principal leaders of the Highland army. It is likely, from the second stanza, where only three of the clans are mentioned, that some verses have been lost. These registers of names, in which the north country songs abound, are apt to be left out by a Lowland singer ; and if the song be preserved only traditionally, as this appears to have been, they can scarcely be retained with any degree of precision.

## SONG XC.

**The Chevalier’s Muster-Roll.**

THERE can be little doubt but this song, denominated *The Chevalier’s Muster-Roll*, has been made and sung about the time when the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James in the north ; but it is so far from being a complete list, that many of the principal chiefs are left out, as Athol, Breadalbane, Ogilvie, Keith, Stuart, &c., &c., &c. It therefore appears evident to me that it has been adapted for some festive meeting, where all the names of those present were introduced, without regard to the others ; and I have not the least doubt that every name mentioned in the song

applied to some particular person, though it is impossible, at this distance of time, to trace each one with certainty. By Jock and Tam may be meant the Lowlands in general ; but I find, more particularly, that there were two lowland gentlemen with Mar at that time, both exceedingly active in the cause. These were Mr. John Paterson of the secretary office, and Mr. Thomas Forrester. The former was the man who proclaimed King James at three different places, namely, Brae-Mar, Kirkmichael, and Logierait ; and the other carried his standard all that way. Well might the bard begin his muster-roll with their names. Mar himself, in a letter to the Earl of Breadalbane, calls the latter Tam Forrester. It is impossible to make any thing of the next four lines, containing seven christian names. It would be easy to get persons answering to them all, but the individual application could only be founded on vague conjecture.

“ Borland and his men’s coming.”

Borland was one of the chieftains of the M‘Intoshes, who raised himself two hundred men, as appears by a letter from Mar to Major-General Gordon. It was he, the brave and intrepid Brigadier M‘Intosh, who led his clan into Lothian, and, after many actions of great courage, and many marches and countermarches, was at last induced to join the English forces, and by their pusillanimity was involved in the general ruin of the party at Preston.

“ Cameron and M‘Lean’s coming.”

John Cameron of Lochiel and Sir John M‘Lean were the chiefs of these two clans ; but owing to many obstructions from the Argyle Campbells, they were among the latest of joining.

“ Gordon and M‘Gregor’s coming.”

The Marquis of Huntly, with many noblemen and gentlemen of that powerful name, were among the first to join, and, if all songs be true, among the first to run away, as will afterwards appear. Gregor M‘Gregor of Glengyle, and his uncle, Rob Roy M‘Gregor, led that wild clan to join Mar in Athol. They had high characters of bravery ; but, from their after-conduct, it is

evident that plunder was their chief motive in the part they acted. They could scarcely be supposed to be very hearty in the cause of a family, who, but a few ages before, had proscribed them as *lawless limmeris and mischief-making truantis*, and caused their name to be obliterated for ever.

“M‘Gillavry and a’s coming.”

In some copies, “M‘Gillavry of Drumglass is coming.” He was probably the celebrated Donald M‘Gillavry, head of one of the Clan-Chattan, or, as the Highlanders pronounce it, the *Clan-Khattanish*, a young gentleman of great spirit, and had considerable interest in the upper parts of Nairn and Moray shires : supposed to be the same Colonel M‘Gillavry who led the M‘Intoshes in 1745.

The third verse gives a list of Borderers that joined the cause, of whom we shall hear more fully hereafter.

“The laird of M‘Intosh is coming.”

The chief of the name, and captain of the powerful Clan-Chattan, consisting of ten clans all combined in one for their mutual defence. M‘Rabie is a clan, and even a name, of which I am utterly ignorant. There are patronymics among the Highlanders which no man can understand but themselves.

“——— M‘Donald’s coming.”

This is a shabby way of passing over the M‘Donald’s, who brought four powerful and distinct clans to the army, all about the same time. The follow letter shows their quotas.

“Perth, the 22d of November, 1715.

“Sir,

“Please to give meal or bread to Sir John M‘Lean’s battalion, consisting of three hundred and fifty men, for four days ; to Lochiel’s, consisting of four hundred ; to Appin’s, of one hundred and eighty ; to Sir Donald M‘Donald’s, of four hundred and thirty ; to Glengary’s, of three hundred ; to Clan-

Ranald's, of four hundred ; to Keppoch's, of two hundred and fifty ; and this shall be your warrant.

“ ALEX. GORDON.

“ To Mr. Colin Simpson,  
“ Commissary of Provisions.”

“ M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,  
And the wild M'Craw's coming.”

The M'Kenzies are a powerful but scattered clan : Lord Seaforth led them and the M'Craws. The latter is a wild rude clan, who chiefly inhabit the district of Kintail ; but, what is quite an anomaly among the clans, they have no chief of the same name, nor ever had one, having always acknowledged Seaforth as their head. To his house they were ever most firmly attached, though they hated the rest of the name, and were jealous of them. The M'Phersons of Badenoch belong to the Clan-Chattan, and were the next to the M'Intoshes in power. They sometimes claimed the superiority. Cluny is their chief,

“ Donald Gun and a's coming.”

There are a few scattered families of this name chiefly in Ross-shire. But this seems to be introduced here merely for its singularity ; the list being thus artfully wound up by the drollest sounding name of the whole.

These two last songs bring me again back to the Highlands, to which the greater part of my future researches in this work must be confined. Many of the foregoing songs relate to the struggles of the two parties in the cabinet : those that follow relate to their struggles in the field, and the woes, destructions, and sufferings that ensued. The Highlanders are collected, and the next volume begins, of course, with the battle of Sheriffmuir.

# APPENDIX.

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## PART I.

### Jacobite Songs.

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#### A Tory in a Whig's Coat.

TUNE—"Up wi' Ailie."

WHAT, still, ye Whigs, uneasy?  
Will nothing cool your brain,  
Unless great Charles, to please ye,  
Will let ye drive his wain?  
Then up wi' Prance and Oates,  
And up wi' knaves a pair,  
But down wi' him that votes  
Against a lawful heir.

Your grievance is removed,  
Old Stafford's made a saint,  
Though you but little proved,  
The carle away you sent.  
Then up wi' a' your spight,  
And show us what you mean;  
I fear me, by this light,  
You long to vent your spleen.

That peerless House of Commons,  
So zealous for the Lord,  
Meant piously, with some on's,  
To flesh the godly sword.  
Then up wi' a' the leaven,  
Wi' each dissenting loon,  
And up wi' bully Stephen,  
But Colledge is gane down.



What wad these loons hae had ?  
 What makes 'em still to mutter ?  
 I think they're a' gane mad,  
 They keep sae great a clutter.  
 Then up wi' Pilk and Shute,  
 Another blessed pair ;  
 And up wi' every brute,  
 But chiefly Gotham's Mayor.

Our Salamanca priest  
 Hath left his flock in haste,  
 And shrewdly in the mist,  
 Which makes us all aghast.  
 Then up wi' lads o' worth,  
 Wi' Baldwin, Pile, and Eare ;  
 For these must now *hold forth*,  
 And Dick shall nose a prayer.

But is our parson gane,  
 And whether gane, I trow ?  
 What, back again to Spain ?  
 Gude faith, e'en let him go.  
 Then up wi' blundering S.,  
 The Tories' plague, I trow ;  
 'Tis he our cause must bless  
 With *Characters*, and so.

But scurvy Heraclitus,  
 And Roger too is rude,  
 And Nat, wha plagues poor Titus,  
 Which makes us chew the cud.  
 Then up wi' associations,  
 Remonstrances, and libels ;  
 'Tis these must save three nations,  
 And will preserve our Bibles.

The Polish Fox does seem  
 To sleep his time away,  
 But his pernicious dream  
 Is only to betray.  
 Then up wi' How the mole,  
 And many more that be ;  
 But up wi' little *Pole*  
 Upon the highest *tree*.

Heraclitus is a debtor  
 To some within the city,

Who sent him sic a letter,  
 He'll pay them in a ditty.  
 Then up wi' a' Dissenters,  
 Up wi' them in a cart ;  
 And up wi' him that ventures  
 His majesty to thwart.

But now great York is come,  
 Whom Heaven still be with ;  
 You'll find, both all and some,  
 'Tws ill to show your teeth.  
 Then up wi' every Roundhead,  
 And every factious brother ;  
 Your luck is now confounded,  
 You a' maun up thegither.

### **John Hielandman's Visit to the Quarter Session.**

HER nain sel' tell te strangest story  
 Tat e'er was heard py Whig or Tory,  
 She strange peyond expressions ;  
 More sights pe nowhere to pe seen  
 In any land (Cot save te Queen !)  
 As pe at quarter sessions.

Te rogs she saw in tat same place,  
 Tem would te gibbet quite disgrace ;  
 What pity she would want tem !  
 But how te deol tey comed tere,  
 Her nain sel' shall in prief declare,  
 And how her did recant tem.

Up stairs she went, tat where as proad,  
 And tirty too, as Hieland road,  
 Or any street of city :  
 Her nain sel' to te shentles said,  
 His majesty keep no housemaid,  
 She tink, te more te pity.

When her was up, she did discern  
 A shamber pigger tan a parn,  
 Where many folks did stand :

Och but hersel' was frighted quite,  
It was so strange and crim a sight,  
Wit long tings in him's hand.

When she comed in she made her pow :  
"Coot mans," she said, "how do you do ?  
"And which of you's te king ?"  
One nodded wi' his wozen'd pow,  
One cloom'd like ony pruiokit crow,  
Put answered her no ting.

At last comed py praw shentleman,  
And she made her to understan'  
She noting to pe fear'd.  
She says, "Come on, and follow me :  
"She'll show her straught her majestie,  
"For tese pe put her guard."

Cot's life ! not a' te Hieland fair  
Could show more numper tan pe tere,  
Still clowring and still powing.  
Fait her might swear, and no lie tell,  
Tey wearier far tan her nain sel'  
Wit treshing or wit plowing.

No ants could faster lead or trive,  
Or pees cang pumming fro te hive :  
She marvel tey not tizzy.  
Och ! sure te nation's creat affair  
Lies heavily upon teir care,  
Her look so wise and pusy.

At length her majesty comed pen,  
Not taller much tan Hielandmen :  
Cot ! how her nain sel' feel'd !  
Wit only clowring on him's face,  
She trembled like a love-sick lass,  
Just on te point to yield.

She some way look'd apove te rest,  
Though not py half so finely tress'd ;  
Which made her fall a swearing,  
"Cot's tamn be on him's parliament.  
"Tat will not let her pay him's rent !  
"What's cold put for him's wearing ?"

A ribbon praw comed cross pefore,  
 Such as M'Connal's prideman wore ;  
     At end of her was hung  
 A curious ting, tat shin'd more pright  
 Tan Madline's e'e, or morning light,  
     When cilded py him's sun.

Put now te news she tell pe cood :  
 Hard py him's side a lennoch stood,  
     Tat look so trim and cay,  
 As if she pe not cuilty ting,  
 Nor ever wish'd to pe a king,  
     Unless a king of May.

Her was te same, our vicar said,  
 For treason should pe lose him's head :  
     For which te mony pound  
 Py proclamation offer'd was  
 To any man should take her grace  
     On any Kerson croud.

One Sunday morn, she might remember,  
 Her pe te twanty of September,  
     Our parson read a ting,  
 How tis same spark—te vengeance on him !—  
 Wit forty mair, would take upon him  
     To kill him's gracious king.

Put scant te silly frightened swain  
 Tat meets te wolf upon te plain  
     Was so aghast wit fear :  
 "Cot ! if her majesty," says she,  
 "Does keep no petter company,  
     " She'll stay nae langer here."

Te man tat prought her in ten said,  
 And pull'd her py te tartan plaid,  
     "Pe shentles, hear put reason :  
 "Her was te What-d'ye-ca't, 'tis true  
 "Put's parton mak'd her free as you  
     "From knavery or treason."

"Whaw ! whaw !" quod she, "a pretty nick,  
 "To make rogue honest py a trick  
     " So often try in vain !

“ If pull pe core her plood and pones,  
 “ Ne trust him dhevilish bhaist wit horns  
 “ To core her o’er ackain.  
 “ She’ll to her Hieland hills ackain,  
 “ Where honest men pe honest men,  
 “ And rogue pe hung for rogue.  
 “ Cot’s plood ! were she her Majesty,  
 “ Ere lennoch more should countenanc’d pe,  
 “ She’d swing him like her tog.”

### Albany.

LET the cannons roar from sea to shore,  
 And trumpets sound triumphantly ;  
 We’ll fare in wealth, while we drink a health  
 To the high-born Prince of Albany,  
 Of Albany, of Albany,  
 To the high-born Prince of Albany :  
 We’ll fare in wealth, while we drink a health  
 To the high-born Prince of Albany.

He’s a true son of fair Scotland,  
 Though his nativity be Thames ;  
 He’s from the glorious martyr sprung,  
 And bears the name of good King James,  
 Of good King James, &c.

Our princes and our nobles a’  
 Do not our loyalty disgrace ;  
 Wi’ him they’ll stand, wi’ him they’ll fa’,  
 For he’s a prince of royal race,  
 Of royal race, &c.

Let Hagar and her birth be gone,  
 Her bottle on her shoulder be ;  
 For Sarah said unto her son,  
 He shall not be an heir with thee,  
 An heir with thee, &c.

I know not why he should be king,  
 Unless for mustering of the Whigs ;  
 No wonder that they act the thing,  
 He spar’d them well at Bothwell Brigs,  
 At Bothwell Brigs, &c.



Put all these fancies quite away,  
 And press down the Egyptian pride :  
 Before he wants a seigniory,  
 We'll place him king on Yarrow side,  
 On Yarrow side, &c.

### **The Cannons now are at a Stand.**

THE cannons now are at a stand,  
 And ever more, I hope, shall be ;  
 For Scotland will be help at hand  
 For great James, Duke of Albany.  
 For Scotland, &c.

A braver nation he can't have,  
 For love, for truth, for loyalty :  
 Each man will fight into his grave  
 For great James, Duke of Albany.  
 Each man, &c.

A soldier stout is he, and brave,  
 As ever any man did see.  
 God bless the King and Queen, and save  
 Our great James, Duke of Albany !  
 God bless, &c.

He very wise and pious is,  
 There's no man knows the contrary ;  
 Then damn'd be he that thinks amiss  
 Of great James, Duke of Albany.  
 Then damn'd, &c.

All loyal subjects him must love,  
 The heir apparent still is he ;  
 Next to the King, there's none above  
 Our great James, Duke of Albany.  
 Next to the King, &c.

Then let our reason still bear sway,  
 And every man upon his knee—  
 I do not mean to drink, but pray  
 For great James Duke of Albany.  
 I do not mean, &c.

There's no man is so mad as think  
 That drinking can availing be :  
 'Tis better far to fight than drink,  
 For great James, Duke of Albany.  
 'Tis better, &c.

Yet do not think I'll baulk his health,  
 But with my cup, most moderately,  
 I'll drink : I'll fight, and spend my wealth,  
 For great James, Duke of Albany.  
 I'll drink, &c.

### The Removal of the Parliament from London to Oxford.

YE London lads, be merry,  
 Your parliament friends are gane,  
 That made us a' sae sorry,  
 And wadna let us alane,  
 But 'peach'd us every ane,  
 Baith Papist and Protestant too ;  
 But to Oxford they are gane,  
 And the deil gang wi' them, I trow.

Our gude King Charles, Heaven bless him,  
 Protector of Albany's right,  
 Receiv'd frae the house sic a lesson,  
 'T had like to set us at strife :  
 But Charles he swore by his life,  
 He'd have nae mair sic ado ;  
 And he pack'd them off, by this light,  
 And the deil gang wi' them, I trow.

There's Essex, and Jamie the cully,  
 Were muckle to blame, I dread,  
 With Shaftesbury, that State's bully,  
 And a' the factious breed ;  
 And wital Grey ; gude deed,  
 Wha kens what his wife does now,  
 And hauds the door for a need :  
 But the deil will reward them, I trow.

Fool Thin, and half-witted M——th,  
 With L——ce, and slabbering Kent,

With goggling fly-catching B——,  
 That ne'er knew yet what he meant ;  
 And St——rd follows the scent,  
 And politic Armstrong, and How :  
 And they a' a petitioning went,  
 And the deil's gane wi' them, I trow.

May Heaven protect great Albany,  
 Guide him frae pistol and gun,  
 And a' the plots of Anthony,  
 That auld malicious baboon,  
 Though shamm'd on the Pope o' Rome,  
 As Dugdale and Oates do avow ;  
 But in time they'll hang the fause loon,  
 And the deil gang wi' him, I trow.

### Donald Cowper.

A BONNY lad came to the court,  
 His name was Donald Cowper,  
 And he petition'd to the king,  
 That he might be a trooper.  
 He said that he, by land and sea,  
 Had fought to admiration,  
 And with Montrose had many blows,  
 Both for his king and nation.

The king did his petition grant,  
 And said he lik'd him dearly,  
 Which ga'e to Donald mair content  
 Than twenty shillings yearly.  
 This honest laird rode in the guard,  
 And lov'd a strong beer barrel ;  
 Was stout enough to fight and cuff,  
 But was not given to quarrel.

But on a Saturday at e'en,  
 He walked in the Park, sir,  
 And there he met twa burly Whigs,  
 When it was almost dark, sir,  
 " O, blessed day ! we've caught a prey ;  
 " We'll maul him wonder sairly.  
 " And wha," they said, " are ye for, blade ?"  
 Quo' he, " I'm for King Charlie."

“ The Lord into our hand this day  
 “ Has this our foe deliver’d ;  
 “ We’ll smite him hip and thigh,” quo’ they,  
 “ The Lord our cause has favour’d.”  
 Then, in a crack, they hit a smack  
 On Donald’s face right fairly ;  
 But Donald lap, and wap for wap  
 He laid about him rarely.

He clour’d the Whigs, and crack’d their crowns,  
 And gart them rin awa, sir ;  
 I wat, o’ him the surly loons  
 Could naething mak’ at a’, sir  
 Then let us sing, Long live the king !  
 And, Long live every trooper !  
 And may each big and burly Whig  
 Meet wi’ a Donald Cowper.

### Information.

TUNE—“ Conventicles are grown so brief.”

1 6 7 8 .

INFORMING of late is a notable trade :  
 For he that his neighbour intends to invade,  
 May pack him to Tyburn, no more’s to be said ;  
 Such power hath information.  
 Be good, and be just, and fight for your king,  
 Or stand for your country’s honour,  
 And you’re sure by precise information to swing,  
 Such spells she hath got upon her.

To six hundred and sixty from forty-one,  
 She left not a bishop nor clergyman,  
 But compelled both Church and State to run,  
 By the strength of the Nonconformist.  
 The dean and the chapter, the sceptre and crown,  
 (The Lords and Commons snarling,)  
 By blest information came tumbling down ;  
 Fair fruits of an over-long parling.

'Twas this that summon'd the bodkins all,  
 The thimbles and spoons, to the city hall,  
 When St. Hugh to the babes of grace did call,  
     To prop up the cause that was sinking :  
 This made the cobbler take the sword,  
     The pedlar, and the weaver ;  
 By the power of the spirit, and not by the word,  
     Made the tinker wear cloak and beaver.

'Tis information from Valladolid  
 Makes Jesuits, monks, and friars to bleed ;  
 Decapitates lords ; and what not, indeed,  
     Doth such damnable information ?  
 It cities burnt, and stuck not to boast,  
     Without any mincing or scruple,  
 Of forty thousand black bills by the post  
     Brought in with the devil's pupil.

This imp, with her jealousies and fears,  
 Sets all men together by the ears,  
 Strikes at religion, and kingdoms tears,  
     By voting against the brother :  
 This makes abhorrrers, makes lords protest,  
     They know not why nor wherefore :  
 This strikes at succession, but aims at the rest ;  
     Pray look about you, therefore.

This raiseth armies in the air,  
 Imagining more than you need have to fear,  
 Keeps horse under ground and armies to tear  
     The cities and towns in sunder.  
 'Twas this made the knight to Newark run,  
     With his *fidus Achates* behind him ;  
 Who brought for the father one more like the son,  
     The devil and zeal did so blind him.

It strips, it whips, it hangs it draws,  
 It pillories also without any cause,  
 By falsely informing the judges and laws,  
     By a trick from Salamanca.  
 This hurly-burlies all the town,  
     Makes Smith and Harris prattle,  
 Who spare neither cassock, cloak, nor gown,  
     In their paltry tittle-tattle.

'Tis information affrights us all,  
 By information we stand or fall,



Without information there's no plot at all,  
 And all is but information.  
 That Pickering stood in the park with a gun,  
 And Godfrey by Berry was strangled ;  
 'Twas by information such stories began,  
 Which the nation so much have entangled.

### The Present State of England.

TUNE—"It was in the Prime of Cucumber Time."

1 6 7 8 .

JACK PRESBYTER'S up, and hopes at one swoop  
 To swallow kings, bishops, and all, O ;  
 The mitre and crown must both tumble down,  
 Or the kingdom, he tells you will fall, O.  
 Sure 'tis a hard fate, that to prop up the State,  
 We must pull down the State religion ;  
 But the saints have a new one, more holy and true one,  
 Compos'd of a Fox and a Widgeon.

An engine they've got, call'd a damn'd Popish Plot,  
 Which will bring in a th'rough reformation ;  
 Which, though it be fable, mads all the poor rabble,  
 And puts out of wits half the nation.  
 Thus their work's quickly done ; for each mother's son  
 That to church or the king is loyal,  
 Shall straight be indicted, or else be sore frightened,  
 To be brought to their fiery trial.

'Tis no more but pretend he's to Popery a friend ;  
 The brethren cry 'loud he's a traitor,  
 And their evidences bring against him pretences,  
 And all of a treasonable nature.  
 Th' impeachers are such, so honourable and rich,  
 That no bribe can to falsehood invite 'em :  
 Though they contradict themselves, and everybody else,  
 A good lusty vote still can right 'em.

No matter for blood, their oaths shall stand good,  
 In despite of all circumstances ;  
 The city-cabals say they cannot swear false,  
 And each pamphlet their honour enhances.

Who dares to deny but one single lie  
 Of the many they swear on their credit,  
 Must down on his knees, is rebuk'd, and pays fees,  
 And must cry "*Peccavi* : I did it."

If any's so bold their tricks to unfold,  
 Or offers to prove them liars,  
 Straight up steps another, and swears for 's rogue brother,  
 And flings the poor wretch in the briers.  
 Then villains about ten, the worst scum of men,  
 While the godly party maintain 'em,  
 All England do govern, and each such a sovereign,  
 The king must not speak against 'em.

Old Noll and 's dad Nick have taught 'em a trick,  
 To make plots and then to reveal them ;  
 Thus runs round the jig of a politic Whig,  
 Sure pardon if they don't conceal 'em.  
 Then inspir'd they bring in, for sad men of sin,  
 Any one that is honest and loyal ;  
 But if pardon's denied, all flock on Fitz' side,  
 To hector the mercy royal.

Thus most men, for fears, dare not for their ears,  
 But Whig and his rout to second,  
 Which if they refuse, they're far worse than Jews,  
 And Papists and traitors are reckon'd.  
 And every poor ape who for changes does gape,  
 And to be preferr'd by the party,  
 To help Good Old Cause stretches wide his lean jaws,  
 With loud lies to shew himself hearty.  
 And those worthies three, Care, Vile, and Langley,  
 Do publish as fast as they make 'em :  
 Their being in print signifies something in't,  
 And the rabble for gospel mistake 'em.

Meanwhile Pendant laughs, and at Byter scoffs,  
 And at 's hot-headed zeal does flout, O,  
 The coxcomb to see thus shaking the tree,  
 While he's ready to gather the fruit, O,  
 Let Papists be hang'd and Presbyters damn'd,  
 And may goggle-eyed traitors all perish ;  
 But let true hearts still sing, Long live Charles our king,  
 The Church and the State to cherish.

## Titus Telltroth.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

1678.

HAIL to the Knight of the Post,  
 To Titus, the chief of the town ;  
 Titus, who vainly did boast  
 Of the Salamanca gown ;  
 Titus, who saw the world o'er,  
 From the tower of Valladolid,  
 Yet stood in the White-Horse door,  
 And swore to it like a creed.

Titus at Watton, in May,  
 To Titus at Islington ;  
 And Titus, the self-same day,  
 Both here and there again.  
 Titus, who never swore truth,  
 His politic plots to maintain,  
 And never yet baulked an oath,  
 When call'd to the test again.

Then Titus was meekest of all,  
 When never a penny in 's purse,  
 And oft did on Pickering call,  
 His charity to imburse.  
 But when he swore damnable oaths,  
 And lying esteem'd no sin,  
 Then Titus was one of those  
 Whom the devil had entered in.

Then Titus, the frown of heaven,  
 And Titus, a plague upon earth ;  
 Titus, who'll ne'er be forgiven,  
 Curs'd from his fatal birth ;  
 Titus, the curse and the doom  
 Of the rich and the poor man too ;  
 Oh ! Titus, thou *shred of a loom*,  
 What a plague dost thou mean to do ?

Titus, an orthodox beast,  
 And Titus, a Presbyter tall ;

Titus, a Popish priest,  
 And Titus, the shame of them all ;  
 Titus, who ne'er had the skill  
 The wise with his plots to deceive ;  
 But Titus, whose *Tongue* can kill,  
 Whom nature has made a slave.

Titus, the light of the town,  
 Where zealots and Whigs do resort ;  
 Titus, the shame of the gown,  
 And Titus, the scorn of the court ;  
 Titus, who spewed out the truth,  
 To swallow the Covenant,  
 But never yet blush'd at an oath ;  
 Whom lying has made a saint.

Yet Titus believed could be  
 Against any Popish lord,  
 Whilst still against Shaftesbury  
 The witness and truth's abhorr'd.  
 So Titus got credit and gold  
 For lying, and thought it no sin ;  
 But against Dissenters bold  
 The truth is not worth a pin.

Thus Titus swore on apace  
 'Gainst those whom he never did see ;  
 Yet Titus, with brazen face,  
 Would our *preserver* be.  
 But as Titus, the foreman in trust,  
 Discover'd this mystery.  
 May Titus so be the first  
 That leads to the triple-tree.

### **Ignoramus.**

TUNE—"Lay by your Pleading."

1679.

SINCE reformation  
 'S with Whigs in fashion,  
 There's neither equity nor justice i' the nation :

Against their furies  
 There no such cure is,  
 As lately hath been wrought by Ignoramus Juries.  
 Compaction of faction,  
 That breeds but distraction,  
 Is at the zenith point, but will not bear an action.  
 They sham us, and flam us,  
 And ram us, and damn us,  
 And then, in spite of law, come off with Ignoramus.

Oh ! how they plotted,  
 Birmingham's voted,  
 And all the *mobile* the Holy Cause promoted ;  
 They preach'd up treason  
 At every season,  
 And taught the multitude, rebellion was but reason ;  
 With breaches, impeaches,  
 And most loyal speeches.  
 With royal blood again to glut the thirsty leeches.  
 They sham us, &c.

'Tis such a jury  
 Would pass no Tory,  
 Were he as innocent as a saint in glory ;  
 But let a brother  
 Ravish his mother,  
 Assassinate his king, he would find no other.  
 They shamed and blamed,  
 At loyalists aimed,  
 But when a Whig's reprieved, the town with beacons flamed.  
 They sham us, &c.

This Ignoramus,  
 With which they sham us,  
 Would fain against a York raise up a Monmouthamus.  
 Who clears a traitor  
 And a king-hater,  
 Against his lawful prince would find sufficient matter.  
 They sought it, and wrought it,  
 Like rebels they fought it,  
 And with the price of royal martyrs' blood they bought it.  
 They sham us, &c.

At the Old Bailey,  
 Where rogues flock daily,  
 A greater traitor far than Coleman, White, or Staley,



Was lately indicted,  
 Witnesses cited ;  
 But then he was set free : so the king was righted.  
 'Gainst princes, offences  
 Are prov'd in all senses ;  
 But 'gainst a Whig there's no truth in evidences.  
 They sham us, &c.

But wot you what, sir ?  
 They found it not, sir ;  
 'Twas every juror's case, and there lay all the plot, sir :  
 For at this season,  
 Should they do reason.  
 Which of themselves would 'scape, if they found it treason ?  
 Compassion in fashion,  
 The interest of the nation,  
 Oh ! what a godly point is self-preservation !  
 They sham us, &c.

Alas ! what is conscience,  
 In Baxter's own sense ?  
 When interest lies at stake, an oath and law is nonsense.  
 Now they will banter  
 Quaker and Ranter  
 To find a Royalist and clear a Covenantanter :  
 They'll wrangle, and brangle,  
 Their very souls entangle,  
 To save the traitor's neck from the old triangle.  
 The sham us, &c.

Alas ! for pity  
 Of this good city !  
 What will the Tories say in their drunken ditty ?  
 When all abettors  
 And monarch-haters,  
 The Brethren damn'd their souls to save malicious traitors.  
 But mind it, long-winded,  
 With prejudice blinded,  
 Lest what they did reject another jury find it.  
 Then sham us, and flam us,  
 And ram us, and damn us,  
 When against king and law you find an Ignoramus.

*The Man of Fashion.*

1679.

WOULD you be a man of fashion ?  
 Would you lead a life divine ?  
 Take a little dram of passion,  
 In a lusty bowl of wine.  
 If the nymph have no compassion,  
 Vain it is to sigh and groan ;  
 Love was but put in for fashion,  
 Wine will do the work alone.

Would you have at your devotion  
 Gown fop Whigs, that love to prate ?  
 Take a dram of Tony's notion,  
 In a coffee-dish of State :  
 If the poison will not warm ye,  
 Take ye tea, 'twill do the thing.  
 There are statesmen can inform ye  
 How to rule without a king.

Would you then be thought most witty ?  
 Would you be a man of parts ?  
 Aid the factions of the city,  
 Till you're hang'd for your deserts.  
 If your virtue's not rewarded,  
 For the glorious thing you aim'd,  
 And another saint recorded,  
 Care and Curtis both be damn'd.

Would you have a new religion,  
 Founded on a plot of State ?  
 Whisper but with Prance's Pidgeon,  
 In a dungeon, through a grate,  
 If your soul finds no impression,  
 Murder'd Godfrey will appear :  
 Though there needs no more confession,  
 Kiss the book, and all is clear.

Would you have a true narration  
 How the city first was fir'd ?  
 Let the Monument's relation  
 Prove the man, and those he hir'd.

If the Phoenix was consumed,  
 As they say, by Popish prigs,  
 All her pride was reassumed  
 By the Ignoramus Whigs.

Would you have another charter,  
 You that should be men of sense ?  
 Talk no more of *Magna Charta*,  
 But rely upon your prince.  
 If you can repent sincerely,  
 Cæsar has a godlike mind ;  
 Purge your factiousness severely,  
 Cæsar will be always kind.

### **The Loyal Health.**

1680.

SINCE plotting's a trade, like the rest of the nation,  
 Let 'em lie and swear on, to keep up the vocation ;  
 Let Tinkers and Weavers, and Joiners agree  
 To find work for the *Cooper*, they'll have none of me :  
 Let politic shams in the statesmen abound,  
 While we quaff off our bumpers and send the glass round :  
 The jolly true Toper's the best subject still,  
 Who drinks off his liquor, and thinks no more ill.

Then let us stand to't, and like honest men fall,  
 Who love king and country, duke, duchess and all :  
 Not such as would blow up the nation by stealth,  
 And out of the flame raise a new commonwealth ;  
 Not such as against church and bishops do rage,  
 To advance old Jack Presbyter on the new stage ;  
 But to all honest Tories who'll fight for their king,  
 And, to crown the brave work, with the court we'll begin.

Here's a health to the king and his lawful successors,  
 To honest Tantivies, and loyal Addressers ;  
 But a pox take all those that promoted petitions,  
 To poison the nation, and stir up seditions.  
 Here's a health to the queen and her ladies of honour,  
 And a pox take all those that put sham plots upon her.  
 Here's a health to the Duke and the Senate of Scotland,  
 And to all honest men, that from bishops ne'er got land.

Here's a health to L'Estrange and the boon Heraclitus,  
 And true Tory Thompson, who never did slight us :  
 And, forgetting Broom, Paulin, and Alderman Wrightus,  
 With Tony, and Bethel, Ignoramus, and Titus,  
 Here's a health to the church, and all those that are for it,  
 Confusion to zealots and Whigs that abhor it :  
 May it ever be safe from the new mode refiners,  
 And may justice be done upon *Coopers* and Joiners.

Here's a health to old Hall, who our joys did restore,  
 And a pox take each popular son of a — ;  
 To the Spaniard and Dane, the brave Russian and Moor,  
 Who came from far nations our king to adore ;  
 To all that do worship the God of the Vine ;  
 And to old jolly Bowman, who draws us good wine.  
 And as for all traitors, whether Papist or Whig,  
 May they all trot to Tyburn, to dance the old jig.

Here's a health to all those who love the king and his laws,  
 And may they ne'er pledge it that broach'd the Old Cause.  
 Here's a health to the states, and a plague on the pack  
 Of Commonwealth-canters, and Presbyter Jack.  
 To the uppermost pendant that ever did play  
 On the highest top-gallant o' th' sovereign o' th' sea :  
 And he that denies to the standard to lower,  
 May he sink in the ocean, and never drink more !

### A Narrative of the Old Plot ; being a New Song.

TUNE—"Some say the Papists had a Plot."

1680.

WHEN *traitors* did at Popery rail,  
 Because it taught *confession* ;  
 When *bankrupts* bawl'd for *property*,  
 And *bastards* for *succession* ;  
 When Tony durst espouse the cause,  
 Spite of his pox and gout ;  
 When speaking Williams purg'd the House,  
 By spewing members out ;

When Hunt a twy-fac'd pamphlet wrote,  
 The emblem of his soul ;

When Oates swore whom he pleas'd in's plot,  
 And reign'd without control ;  
 When L——ce, too, lampoon'd the court,  
 And libell'd cats and dogs ;  
 When witnesses like mushrooms sprung  
 Out of the Irish bogs ;—

Then Perkin thought 'twas time to prove  
 His right to kingship fair ;  
 And, faith, 'tis fit the *peerless* son  
 Should be the people's heir.  
 So, filled with zeal, he and his knight  
 Caress and court the rout,  
 And My Lord Duke goes up and down,  
 To shew his *grace* about.

Though Ford Lord Grey would not engage  
 Upon that idle score,  
 For he would have a Commonwealth,  
 As well as ——,  
 He envied his old friend a crown,  
 But why, I can't devise,  
 For 's *grace* has grac'd his lordship's head  
 With horns of noble size.

Then Johnson wrote his patron's creed,  
 A doctrine fetch'd from hell ;  
 'Twas Christianlike to disobey,  
 And gospel to rebel.  
 Julian, his patron and his text,  
 A meaner theme he scorns ;  
 First represents him at the desk,  
 And then apostate turns.

Like his, his patron's zeal grew high  
 Th' exclusion to advance ;  
 And the right heir must be debarr'd,  
 For fear of Rome and France.  
 The zealous Commons then resolved  
 (And they knew what they did),  
 By whomsoe'er the king should fall,  
 The Papists' throats should bleed.

So murdering poniards oft are slipt  
 Into a guiltless hand,  
 And innocence is sacrific'd,  
 While malefactor's stand.



By hell's assistance then they fram'd  
 Their d——d association ;  
 And worthy men, and men worthy,  
 Divided all the nation.

Fools oft and madmen leave the less  
 And choose the greater evil ;  
 Thus they, for fear of Popery,  
 Run headlong to the devil.  
 At last the loyal souls propose  
 To ease their sovereign's cares,  
 If he'll sit down and first remove  
 Their jealousies and fears :

Just the old trick and sham device  
 Of Beelzebub their sire ;  
 If he'll fall down and worship them,  
 They'll grant his heart's desire :  
 Nay, lives and fortunes then shall be  
 Entirely his own,  
 If he will fairly once disclaim  
 A brother and a crown.

### Jack Presbyter's Wish.

TUNE—"If I live to grow old."

1680.

If the Whigs shall get up, and the Tories go down,  
 May I have an estate in country or town,  
 Of crown or church lands of considerable worth,  
 And a sister of sixteen, to whom I'll hold forth.  
 May I trample on princes with an absolute sway,  
 And grow prouder, and higher, and richer than they,  
 Still advancing myself as my rulers decay.

To furnish my table, I'll make my cooks dish up  
 For breakfast a Papist, for dinner a bishop ;  
 At last, for my supper no daintier a thing  
 Than the flesh of a duke and the blood of a king.  
 May I trample, &c.

May the groans of th' afflicted be the rest of my food ;  
 May I sport in an ocean of innocent blood ;  
 May I stick at no mischief that hell can afford,  
 While I boast that I'm doing the work of the Lord.  
     May I trample, &c.

With Luther and Calvin, and many saints more,  
 I'll boast of religion, denying its power ;  
 With count'nance distorted, and feign'd whinnying zeal,  
 I'll teach and preach monarchy into commonweal.  
     May I trample, &c.

May all my plots prosper, both old ones and new ones :  
 No shifting of sham plots, no trusting of true ones :  
 May ages hereafter in history tell,  
 Jack Presbyter rampant has twice borne the bell.  
     May I trample on princes with an absolute sway,  
     And grow prouder, and higher, and richer than they,  
     Still advancing myself as my rulers decay.

### **The Pot-Companions.**

TUNE—" Thus all the Day long we're frolic and gay."

1680.

COME, make a good toast, and stir the fire,  
 And fill the great tankard with what we admire ;  
 Then bring in a paper of excellent Fogoe,  
 That we may perfume the whole house with the hogoe :  
 And here let us sit, like honest brave fellows,  
 That neither are Tories nor Whigs, in an alehouse.  
     And here let us sit, like honest brave fellows, &c.

We'll raise no disputes of the Church or the State,  
 To waken the plot, which has slept out its date ;  
 Nor came we to treat of the city's great charter,  
 But only to drink to the sons of the Martyr :  
 For better it is to be honestly sotting,  
 Than to live to be hang'd by caballing and plotting.  
     For better it is, &c.

Since freedom or death is not our power,  
 What have we to do with the lords in the Tower ?

We'll leave them to justice, let that take its course,  
 And set every saddle upon the right horse.  
 Though the witnesses fade, and the plot's almost rotten,  
 Yet Presbyter Jack will ne'er be forgotten.  
     Though the witnesses fade, &c.

We have nothing to do with the feuds of the nation,  
 With old *Magna Charta*, nor the association.  
 Let Shaftesbury fancy himself to be crowning,  
 Or beg his *quietus*, and venture a drowning ;  
 Let Titus swear on, and raise up his story ;  
 That's nothing to us : let the saints have their glory.  
     Let Titus swear on, &c.

Though the Spaniards were landed, which Bedloe recounted,  
 And all the commissions which Oates gave were mounted,  
 And little Don John did lead these brave fellows,  
 The devil a foot would we stir from the alehouse.  
 When they have rais'd armies by praying and winking,  
 'Tis we that maintain 'em by smoking and drinking.  
     When they have rais'd armies, &c.

Then away to the king let the tankard go round ;  
 May the plots and the plotters each other confound :  
 To his highness the Duke, and his royal successors,  
 And every member of loyal addressers :  
 To the honest lord mayor, and all other good Christians :  
 But guard us, good Lord, from these whining Philistines !  
     To the honest lord mayor, &c.

## The Protestant Flail.

TUNE—"Hobby Horse."

1681.

LISTEN a while, and I'll tell you a tale,  
 Of a new device of a Protestant Flail.  
 This Flail it was made of the finest wood,  
 Well lin'd with lead, and notable good  
 For splitting of brains and shedding of blood  
 Of all that withstood.  
     With a thump, &c.

This Flail was invented to thrash the brain,  
 And leave behind not the weight of a grain :  
 At the handle-end there hung a weight,  
 That carried with it unavoidable fate,  
 To take the monarch a rap on the pate,  
 And govern the State.

With a thump, &c.

It took its degree in Oxford town,  
 And with the Carpenter went down :  
 If any durst his might oppose,  
 He had you close, in spite of your nose,  
 To carry on clever the Good Old Cause,  
 And down with the laws.

With a thump, &c.

With this they threaten'd to forestall  
 The church, and give the bishops a maul,  
 If king and lords will not submit  
 To the Joiner's will, while the House did sit,  
 If this in the right place did hit,  
 The cause it would split.

With a thump, &c.

Two handfuls of death with a thong, hung fast  
 By a zealot who hang'd himself at last,  
 With a moving head, both stiff and stout,  
 Found by the Protestant Joiner out,  
 To have at the king and the laws t'other bout,  
 And turn them both out.

With a thump, &c.

Invincibly 'twould deal his blows,  
 All to maintain the Good Old Cause ;  
 Would liberty and freedom bring  
 To everything except the king ;  
 At monarchy it had a fling,  
 And took its swing.

With a thump, &c.

This Flail was made in the newest fashion,  
 To heal the breaches of the nation :  
 If faction any difference bred,  
 'Twould split the cause in the head,  
 Till monarchy reel'd, and royalty bled,  
 And were both knock'd in the head.

With a thump, &c.

When any strife was in the State,  
 The Flail would end the whole debate,  
 'Gainst arbitrary power of State,  
 And Popery, which the zealots hate ;  
 It would give them such a rap on the pate,  
 They must yield to their fate.  
     With a thump, &c.

It had a thousand virtues more,  
 And had a salve for every sore.  
 With this they thought to have maintain'd  
 The factious tribe, and royalists brain'd ;  
 But the Joiner was hang'd, and the Flail was arraign'd,  
 And the conquest regain'd.  
     With a thump, &c.

May Tony and all our enemies  
 Meet with no better fate than his.  
 May Charles still live to rule the State,  
 And York, whom all Dissenters hate,  
 To be reveng'd upon their pate,  
 By timely fate.  
     With a thump, &c.

### The Royal Litany.

TUNE—"Cavallily Man."

1681.

FROM a new-modell'd Jesuit in a Scotch bonnet,  
 With a mass under 's sleeve, and a covenant on it,  
 From Irish sedition blown out of French sonnet,  
     *Libera nos, Domine.*

From conspiring at Joe's, and gabbling at Mew's,  
 From Sir Gut's holy tub of uncircumcis'd Jews,  
 From gibbet and halter which will be their dues,  
     *Libera nos, Domine.*

From a Parliament-man raked out of the embers,  
 From knights that haunt compters, and lunatic members,  
 From Presbyters' Januaries, and Papists' Novembers,  
     *Libera nos, Domine.*



From the mutinous clamours of such as raise fears,  
 From those that would set us together by th' ears,  
 Who still for the shipwreck of monarchy steers,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From rebellion wrapt up in an humble petition,  
 From the crafty intrigues of an old politician,  
 From a Geneva divine and a Stafford physician,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*  
 From serving great Charles as his father before,  
 Disinheriting York without why or wherefore,  
 And from such as Absalom's folly adore,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From denying the king that which is his right,  
 From cashiering of members for faults very light,  
 From the troublesome search of a moneyless knight,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*  
 From libelling of governments and actions of kings,  
 From vindicating sectaries in illegal things,  
 From encouraging faction, which rebellion brings,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From murmuring for sending the Parliament home,  
 From choosing fanatics to sit in their room,  
 That the actions of Forty may not be outdone,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*  
 From Irish massacres, by Papists done,  
 From seditious cut-throats, which thing is all one,  
 From murdering father and banishing son,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From shrouding all villanies under *The Cause*,  
 From making us happy by giving sword-laws,  
 From trampling on th' mitre and crown with applause,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*  
 From hunting the king and abjuring his race,  
 From cleansers of bung-holes usurping his place,  
 From preachers in tubs, that are void of all grace,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From Vulcan's treasons, late forg'd by the fan,  
 From starving of mice to be Parliament-men,  
 From his copper face that outface all things can,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From voting lords useless and dangerously ill,  
 From hanging of bishops for dropping the bill,  
 From fanatics that have too much of their will,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From purging the House to obstruct our free choice,  
 From resolving the king to oppose with one voice,  
 From such as at mischief do daily rejoice,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From all the seditions that love not the king,  
 From such as a civil war once more would bring,  
 From repenting with Colledge at last in a string,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

### The Loyal Conquest.

TUNE—"Lay by your Pleading."

1683.

Now loyal Tories  
 May triumph in glories,  
 The fatal plot is now betray'd, the rest were shams and stories.  
 Now against treason  
 We have law and reason,  
 And every bloody Whig must go to pot in time and season.  
 No shamming nor flamming,  
 No ramming nor damning,  
 No Ignoramus Juries now for Whigs, but only hanging.

Look a little farther, \*  
 Place things in order ;  
 Those that seek to kill the king, Godfrey might murder.  
 Now they're detected,  
 By Heaven neglected,  
 In black despair they cut their throats : thus Pluto's work's effected.  
 No shamming, &c.

Catch grows in passion,  
 And fears this new fashion,  
 Lest every traitor hang himself, and spoil his best profession.

Though four in the morning  
 Are Tyburn adorning,  
 He cries out for a score a-time, to get his men their learning.  
 No shaming, &c.

Now we have sounded  
 The bottom which confounded  
 Our plotting parliament of late, who had our king surrounded.  
 Hamden and others,  
 And Trenchard, were brothers,  
 Who were to kill the king and duke, and hang us for their murders.  
 No shaming, &c.

Surprising the Tower  
 And the court in an hour,  
 And enter in at the traitor's gate, but 'twas not in their power.  
 Our guards now are doubled,  
 Ere long they will be trebled ;  
 The harmony of gun and drum make guilty conscience troubled.  
 No shaming, &c.

If Gray is retaken,  
 The root o' the plot is shaken ;  
 Russel lately lost his head, the bleeding cause to weaken :  
 Monmouth's in town still,  
 With Armstrong his council ;  
 The Lady Gray may find him out under some smock or gown still.  
 No shaming, &c.

Give 'em no quarter,  
 They aim at crown and garter,  
 They're of that bloody regiment, that made their king a martyr :  
 Leave none to breed on,  
 They'd make us to bleed on,  
 They are the bloodiest cannibals that ever man did read on,  
 No shamming nor flamming,  
 No ramming nor damming,  
 No Ignoramus Juries now for Whigs, but only hanging.

**Whig upon Whig; or a Pleasant Dismal Song upon  
the Old Plotters newly found out.**

1683.

BELOVED, hearken all,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
To my sad rhymes, that shall  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
Be found in ditty sad ;  
Which makes me almost mad,  
But Tories' hearts full glad.  
    *O hone ! O hone !*

Essex has cut his throat,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
Russel is gone to pot,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
Walcot being of the crew,  
And Hone the joiner too,  
Must give the deil his due.  
    *O hone ! O hone !*

Rumsey swears heartily,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
West swears he does not lie ;  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
Lord Howard vows by 's troth  
That they are good men both,  
And take the self-same oath.  
    *O hone ! O hone !*

I heard some people say,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
Monmouth is fled away :  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
And some do not stick to say,  
If he falls in their way,  
He will have d——d fair play.  
    *O hone ! O hone !*

Armstrong and Grey, God wot,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*  
And Ferguson, the Scot,  
    *O hone ! O hone !*

Are all run deil knows where,  
'Cause stay they dare not here,  
To fix the grand affair.  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Juries, alas ! are thus,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
There's no Ignoramus,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
But you'll have justice done  
To every mother's son,  
And be hang'd one by one,  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Now how like fools we look !  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
Had we not better took  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
Unto our trades and wives,  
And have kept in our hives,  
Which might have sav'd our lives ?  
*O hone ! O hone !*

The king he says that all  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
That are found guilty shall  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
Die by the axe or rope,  
As some died for the Pope.  
Brethren, there is no hope.  
*O hone ! O hone !*

The Tories now will drink  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
The king's health with our clink,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
Queen, duke, and duchess too,  
And all the loyal crew.  
Brethren, adieu ! adieu !  
*O hone ! O hone !*



## Eustace Comines, the Irish Evidence, his Farewell to England.

1683.

BE my shoul and shalvation,  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 I'll go to my own nation.  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 Old Tony hence is fled,  
 And Russel's lost his head :  
 I starve for want of bread.  
*O hone! O hone!*

This saucy English plot  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 Did make ours go to pot.  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 What shall I do to go ?  
 Let me see : O ho ! O ho !  
 Pox take me if I know.  
*O hone! O hone!*

My face does red wid shame,  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 That ever here I came.  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 Ten, twenty curses upon  
 Sham Justice Hedrington,  
 That made me first leave home !  
*O hone! O hone!*

“ Agra, Eustace,” he did say,  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 “ You moyle for groat a-day.  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 “ A Plot-office now is ope,  
 “ I will advance your hope,  
 “ If you'll swear against the Pope.”  
*O hone! O hone!*

“ Be Chreest, I will,” said I,  
*O hone! O hone!*  
 “ Tell you ten hundred lie :  
*O hone! O hone!*

“ I’ll swear them in and out,  
 “ We’ll have a merry bout,  
 “ And make a rabble rout.”  
*O hone ! O hone !*

We came to Westminster ;  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 Den he call’d me Maisther.  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 I swore by faite and trote,  
 And by me Bible-oate,  
 (What we’d agreed on bote.)  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Den I was put in pay,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 Had five, six groat a-day ;  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 Which did fine cloads afford,  
 Instead of spade a sword :  
 I knew not meshelf, good Lord !  
*O hone ! O hone !*

But soon my maisther-rogue,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 Was, in spite of his brogue,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 For the sauce of his tongue,  
 To prison dragg’d along,  
 ’Cause he did what was wrong.  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Then was prepar’d a drench,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 Oates himself to retrench.  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 The meaner swearers den  
 To tremble did begin,  
 As I’ve a shoul widin.  
*O hone ! O hone !*

By this book, I did faint,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 Till St. Patrick, me fwite saint,  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Bid me leave off me cries,  
 And swear no more plot-lies ;  
 Then straight away me hies.  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Deil take this swearing trade !  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 I'll go home to me spade,  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 I'll fence th' potatoes round,  
 And keep me maishter's ground :  
 I am too long hell-hound.  
*O hone ! O hone !*

Me book-bussing tribe adieu !  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 It is now bad wid you ;  
*O hone ! O hone !*  
 And if I 'scape the hang,  
 I've outdone all me gang ;  
 So I leave you here t' swing swang,  
*O hone ! O hone !*

### **Dagon's Fall.**

TUNE—"Philander."

1683.

AN ! cruel bloody fate,  
 What canst thou now do more ?  
 Alas ! 'tis now too late,  
 Poor Tony to restore ?  
 Why should the flattering fates persuade,  
 That Tony still should live  
 In England here, or in Holland there,  
 Yet all our hopes deceive !

A noble peer he was,  
 And of notorious fame ;  
 But now he's gone, alas !  
 A pilgrim o'er the main ;

The prop and pillar of our hope,  
 The patron of our cause,  
 The scorn and hate of Church and State,  
 The urchin of the laws.

Of matchless policy  
 Was this renowned peer ;  
 The bane of monarchy,  
 The people's hope and fear ;  
 The joy of all true Protestants,  
 The Tories' scorn and dread ;  
 But now he's gone who curs'd the throne ;  
 Alas ! poor Tony's dead !

For Commonwealth he stood,  
 Pretending liberty ;  
 And, for the public good,  
 Would pull down monarchy.  
 The Church and State he would divorce,  
 The holy cause to wed,  
 And in time did hope to confound the Pope,  
 And be himself the head.

A tap in 's side did bore,  
 To broach all sorts of ill,  
 For which seditious store  
 The crowd ador'd him still.  
 He spit his venom through the town,  
 With which the saints possest,  
 Would preach and prate 'gainst Church and State.  
 While he perform'd the rest.

When any change of State,  
 Or mischief was at hand,  
 He had a working pate  
 And devil at command.  
 He forg'd a plot, for which the heads  
 Of faction gave their votes ;  
 But now the plot is gone to pot :  
 What will become of Oates ?

Under the fair pretence  
 Of right, religion, law,  
 Excluding the true prince,  
 The Church he'd overthrow.  
 With such religious shams he brought  
 The rabble to his side ;

And, for his sport, the town and court  
In parties he'd divide.

Now what's become of all  
His squinting policy,  
Which wrought your Dagon's fall,  
From justice forc'd to flee !  
Old and decrepid, full of pains,  
As he of guilt was full,  
He fell to fate, and now too late  
He leaves us to condole.

Now learn, ye Whigs, in time.  
By his deserved fall,  
To expiate his crime,  
Ere fate revenge you all :  
For rights, religion, liberty,  
Are but the sham pretence  
To anarchy ; but loyalty  
Obeys the lawful prince.

### Lament for the Apprehending of Sir Thomas Armstrong.

TUNE—"Philander."

1683.

AH ! cruel bloody Tom,  
What couldst thou hope for more,  
Than to receive the doom  
Of all thy crimes before ?  
For all thy bold conspiracies,  
Thy head must pay the score ;  
Thy cheats and lies, thy box and dice,  
Will serve thy turn no more.

Ungrateful thankless wretch !  
How couldst thou hope in vain,  
Without the reach of Ketch,  
Thy treason to maintain ?  
For murders long since done and past,  
Thou pardons hast had store,  
And yet wouldst still stab on, and kill,  
As if thou hop'dst for none.



But Tom, ere he would starve,  
 More blood resolv'd t'have spilt ;  
 Thy flight did only serve  
 To justify thy guilt :  
 Whilst they, whose harmless innocence  
 Submit to chains at home,  
 Are each day freed ; while traitors bleed,  
 And suffer in their room.

When Whigs a plot did vote,  
 What peer from justice fled ?  
 In the Fanatic Plot.  
 Tom durst not shew his head.  
 Now sacred justice rules above,  
 The guiltless are set free,  
 And the napper's napt, and the clapper's clapt,  
 In his conspiracy.

Like Cain, thou hadst a mark  
 Of murder on thy brow ;  
 Remote, and in the dark,  
 Guilt thou didst still pursue :  
 Nor England, Holland, France nor Spain,  
 The traitor can defend ;  
 He will be found in fetters bound,  
 To pay for't, in the end.

Tom might about the town  
 Have bullied, huff'd, and roar'd ;  
 By every Venice known,  
 Been for a Mars ador'd :  
 By friendly pimping and false dice  
 Thou might'st have longer liv'd ;  
 Hecter'd, and shamm'd, and swore, and gam'd,  
 Hadst thou not plots contriv'd.

Tom once was cock-a-hoop  
 Of all the huffs in town,  
 But now his pride must stoop,  
 His courage is pull'd down.  
 So long his spurs are grown, poor Tom  
 Can neither flee nor fight.  
 Ah, cruel fate ! that at this rate  
 The squire should foil the knight.

But there's no remedy,  
 It being his just reward ;

In his own trap, you see,  
 The tiger is ensnar'd.  
 So may all traitors fare, till all  
 Who for their guilt did flie  
 With bully Tom, by timely doom,  
 Like him unpitied die.

**Pluto, the Prince of Darkness, his Entertainment of  
 Algernon Sydney, upon his Arrival at  
 the Infernal Palace.**

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

1683.

PLUTO.

Room, room for great Algernon,  
 You Furies that stand in his way !  
 Let an officer unto me come,  
 Who served me every day,  
 Promoting sedition and ill,  
 To alter the Church and the State :  
 He deserves an employment in hell ;  
 He has done great service of late.

He is one of the damned old crews,  
 Who voted the death of the king ;  
 At Oxford again he did sue  
 To be at the self-same thing.  
 All mischiefs on earth he devis'd,  
 All hazards he also did run,  
 To render my name solemniz'd,  
 With the rabble of London town.

To monarchy he was always a foe,  
 Religion he always disdain'd ;  
 'Gainst government and the laws too,  
 Damn'd anarchy he maintain'd.  
 I'll give the preferment here,  
 Since England has banish'd thee thence ;  
 Brave Sydney, thou needst not fear,  
 Thou shalt have great recompence.

## SHAFTSBURY.

Now monarchy has prevail'd,  
 Our fanatic plots to defeat ;  
 On whom is the Cause entail'd ?  
 Who'll stand it in spite of fate ?  
 We that maintain'd it so long,  
 From justice were forc'd to fly ;  
 If you then had come along,  
 You needed not there to die.

## ESSEX.

The factious are quite undone,  
 For loss of the fanatic peers ;  
 Now Shaftsbury and I are gone,  
 Poor Titus will lose his ears.  
 For Monmouth our shams and intrigues  
 To th' world has plainly declar'd,  
 And Howard our solemn leagues,  
 In the plot a long time prepar'd.

## RUSSEL.

I'm glad you are safely arrived,  
 Tho' I doubt you met Jack by the way ;  
 Now Monmouth is reconcil'd,  
 What a plague is become of Gray ?  
 Rebellion could ne'er disallow  
 Conspiring against the prince,  
 Though I, by a sham dying vow,  
 Protested my innocence.

**The Whigs Exposed.**

TUNE—"Old Sir Simon the King."

1683.

Now the plotters and plots are confounded,  
 And all their designs are made known,  
 Which smelt so strong of the Roundhead,  
 And treason of forty-one :  
 And all the pious intentions,  
 For property, liberty, laws,  
 Are found to be only inventions  
 To bring in their Good Old Cause.  
 And all the pious intentions, &c.

By their delicate bill of exclusion,  
 So hotly pursued by the rabble,  
 They hop'd to have made such confusion,  
 As never was seen at old Babel :  
 Then Shaftsbury's brave city boys,  
 And Monmouth's country relations,  
 Were ready to second the noise,  
 And send it throughout the three nations.  
 Then Shaftsbury's, &c.

No more of the fifth of November,  
 That dangerous, desperate plot ;  
 But ever with horror remember  
 Old Tony, Armstrong, and Scot.  
 For Tony will ne'er be forgotten,  
 Nor Ferguson's popular rules,  
 Nor Monmouth, nor Grey, when they're rotten,  
 For wrong-headed politic fools.  
 For Tony, &c.

The murder of father and king,  
 And extinguishing all the right line,  
 Was a good and a godly thing,  
 And worthy the Whigs' design.  
 The hanging of prelate and peer,  
 And putting the guards to the sword,  
 And fleying and slashing lord mayors,  
 Was to do the work of the Lord,  
 The hanging, &c.

But I hope they will have their desert,  
 And the gallows will have its due,  
 And Jack Ketch will be more expert,  
 And in time be as rich as a Jew ;  
 Whilst now in the tavern we sing,  
 All joy to great York and his right,  
 A glorious long reign to our king ;  
 And when they've occasion we'll fight.  
 Whilst now in the tavern, &c.

The name of a Whig and a Tory  
 No more shall distract the nation ;  
 We'll fight for the Church and her glory,  
 And pray for this reformation ;  
 That every factious professor,  
 And every zealous pretender.

May humble 'em to the successor  
 Of Charles, our nation's defender.  
 That every factious professor, &c.

**An Excellent New Song sung before the Loyal Liberty-  
 Men in Westminster Hall, July the 19th, 1684.**

HARK, how Noll and Bradshaw's heads above us  
 Cry, "Come, come, ye Whigs that love us,  
 "Come, ye faithful sons, fall down, and adore ye  
 "Your fathers, whose glory  
 "Was to kill kings before ye :  
 "From treason and plots let your grave heads adjourn,  
 "And our glorious pinnacle adorn !  
 What though the scaffolds all are down here,  
 To entertain the friends of the crown here ?  
 We, whose fortunes and lives great Charles will maintain,  
 For monarchy-haters,  
 Damn'd associators,  
 Whigs, bastards, and traitors,  
 We'll build 'em, we'll build 'em again.  
 Let the infamous cut-throats of princes be shamm'd all,  
 Their black souls be damn'd all,  
 Their blunderbuss ramm'd all  
 With brimstone and fire infernal.  
 The gods that look o'er him  
 Did by wonders restore him ;  
 Their angels sat round him  
 That hour they crown'd him,  
 And were listed his guards eternal.

How, like Jove, the monarch of Great Britain  
 Drives the giant-sons of Titan !  
 Down, ye rebel crew ! Ye slaves, lie under !  
 See, James, with his thunder,  
 Has dash'd 'em all asunder !  
 Down from his bright heaven the aspirers are hurl'd,  
 Lost in the common rubbish of the world.  
 See how the God returns victorious !  
 And to make his triumph still more glorious,  
 See the whole host of heaven the proud conqueror greet !



The stars burn all brighter,  
 The sun mounts uprighter,  
 The steeds gallop lighter,  
 To see their Jove made so great.  
 With the brands and the stings of a conscience disloyal,  
 From the fiery trial  
 Let the cow'rdly slaves fly all,  
 Leave vengeance and justice behind 'em ;  
 Whilst the great desperadoes,  
 All turn'd renagadoes,  
 With their old friends took napping :  
 In some coal-hole at Wapping  
 Shall James and his justice find 'em.

Let the malice of fanatic Roundhead,  
 Hatch'd in hell, be still confounded ;  
 The royal couple no storm ever sever,  
 But new wonders deliver,  
 And their heirs reign for ever,  
 On England's bright throne sit still time's last sand runs,  
 And stop their glorious chariot with the sun's.  
 Then for James the Second's restoration,  
 Snatch'd from the jaws of the imps of damnation,  
 We with feasting and revels will cheer up our souls,  
 For the safety to Cæsar,  
 In joys and in pleasure,  
 Our usual measure,  
 Till our hearts shall o'erflow like our bowls.  
 For a health to great James let the goblets be crown'd there,  
 The huzza go round there,  
 To the skies let it sound there,  
 Up to the throne of great James's Protector ;  
 Till the pleas'd gods that see, boys,  
 Grow as merry as we, boys,  
 Join their voices in chorus,  
 Make their whole heaven out-roar us,  
 And pledge us in bumpers of nectar.

**The Royal Admiral.**

TUNE—"State and Ambition."

1684.

FACTION and folly, alas ! will deceive you,  
 The loyal man still the best subject does prove ;  
 Treason of reason, poor Whig, will bereave you,  
 You cannot be bless'd till this curse you remove.  
 Charles, our great monarch, when Heaven did restore him :  
 With his royal brother, safe on our shore,  
 Ordain'd us that we next our king should adore him :  
 Then, Johnson, play the apostate no more.

Clayton may fret, and bring vows of obedience  
 To Ferguson, Baxter, or Curtis, or Care ;  
 Patience approach with pretended allegiance  
 To his sovereign lord, yet oppose the right heir.  
 Can he pretend to be honest or loyal,  
 Nay, though he late at Westminster swore,  
 And yet the next day will, like Perkin, deny all,  
 Whatever he said or swore to before ?

Let Trenchard and Hamden stir up a commotion,  
 Their plotting and voting shall prosper no more ;  
 Now gallant old Jemmy commands on the ocean,  
 And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.  
 Let Lobb and Ferguson preach up sedition  
 At conventicle, coffeehouse, or at cabal ;  
 Now Jeffreys is justice, and York's in commission,  
 Their scandal and plots shall pay for 'em all.

Jemmy the valiant, the champion-royal,  
 His own and the monarchy's rival withstood ;  
 The bane and the terror of all the disloyal,  
 Who spilt the late Martyr's, and sought for his blood.  
 Jemmy, who quell'd the proud foe on the ocean,  
 And reign'd the sole conqueror over the main.  
 To this gallant hero let's all pay devotion,  
 Since now he is England's adm'ral again.

York, our great admiral, th' ocean's defender,  
 The joy of his friends, and the dread of his foes.

The lawful successor ; what bastard pretender  
 Whom Heaven has ordain'd the true heir dare oppose ?  
 Jemmy, who taught the Scots rebel allegiance,  
 And made the high Dutch to his standard to lower,  
 In time will reduce the proud cit to obedience,  
 And make the false Whig to fall down and adore.

Let Bethel and Hamden lie shopt for their treason,  
 And for the new factions express their old zeal ;  
 Let false Sir Samuel rail on without reason,  
 And every night dream of a new commonweal ;  
 Let plotters be brought with their plots to confusion,  
 While Charles sways the shore, and York the vast main,  
 Till all are confounded who sought the exclusion,  
 Then England will be Old England again.

Come then, to our monarch let's quaff off a bumper,  
 And, next to our sovereign, the prince of the blood ;  
 The axe and the gibbet crown every Rumper,  
 Who York in the lawful succession withstood.  
 May Rumboldt, Grey, Armstrong, and Sydney, be sainted,  
 And Titus' long *Tongue*, so often forsworn ;  
 May his short neck stretch for't when Oates is attainted,  
 May he wish, when he dies, that he ne'er had been born.

### The Happy Return of the Old Dutch Miller.

1685.

Good people of England, I hope you have had  
 Experience of my art in my trade ;  
 For I am the miller that was here before,  
 That ground women young, of four or five score.  
 Then make haste, customers, bring in your tribes,  
 I'll quickly despatch 'em without any bribes ;  
 For I'm so zealous for Whiglanders' crew,  
 I'll cure their distempers with one turn or two.

And now, for your comfort, I am come again,  
 To cure the defection in all your men,  
 Whether they be factious, stupid, or lame :  
 Let's see e'er a chemist that can do the same.  
 Then make haste, &c.

If any pretending Whig sheriff yet dare,  
In the year of his office arrest the lord-mayor,  
Let them come to my mill if their insolence must  
Be ta'en a peg lower, I'll grind them to dust.  
Then make haste, &c.

If any grave alderman perjures and swears,  
Till he run the great hazard of losing his ears,  
Let him bring but his toll, and, to cover his shame,  
I'll hide him i' th' hopper, and dip him i' th' dam.  
Then make haste, &c.

If any hot zealots, or turbulent cits,  
With tumults and riots run out of their wits,  
For the toll I'll so tame 'em that they shall be all  
Like flower of *Patience*, I'll grind 'em so small.  
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a fop that's proud of a string,  
And fain would aspire to the throne of a king,  
Bring him to my mill, I will presently show  
If he's qualified for a monarch or no.  
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a slabbering lord that's a fool,  
And sits in cabals three kingdoms to rule,  
And stands for a statesman, I'll make him as able  
As ever a helper in all his own stable.  
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a lord that used to preach  
I' the top of a crab-tree, above all your reach,  
And still the Lord's supper expos'd in lamb's wool,  
Send him to my mill, I'll reform his skull.  
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a knight that's a knave and threadbare,  
That deals in necklaces and such sort of ware,  
And stole the best plot, now hides it in Bristol,  
Bring him to my mill, I'll make him confess 't all.  
Then make haste, &c.

If you have, or had, any shrieves that are Whigs,  
That have cut off some heads, and are cutting off legs,  
Bring them and their perjured juries together,  
I'll turn 'em all round in my mill with the weather.  
Then make haste, &c.

If you have any plots, either sham ones or true ones,  
 Bring out the contrivers, both black ones and blue ones ;  
 I'll either refine 'em from all their past ill,  
 Or else I will strangle 'em in my mill.  
     Then make haste, &c.

**There's none so happy as we.**

1685.

COME, let us be joyful and sing,  
     Great Britain will soon be at rest.  
 Here's a health to all those love the king,  
     Confusion to all the rest.  
 The rebels now crouch to our sway,  
     If any remaining there be ;  
 Then let us be merry and gay,  
     Since none are so happy as we.

Then what cause have we to repine,  
     Since our nation is settled and strong ?  
 Let every man drink off his wine,  
     Whilst rebels must hold their tongue.  
 Great Britain the world shall command,  
     Rest in love, peace, and unity ;  
 Foreign nations amazed shall stand,  
     To see none so happy as we.

Then let us be merry, fill wine,  
     Let's drink while our money doth last ;  
 The zealots have cause to repine,  
     Whilst we think not on dangers past.  
 Let each man discharge a full bumper ;  
     Here's a health unto loyalty :  
 D———n shall light on each Rumper,  
     To see none so happy as we.

The damnable Whigs they do grumble  
     To see us so happy and great ;  
 But they dare not speak plain, but do numble,  
     Each Presbyter fears his just fate ;  
 Whilst Tories quaff bumpers amain,  
     And under no nation they be.



We care not for France or for Spain,  
For none are so happy as we.

Now Tories may walk in the street,  
None to the contrary do say ;  
And if that a Whig we do meet,  
The Whig goes another way.  
But, as is an usual thing,  
If one Tory another do see,  
They go straight to the tavern and sing  
There's none so happy as we.

Such strange alterations we've seen  
In Britain within these few years ;  
There late such a tumult hath been,  
Caus'd loyalists shed many tears :  
But now it is past and quite gone,  
I hope no more riots to see ;  
We've no cause ourselves to bemoan,  
For none are so happy as we.

Great Britain's blest monarch shall reign,  
Not fearing for to be supprest  
By the fury of Spaniard or Dane,  
But undoubtedly now shall be blest.  
If domestic tumults all cease,  
And plots discover'd all be,  
Brave Englishmen may then sing in peace,  
There's none so happy as we.

Great York was despis'd by the rabble,  
Though he's a matchless brave prince,  
While all did praise Perkin, that bauble,  
That puny in common sense :  
But now they are quell'd, and do say,  
" We'll practice no disloyalty ;"  
And now the Whigs hang themselves may,  
Whilst none live so happy as we.

Some rebels were still left behind,  
Who fear'd neither justice nor laws,  
But strove themselves to entwine  
In the d——d pernicious Old Cause :  
But now they are all fled away,  
And they most unhappy now be ;  
Then surely we've great cause to say  
There's none so happy as we.

Then let this suffice, we have power,  
 All nations unto us shall bow.  
 Was England so happy before,  
 Or ever so glorious as now ?  
 Now we have a most gracious prince,  
 By none this denied can be ;  
 Then surely we're all blest, since  
 There's none so happy as we.

### Patience Ward.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

ALL hail to London fair town !  
 Hail to the mayor and the shrieves !  
 Hail to the scarlet gown,  
 Whose sentence our *Patience* grieves !  
 Justice and law have prevail'd,  
 With *Patience* a verdict to find  
 'Gainst *Patience*, whose conscience fail'd.  
 Oh, *Patience* ! why art so blind ?

*Patience*, the joy of the town,  
 The comfort and hope of the crowd ;  
*Patience*, who got great renown  
 By perjury, lies, and fraud ;  
*Patience*, who ne'er had the heart  
 His sovereign's rights to maintain ;  
 But *Patience* he had the art  
 To swear and forswear again.

*Patience* for Church and for State,  
 And *Patience* for meetings by stealth ;  
*Patience*, who would translate  
 The State to a commonwealth ;  
 Whose zeal has his *Patience* betray'd,  
 To lie for the saints in distress ;  
 Nay, though he's forsworn, 'tis said,  
 He swore he could do no less.

*Patience*, whose zeal did contrive  
 The Monument, figures, and spire,  
 That, while there's a Papist alive,  
 We may not forget the Fire.

The pillory now is his lot ;  
 He has rais'd such a flame with his crew,  
 That London is now too hot.  
 Oh, *Patience* ! where art thou now ?

*Patience*, for zeal to the Cause,  
 Did preach to the captives in jail ;  
*Patience*, with great applause,  
 Gave large to an hospital :  
 To use now his money may lend,  
 For Pomfret he'll never more stand.  
 Nor warrants for Thompson send,  
 T' please Titus o' th' perjur'd band.

*Patience*, with collar of brass,  
 To woful disasters did fall ;  
*Patience*, with copper face,  
 And a conscience worse than all :  
 To Holland, to Holland he goes,  
 For plainly now it appears,  
 That, in spite of all Whiggish laws,  
 Ignoramus can't save his ears.

Some say that the saints may not swear,  
 But lie even as much as they can ;  
 Yet *Patience*, in spite on 's ears,  
 Will swear and forswear again.  
 That *Patience* should be so far lost,  
 Alas ! who with *Patience* can bear ?  
 That a *saint* should be *knight o' th' post*,  
 And an *elder* without an ear.

Let every good subject, with me,  
 Who *Patience* a virtue doth praise,  
 Lest he fall into perjury,  
 With *Patience* pray for more grace.  
 But now I with *Patience* have done,  
 Lest with *Patience* I keep such a rout,  
 That astray more with *Patience* run,  
 And weary your *Patience* out.

## Hail to the Prince of the Plot.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

1685.

HAIL to the Prince of the Plot !  
 All hail to the Knight of the Post !  
 Poor Titus ! 'tis now thy lot  
 To pay for all the roast.  
 From wine and six dishes a day,  
 'Tis sure a deplorable fate  
 To fall to the basket, and pray  
 For an alms through an iron grate.

Did Titus swear true for the king,  
 And is the good doctor forsworn,  
 Did Titus our freedom bring,  
 And Oates in Newgate mourn ?  
 Was Titus the light of the town,  
 The saviour and guardian proclaim'd,  
 And now the poor doctor is thrown  
 To a dungeon, in darkness damn'd ?

But now to declare the cause,  
 I'll tell you as brief as I can :  
 The doctor can't, in the close,  
 Prove Titus an honest man.  
 Can Titus be true to the king,  
 From treason and treachery set free,  
 When the doctor hangs in a string,  
 For plotting and perjury ?

For damage the doctor has done,  
 Poor Titus has got in the poind,  
 Till the doctor produced the sum  
 Of full thirty thousand pounds.  
 If you knew on what damnable score  
 Such perilous words he brought forth,  
 You'd say his false *Tongue* cost more  
 Than ever his head was worth.

The doctor an evidence  
 Against our great duke came in ;

Nay, such was his insolence,  
 He impeach'd our gracious queen :  
 For which such indictments are brought,  
 Such actions of scandal crowd in,  
 That Titus could wish, it is thought,  
 He were out of the doctor's skin.

Nay, further, while Titus swore  
 For the safety and life of the king,  
 The doctor began to roar,  
 And he belch'd out his poisonous sting.  
 The doctor for Titus may stretch,  
 H' has so brought his business about,  
 That, without the kind help of Ketch,  
 It's fear'd he will scarcely get out.

Through sixteen close keyholes, 'tis plain,  
 Invisible Titus did pass ;  
 And the doctor got back again,  
 To catch a great Don at mass :  
 But now they are both in the trap ;  
 'Tis a wager but Jack in the fields,  
 Though Titus may chance to escape,  
 Has the doctor fast by the heels.

### Honest Redcoat.

TUNE—"Tom of Bedlam."

1685.

" MAKE room for an honest Redcoat,  
 " And that, you'll say, is wonder ;  
 " The gun and the blade are his tools, and his trade  
 " Is for pay to kill and plunder.  
 " Then away with the laws and the Good Old Cause !  
 " Ne'er talk o' th' Rump or the Charter :  
 " 'Tis cash that does the feat, all the rest's but a cheat ;  
 " Without that there's no faith nor quarter.

" 'Tis the mark of our coin, *God with us*,  
 " And the grace of God goes along w't :  
 " When the Georges are flown, then the cause goes down,  
 " For the Lord is departed from it.  
 " Then away with the laws," &c.



For Rome or for Geneva,  
 For the table or the altar,  
 This spawn of a vote he cares not a groat :  
 For the pence he's yours in a halter.  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

Though the *name* of *lord* or *bishop*  
 To nostrils pure may be loathsome,  
 Yet many there are that agree with the mayor,  
 That their *lands* are wondrous toothsome.  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

"When our masters are poor, we leave 'em ;  
 "'Tis the golden calf we bow to :  
 "We kill and we slay, not for conscience, but pay ;  
 "Give us that, we'll fight for you too.  
 "Then away with the laws, &c.

"Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,  
 "And Fleetwood a backslider :  
 "These we serv'd as the rest ; but the city's the beast  
 "That will never cast her rider."  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

Then the mayor holds the stirrup,  
 And the shrieves cry, "God save your honours !"   
 Then 'tis but a jump, and up goes the Rump,  
 That will spur to the devil upon us.  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

When your plate is gone, and your jewels,  
 You next must be entreated  
 To part with your bags, and strip you to rags,  
 And yet not think your cheated.  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

The truth is, the town deserves it ;  
 'Tis a brainless, heartless monster ;  
 At a club they may bawl, and declare at the hall,  
 And yet, at a push, not one stir.  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

Sir Arthur vows he'll treat 'em  
 Far worse than the men at Chester :  
 He's bold, now they're cow'd, but was nothing so loud,  
 When he lay in the ditch at Leicester.  
 Then away with the laws, &c.

"The Lord hath left John Lambert,  
 "And the Spirit Feak's anointed ;  
 "But why, O Lord, hast thou sheath'd thy sword ?  
 "Lo, thy saints are disappointed !  
 "Then away with the laws, &c.

"Though Sir Henry be departed,  
 "Sir John makes good the place now ;  
 "And to help out the work of the glorious Kirk,  
 "Our brethren march apace now.  
 "Then away with the laws, &c.

"While divines and statesmen wrangle,  
 "Let the Rump-ridden nation bite on't :  
 "There are none but we that are sure to go free,  
 "For the soldier's still in the right on't.  
 "Then away with the laws, &c.

"Your masters won't supply us  
 "With money, food, and clothing ;  
 "Let the State look to't, we'll find one that will do't ;  
 "We will not damn for nothing.  
 "Then away with the laws and the Good Old Cause !  
 "Ne'er talk of the Rump or the Charter ;  
 "'Tis the cash that does the feat, all the rest's but a cheat ;  
 "Without that there's no faith nor quarter."

### **The Western Rebel.**

TUNE—"Packington's Pound."

1685.

SEE the vizor's pull'd off, and the zealots are arming,  
 For our old Egypt plagues, the Whig locusts, are swarming ;  
 The true Protestant Perkin in lightning has spoke,  
 And already begins to evanish in smoke.

Little Jemmy's launch'd o'er

From the old Holland shore,

Where Shaftsbury march'd to the devil before.

The old game's a-beginning ; for high shoes and clowns  
 Are turning State-tinkers for mending of crowns.

Let his desperate frenzy to ruin spur on :  
 The rebel too late, and madam too soon :

But politic noddles, without wit or reason,  
When empty of brains, have the more room for treason.

Ambition bewitches  
Through bogs and through ditches,  
Like a Will-with-a-wisp ; for the bastard blood itches,  
And the bully sets up, with high shoes and clowns,  
A true Protestant tinker for mending of crowns.

Let him banter religion, that old stale pretence  
For traitors to mount on the neck of their prince ;  
But clamour and nonsense no longer shall fright us,  
Our wits are restor'd by the flogging of Titus.

Their canting delusion,  
And bills of exclusion,  
No longer shall sham the mad world to confusion :  
The old cheat's too gross ; and no more bores and clowns,  
For perching on thrones and profaning of crowns.

So the great murder'd Charles, our Church, freedom, and laws,  
Were all martyrs of old to the sanctified Cause :  
Whilst gospel and heaven were the popular name,  
The firebrands of hell were all light from that flame.

Reformation once tun'd,  
Let religion but sound ;  
When that Kirk-bagpipe plays, all the devils dance round.  
But the whinnying tub-cheat shall no longer go down ;  
No more kings on scaffolds, and knaves on a throne.

Let his hot-brain'd ambition, with his renegade loons,  
Mount the son of the people for lord of three crowns ;  
The impostor on one hand, and traitor on t'other,  
Set up his false title, as crack'd as his mother :

But whilst, peacock proud,  
He struts and talks loud,  
The head of the rabble and idol o' th' crowd,  
From his false borrow'd plumes and his hopes of a crown,  
To his black feet below let th' aspirer look down.

Then let him march on with his politic poll,  
To perch up his head by old Bradshaw and Noll,  
Whilst the desperate Jehu is driving headlong  
To visit the relics of Tommy Armstrong :

For there's vengeance a-working,  
To give him a jerking,  
And humble the pride of poor little Perkin.  
Great James his dread thunder shall th' idol pull down,  
Whilst our hands, hearts, and swords, are all true to the crown.

**The Loyal Irishman.**

TUNE—"Irish Trot, or Fingal Jig."

1685.

My bonny dear Shony, my crony, my honey,  
 Why dost thou grumble and keep in thy words so ?  
 Sighing and crying, and groaning and frowning,  
 Ah! why dost thou still lay thy hand on thy sword so ?  
 What if the traitors will talk of State matters,  
 And rail at the king without cause or reason ?  
 We'll love on, and let business alone,  
 For billing and kissing can ne'er be found treason.

Plotting and sotting, and railing and fooling,  
 God's nouns ? with the rabble is now all the fashion ;  
 Swearing and tearing, caballing and brawling,  
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, 'twill ruin the nation !  
 He's but a Widgeon that talks of religion,  
 Since rebels are now the reformers and teachers.  
 Sodom's disciple debauches the people :  
 Good heaven defend us from more of such preachers !

Visions, seditions, and railing petitions,  
 The rabble receive, and are wondrous merry ;  
 All can remember the fifth of November,  
 But no man the thirtieth of January.  
 Talking of treason without any reason,  
 Will lose the poor city its bountiful charter ;  
 The Commons haranguing will bring them to hanging,  
 Though each puppy hopes to be Knight of the Garter.

Clayton and Payton, Papillion that villain,  
 With Cornish and Ward, are the monarchy-hunters ;  
 These rascals too low are to lodge in the Tower,  
 And scarcely are fitting to fill up the Compter.  
 Bethel is fled too, and Tony is dead too :  
 Our fate, to befriend us, made bold to strike, sir ;  
 Routed the bigot, and pull'd out the spigot.  
 His fame and his body now stink all alike, sir.

## The Plot is Rent and Torn.

TUNE—"Joan's Placket."

1685.

HAVE you not heard of knaves  
 That ne'er will be forgot,  
 Who, for to make us slaves,  
 Did hatch a Pagan plot ?  
 But now 'tis rent, the parliament  
 Hath rent the plot in twain :  
 For the plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,  
 'Tis rent and torn in twain ;  
 The plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.

Fitz-Harris, Hetherington,  
 With Bedloe, Smith, and Prance,  
 The doctor, in his gown,  
 Did gravely lead the dance ;  
 But now the prig another jig  
 To dance, alas ! is fain,  
 For the plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

Then Dugdale was a saint,  
 Till he the cause forsook,  
 And Dangerfield did rant,  
 In person of a duke.  
 With Cummins, too, a perjurd crew  
 Came swearing o'er the main,  
 Who the plot so rent and tore,  
 That will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

But now the doctor's flogg'd,  
 And 's grac'd the pill'ry twice,  
 With chains and fetters clogg'd,  
 For his curs'd perjuries ;  
 And Dangerfield, for all his skill,  
 Is caught in the same chain ;



For the plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

The joiner, for his zeal,  
 Did penance in a string ;  
 To save the commonweal,  
 The doctor next will swing,  
 And all the gang in order hang,  
 That would their plots maintain ;  
 For the plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

Argyle, the rebel Scot,  
 With all the factious crew,  
 Their bloody arms had got,  
 But see what did ensue :  
 For all his hope, he found a rope  
 Did quickly end his reign ;  
 For the plot's so rent and torn,  
 That 'twill never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

Now royal James is plac'd  
 Upon his father's throne,  
 With every virtue grac'd  
 That can adorn the crown :  
 His foes shall fly, the Whigs shall cry,  
 " Our hopes are all in vain ;  
 " For the plot is rent and torn,  
 " And will never be mended again.  
 " 'Tis rent and torn," &c.

To him kind Heaven has sent  
 (Heaven's bounteous gift alone)  
 A royal parliament,  
 To fix him on the throne ;  
 Who shall our king in every thing,  
 And his due rights maintain ;  
 For the plot is rent and torn,  
 But will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

This parliament did vote  
 The king a royal sum,

Which shall his name promote  
 Above all Christendom,  
 And overcome his foes at home,  
 Who shew their teeth in vain ;  
 For the plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, &c.

May such a parliament  
 Support the royal cause,  
 To give its friends content,  
 And to subdue its foes.  
 Since all the plot is gone to pot,  
 The king in peace shall reign ;  
 For the plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.  
 'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,  
 'Tis rent and torn in twain ;  
 The plot is rent and torn,  
 And will never be mended again.

### A New Litany.

TUNE— "Cavalilly Man."

1751.

1685.

FROM the tap the guts of the honourable stump,  
 From which runs rebellion that stinks like the Rump,  
 On purpose to leaven the whole factious lump,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From him that aspires as high as the crown,  
 And vows to pull popes and cathedrals down,  
 Fit only to govern the world in the moon,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From the prick-ear'd Levite, that can, without pain,  
 Swear *black* into *white*, then unswear it again,  
 Whose name did design him a villain in grain,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From his Black-bills and Pilgrims, with sickles in hand,  
 That came over to make a religious band,  
 Then ravish our wives and inhabit our land,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From the *cent. per cent.* scrivener and all his queer tricks,  
That cries out *Intemperance*, and yet will not stick  
To clear a young spendthrift's estate at a lick,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From the force and the fire of the insolent rabble,  
That would hurl the government into a Babel,  
And from the nice fare of the mouse-starver's table,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From Jenkins's homilies drawn through the nose,  
From Langley, Dick, Baldwin, and all such as those,  
From brawny Settle's poems in *prose*,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a surfeit occasioned by Protestant feasts,  
From sedition for sauce, and republican guests,  
With treason for grace-cup, or faction at least,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From all the blind zeal of democrat tools,  
From Whigland and all its anarchial rules,  
Devised by knaves, and imposed on fools,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From the late times reviv'd, when religion was gain,  
And church-plate were seiz'd for relics profane,  
Since practis'd by searching Sir William again,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From such reformation where zealots begun  
To preach heaven must by firm bulwark be won,  
From *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a gun,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

From saucy petitions that serve to inflame us,  
From all who for the Association are famous,  
From the devil, the doctor, and damn'd Ignoramus,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

### **The Constitution restored, in 1711.**

TUNE—"Mortimer's Hole."

LET's joy in the medal with James the Third's face,  
And the advocates that pleaded for him :  
Though the nation renounces the whole Popish race,  
Great Lewis of France will restore him.

Health to the new colonels and captains so pretty,  
 With S——lk, and the rest of the train, sir,  
 Who play'd through the city the High-churchman's ditty,  
 "The king shall his own have again, sir."

What though we did swear to the Protestant heir,  
 And roundly abjur'd the Pretender?  
 Our oaths must give place to the true royal race,  
 Or our high faith will want a defender.  
 Who would not rejoice at the turn of the State,  
 Which rescued our old constitution?  
 From that happy period we joyfully date  
 The fall of the curs'd Revolution.

To begin with resistance, Sacheverel did say,  
 'Tis the doctrines of devil and hell, sir :  
 But passive obedience does now bear the sway,  
 As the wise Irish bishops can tell, sir.  
 Hereditary right, which sav'd James the Just  
 From the damnable bill of exclusion,  
 Will bring in his son, as High-churchmen do trust,  
 To the Hanover house's confusion.

And to shew that the Jacobite interest rises,  
 To High-churchmen's great consolation,  
 The Pretender's medals do bear double prizes,  
 And his friends are in high reputation.  
 While thus our brave priesthood, with vigilant care,  
 Our factions and ferments do nourish,  
 Old Lewis is sure to succeed in the war,  
 And his grandson's sceptre must flourish.

The Dutch shall be ruin'd, the Whigs shall be damn'd,  
 And Austria's house be confounded ;  
 The Gauls shall rejoice, while our allies are shamm'd,  
 And our quarrels with France are compounded.  
 Now Prior and M——r, with pistoles in great store,  
 From France are arrived at Dover ;  
 And Abel may roar till his lungs are quite sore,  
 That there can be no need of Hanover.

Great treaties likè ours must infallibly bear,  
 Since the persons employed are so able ;  
 Though one was a drawer, and t'other, some swear,  
 Was the politic groom of a stable :  
 Yet they're guided by one who is very well known,  
 And a thorough-pac'd statesman is reckon'd.

In the Rad—r address the Whigs he knock'd down  
With the 12th of King Charles the Second.

Thus bravely he fights their lewd bill of rights,  
And baffles their damn'd Revolution :  
By statutes repeal'd, non-resistance he heal'd,  
And to High Church he gave absolution.  
Wide open to all a subscription-book stands,  
With some advocates at Edinburgh,  
Where Perkin's true friends do set to their hands ;  
If he'll come, they'll receive him to-morrow.

Good Mr. Dundas has given him a pass,  
The kingdom of Scotland to enter ;  
And the Duchess of Gordon, that brave Popish lass,  
Does swear by the mass he may venture.  
By such great examples all people will find  
That the Jacobites are in no peril  
For the prince at St. Germain's to speak out their mind,  
Or to drink a full bumper to Sorrel.

Thus Lesley and Hicks, with their politic tricks,  
Have gain'd on the sense of the nation.  
The Dissenters are troubled to find themselves troubled,  
For *indulgence* is no *toleration*.  
Their barns are burnt down, and their teachers are damn'd,  
For preaching in tubs without orders :  
The silly Low-church will be left in the lurch,  
And the Scotch Kirk drove out of our borders.

Let schismatics pine, let republicans whine,  
And henceforth abandon these nations ;  
While Tories rejoice, and cry with one voice,  
Obedience without limitations.  
Let our trade go to wreck, and all our stocks sink,  
While our High-church rides safe from all danger ;  
Since land's above money, we've reason to think,  
The Queen's brother will conquer the stranger.

Let the Whigs that love trade, the South-Sea invade,  
And there we will give 'em debentures,  
For the money they've lent, till the whole sum be spent,  
And a sponge wipe out all their adventures.  
They shall have for director their German Elector,  
Who certainly will not play booty :  
He's too much in the stock the project to shock.  
Good Princess Sophia, adieu t'ye.





## APPENDIX.

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### PART II.

## W h i g S o n g s .

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### *Fifth of November.*

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

THIS is the bless'd day which a plot did betray,  
To blow up our king and our parliament too ;  
When Papists and Atheists did scamper away,  
And durst not perform what they swore they would do.  
The Gunpowder Plot shall ne'er be forgot,  
Nor James's intriguing with France and with Rome :  
Let's always remember the fifth of November,  
When Papists and tyrants did twice meet their doom.

Faux, with his dark lanthron, was caught by the neck,  
As he was preparing to blow up the train,  
That so both our Church and our State he might wreck,  
And bring us to Popery and slavery again.  
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Faux, Piercy, and Rockwood, with Rome's other saints,  
Her Stanleys, her Garnets, her Digbys, her Wrights,  
Her Owens, her Winters, her Catesbys, and Grants,  
They revell'd by day, and they plotted a-nights.  
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Her Gerards, her Tesmunds, her Halls, and her Kays,  
Her Baldwins, her Bates, and her Treshams combin'd,  
The power of the Pope and the Spaniards to raise,  
That they might restore the High-church to their mind.  
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Some did themselves murder, and others were shot ;  
 Some were burnt with powder for others prepar'd ;  
 Some couples were hang'd for this damnable plot :  
 Great pity it was that any were spar'd.  
 The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

What Rome thus had lost in James the First's reign,  
 In that of the Second she hop'd to retrieve,  
 'Cause France was more strong to support her than Spain,  
 But once more the fates did the harlot deceive.  
 The Gunpower Plot, &c.

For William from Holland with forces came o'er,  
 And this blessed day in Great Britain did land,  
 To save us from France and from Rome's bloody whore,  
 And James ran for shelter to *Lewis le Grand*.  
 The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Thus, though we were almost undone by the dad,  
 As millions still living do well understand,  
 French Tories and Papists a thing call'd his lad,  
 Would fain have govern and rule o'er this land.  
 But the Gunpowder Plot shall ne'er be forgot,  
 Nor James's intriguing with France and with Rome :  
 Let's ever remember the fifth of November,  
 And may all our Perkinites have their just doom.

### Song on the Thirtieth of January, 1696.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

THERE was a king of Scottish race,  
 A man of muckle might, O,  
 Was never seen in battles great,  
 But greatly he would —, O.  
 This king begot another king,  
 Which made the nation sad, O,  
 Was of the same religion,  
 An Atheist like his dad, O.

This monarch wore a picked beard,  
 And seem'd a doughty hero,  
 As Dioclesian innocent,  
 And merciful as Nero :

The church's darling instrument,  
But scourge of all the people ;  
He swore he'd make each mother's son  
Adore their idol steeple.

But they, perceiving his designs,  
Grew plaguy shy and jealous,  
And timely chopt his calf's head off,  
And sent him to his fellows.  
Old Rowley did succeed his dad ;  
Such a king was never seen, O :  
He'd mell with every dirty drab,  
But never with his queen, O ;

His dogs at council-board would sit,  
Like judges in their furs, O ;  
'Twas hard to say which had most wit,  
The monarch or his curs, O.  
At last he died, we know not how,  
But most think by his brother ;  
His soul to royal Tophet went,  
To see his dad and mother.

The furious James usurp'd the throne :  
To pull religion down, O ;  
But by his wife and priest undone,  
He quickly lost his crown, O.  
To France the wandering monarch trudg'd,  
In hopes relief to find, O,  
Which he is like to have from thence,  
Even when the devil's blind, O.

O ! how should we rejoice and pray,  
And never cease to sing, O,  
If bishops too were chas'd away,  
And banish'd with their king, O !  
Then peace and plenty would ensue,  
Our bellies would be full, O,  
Th' enliven'd isle would laugh and smile,  
As in the days of Noll, O.

## A Health.

TUNE—"The Mug, the Mug."

WHEN Tories and parsons do cant and pray,  
 And spit their dull malice on us, on us,  
 Let's remember the cause that occasion'd the day,  
 And drink a good health to old Puss, old Puss.\*  
 When priests of rebellion and treason do prate,  
 And wail for their monarch's ill luck, ill luck,  
 Confront 'em with vagabond James's fate,  
 And put 'em in mind of the stroke they struck.

When oppression increases, and hopes grow less,  
 When tyrants unbridled their subjects vex,  
 Let's cheer up ourselves with the happy success  
 That once did attend on the ax, the ax.  
 Then freedom and peace did in triumph appear,  
 As soon as the glorious deed was done  
 Our fathers perform'd ; and why should we fear  
 To follow what they have so well begun ?

Moses of old, when the Jews despair'd  
 How they should threatening dangers shun,  
 Buoy'd up their faith by the wonders they'd heard  
 Had by their fathers been done, been done.  
 But we have better examples in store :  
 When power with liberty won't accord,  
 We'll follow the pattern they set us before,  
 And deliver ourselves from the sword, the sword.

Then fill up the glass to the daring hand  
 Which bravely finish'd the just design,  
 And stain'd with tyrannical blood the sand,  
 While murmuring Scots repine, repine.  
 About with 't again to the hand and cause  
 That gave us occasion to revel thus.  
 Confusion to those who shall dare to refuse  
 To drink a good health to old Puss, old Puss.

\* Alias *the Good Old Cause*.



**King William's Birth-Day.**

“TUNE—“ Lillibulero.”

LET'S sing the brave hero whom Heaven did ordain  
 To quell wicked tyrants, and nations set free ;  
 Who humbled proud Lewis, and cut through the chain  
 That he made for the people of every degree.  
 Hero, hero, sing the brave hero,  
 William the glorious, the gallant Nassau,  
 The hero who sav'd us when James had enslav'd us,  
 The hero who sav'd our religion and law.

French Lewis did league with Popish King James,  
 The Protestants all over the world to destroy ;  
 The Tiber did threaten to swallow the Thames,  
 That Papists our posts and estates might enjoy.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

King James did us threaten with his Irish host,  
 And Papist on Church, State, and armies obtrude ;  
 The Jesuits, and Rome's other leeches, did boast  
 That they should be glutted with heretic blood.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

King James sent our Protestant bishops to th' Tower,  
 And all our good clergy had Smithfield in view ;  
 Great swarms of Rome's locusts did hope to devour  
 Those who to religion prov'd stedfast and true.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

King James, for advancing his Catholic cause,  
 Our colleges, benches, and pulpits did fill  
 With Papists, that so our religion and laws  
 Might both be new-modell'd and tun'd to his will.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

King James seiz'd our charters and garbled our towns,  
 That he might have parliament at his command ;  
 Our lords and our gentry, by bribes and by frowns,  
 He would have persuaded for Popery to stand.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

James cut-throats made judges, and juries did pack,  
 That he might dispose of estates and of lives ;  
 And that all might be ready the nation to wreck,  
 His priests were to bill with our daughters and wives.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

By whippings and tortures, exorbitant fines,  
 Knives, axes, and halters, and wresting of law,  
 James murder'd our laymen and lash'd our divines,  
 And swore he would keep us for ever in awe.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

The nation no longer the tyrant could bear,  
 But bravely resolv'd for great Orange to call :  
 Even those who to passive obedience did swear,  
 Sent for him to rescue the nation from thrall.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

The tyrant, alarm'd, like a coward did quake,  
 As soon as he heard that brave William would come ;  
 He cring'd and he flatter'd, he own'd his mistake,  
 And promis'd our rights to restore all and some.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

But James, when he heard that a tempest dispers'd  
 Part of the Dutch fleet, did alter his mind.  
 His promises all, old and new, were revers'd ;  
 For oaths made to heretics never can bind.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

The gallant Nassau, when the wind turn'd about,  
 Pursued his design, and in Britain did land ;  
 When James march'd against him with his Popish rout,  
 And at Salisbury Plain he did threaten a stand.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

When our Protestant troops and commanders then saw  
 That James at the nation's destruction did aim,  
 Abandon'd by daughters and both sons-in-law,  
 To stand by him longer they thought it a shame.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

The tyrant's heart ach'd, and his nose it did bleed,  
 So James thought it proper his flight to begin ;  
 Then back he did gallop, with horse at full speed,  
 And soon was pull'd down from the throne for his sin.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

Thus Orange, like Cæsar, came, saw, and did conquer,  
 His foes were dispers'd like a mist by the wind,  
 And James went to France with his warming-pan younker.  
 Oh ! that he had ne'er left a Tory behind !  
 Hero, hero, &c.

Let's sing the brave prince who Great Britain did save,  
 And rescued her darling, the glorious Queen Anne,  
 Whom Papists and Tories would send to her grave,  
 And adopt dada's brat from the French warming-pan.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

Let's sound William's fame, and his memory advance,  
 In songs of high triumph, again and again ;  
 The hero who lower'd the ambition of France,  
 And neither allow'd her the Indies nor Spain.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

May Hanover prosper, whom great William chose  
 To finish what he and brave Anne had begun :  
 As we drove out King James, spite of Lewis's nose,  
 Let's keep the true daughter and hang the false son.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

For the youngster, to prove himself of the right line,  
 King James in whatever is bad will exceed ;  
 And then it is easy for us to divine,  
 Hanover's protection we sadly shall need.  
 Hero, hero, &c.

Then curs'd be those priests, and those laymen to boot,  
 That with this succession so gladly would part !  
 May our laws them pursue, and cut off branch and root,  
 While Hanover's nearest her Majesty's heart.  
 Hero, hero, sing the brave hero,  
 William the glorious, the gallant Nassau ;  
 Who, that he might save us from those who'd enslave us,  
 Hanover's succession establish'd by law.

## Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

A PLOT's now on foot, look about, English boys,  
 Blow up the plotters as soon as you can ;  
 A plot which our Hanover's title destroys,  
 And shakes the high throne of our glorious Queen Anne.  
 Over, over, Hanover, over,  
 Haste, and assist our Queen and our State ;  
 Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over,  
 And put in your claim before 'tis too late.

A bargain our Queen made with her good friends  
 The States, to uphold the Protestant line ;  
 If the plot does succeed, that bargain then ends,  
 As well as her Majesty's gallant design.  
 Over, over, &c.

A creature there is that goes by more names  
 Than ever an honest man could, should, or would ;  
 And I wish we don't find him an arrant King James,  
 Whenever he peeps out from under his hood.  
 Over, over, &c.

A certain great lord to a monastery went,  
 To visit the mother of him aforesaid :  
 He wish'd her much joy, and he left her content,  
 With a dainty fine plot about to be laid.  
 Over, over, &c.

What kind of a plot I think we may guess,  
 So welcome must be to her and her lad ;  
 And let any man say it, if we can do less  
 Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.  
 Over, over, &c.

Whoe'er is in place, I care not a fig,  
 Nor will I decide 'twixt High-church and Low :  
 'Tis now no dispute between Tory and Whig,  
 But, whether a Popish successor or no ?  
 Over, over, &c.

Our honest allies this plot do explain,  
 Of which our French foes so loudly do boast ;  
 But I hope, though they reckon Great Britain to gain,  
 They reckon without consulting their host.  
     Over, over, &c.

Or else we must bid farewell to our trade,  
 Whatever fine tales some people have told :  
 For if they succeed in the plot they have laid,  
 We shall send out no wool, and bring home no gold.  
     Over, over, &c.

Let's fill up a bumper with brave racy wine,  
 To Princess Sophia, th' Elector, and all  
 The Protestant princes of that noble line :  
 Before 'em may Popery and tyranny fall.  
     Over, over, Hanover, over,  
     Haste, and assist our Queen and our State ;  
     Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over,  
     And put in your claim before 'tis too late.

### **Loyalty Displayed ; or, An Answer to that Rebellious Song called The Constitution Restored in 1711.**

TUNE—"Mortimer's Hole."

CONFOUND all the medals with James the Third's face,  
 And rebels that pleaded his cause !  
 In England we value no spurious race,  
 As being against all our laws.

The colonels you prate, they don't do their duty ;  
 S—Ik cannot tell Velvet from Bays :  
 And your captain in battle will never get booty,  
 Nor merit a soldier's true praise,

We'll ever be true to the Protestant heir,  
 And ever abjure the Pretender ;  
 For the thoughts of a bastard we cannot now bear,  
 Since Anne is our glorious defender.

We all do rejoice at the turn of the State,  
 Which rescued our old constitution,



Or else we had felt again Forty-eight,  
That damnable curs'd revolution.

Denying resistance Sacheverel disown'd,  
When he by his judges was tried :  
And passive obedience he own'd to this crown,  
Which made it so well on his side.

Hereditary right in Anne is her due ;  
The parliament all knows the same :  
So Perkin be curs'd, with all his damn'd crew ;  
Hanover shall flourish with fame.

For the Jacobites' favour we do not care,  
Whilst High-church does manage the nation ;  
So the medals of Perkin no price here shall bear,  
Nor his friends be in high reputation.

Our priesthood true doctrine the people will teach,  
The people will Lewis pull down ;  
So the allies sha'n't perish whilst they do beseech  
Both succour and aid from our crown.

No pistoles can tempt us t' exclude the right line  
Of Hanover from his just right ;  
Both Drawers and Grooms shall nobly combine  
Against the Pretender to fight.

We have statutes enough to vindicate us  
And the Eighty-eight Revolution,  
Whilst Edinburgh people all take it too thus,  
And praise their blest constitution.

There's Moore, and also that noble peer  
Who gave in the Radnor address,  
Will tumble down Low-church in less than a year,  
To Great Britain's full happiness.

There's Mr. Dundas for the medal will pay,  
The Duchess of Gordon also.  
The Pretender's a son of a —— I do say,  
And Sorrel to the devil may go.

Nay, Lesley and Hicks are both in the right,  
For writing against toleration :  
So High-church shall flourish in the Whigs' spite,  
Yet the Scotch shall have Kirk in their nation.

Indeed the republican party we'll tame,  
 And keep you within limitation.  
 Our trade it shall flourish, to Great Britain's fame,  
 And happiness of the whole nation.

The trading at South-Sea will credit restore,  
 Debentures will be ready coin.  
 The Princess Sophia we all will adore,  
 And against all our enemies join.

### **The French King's Thanks and Advice to the Tory Members and Ministers.**

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

WELL play'd, my dear friends, for the Catholic cause ;  
 You manage it bravely by learning my laws.  
 What should Whigs do with power to oppose such as you ?  
 To the right line and Lewis be faithful and true.  
 Hang law and liberty ! Damn law and liberty !  
 Make law and liberty truckle to you :  
 'Tis your Tory privilege, my French prerogative,  
 All law and liberty quite to subdue.

You must seize their old rights, without shadow of wrong,  
 Who of his have deprived your Jemmy so long.  
 Your electors would be your kings, if you'd let 'em ;  
 But our wooden shoes will far better fit 'em.  
 Hang law, &c.

Always tell the people 'tis for them and the Church ;  
 But when you are chosen, then leave 'em i' th' lurch.  
 Learn 'em this, and they swallow transubstantiation ;  
 Then mount their blind faith, and ride the tame nation.  
 Hang law, &c.

You must stick at no lying or swearing whatever ;  
 You need not want money to treat 'em, as never.  
 As you've flatter'd and brib'd to the height for their votes,  
 You then fell at their feet, now fly at their throats.  
 Hang law, &c.

Here's my purse to answer your charges and pains,  
 And to bind your Elector in French golden chains :  
 As now they are bound, so make them obey,  
 Or shew 'em to Newgate or Tyburn the way,  
     Hang law, &c.

Tell the sheepish Dissenters, they, without any care,  
 May depend for their safety on God and their prayer ;  
 Or if thrown out of places, and thrown into jails,  
 'Twill but speed 'em to heaven with forwarder gales.  
     Hang law, &c.

For the Whigs that refus'd ye, remember their poll,  
 And my Frenchified friends who shall dare to control ?  
 But if some will to law, like the Aylesbury men,  
 You must lay 'em in jail, and their counsel gain.  
     Hang law, &c.

If you get the petitions once happily ended,  
 The Queen and the laws will be thereby befriended,  
 Then model the rights of the voters, and then  
 Always you or your friends will be parliament-men.  
     Hang law, &c.

But what if you make this to be your last choice ?  
 Should brutes in their carriage and sense have a voice ?  
 Why not set up at once for eternal dictators,  
 And put into practice what is in your natures ?  
     Hang law, &c.

Now you've paid for their votes, you may honestly seize 'em,  
 So of trouble and care in their choosing you'll ease 'em.  
 Their own money tack'd to a well-framed bill  
 Will soon make all truckle and bow to your will.  
     Hang law, &c.

Then Rome and High-church will entirely unite,  
 For Laud and L'Estrange make the difference slight.  
 Should abbey-lands go, we'll make their estates  
 To pay for't who will not drive on at our rates.  
     Hang law, &c.

We'll bring in young Jemmy, and raise his arrears  
 By plunder and taxes on all mutineers.  
 Low-church and Dissenter that will not comply,  
 Shall be fin'd, whipp'd, imprison'd, starv'd, banish'd, and die.  
     Hang law, &c.

French, Scots, Irish arms shall together combine  
 With brave English Jack, to restore the right line ;  
 In a new triple league, France, Britain, and Spain,  
 O'er all the known world shall absolute reign.  
     Hang law, &c.

Your Jemmy shall places and honours bestow,  
 Which to my fast friends for his throne he shall owe,  
 And shall make them descend, as the crown which he wears,  
 In despite of all claim, to you and your heirs.  
     Hang law and liberty ! Damn law and liberty !  
     Make law and liberty truckle to you :  
 'Tis your Tory privilege, my French prerogative,  
     All law and liberty quite to subdue.

### **The Age of Wonders.**

TUNE—"Chevy Chace."

THE year of wonders is arriv'd,  
 The devil has learn'd to dance,  
 The church from danger just retriev'd  
     By help brought in from France.

Nature's run mad, and madmen rule ;  
 The world's turn'd upside down ;  
 Tumult puts in to keep the peace,  
     And Popery the crown.

In all the ages of the world,  
 Such wonders ne'er were seen ;  
 Papists cry out for th' English Church,  
     And rabbles for the Queen.

The pulpit thunders death and war,  
 To heal the bleeding nation,  
 And sends Dissenters to the de'il,  
     To keep the toleration.

The High-church clergy, mounted high,  
 Like sons of Jehu drive,  
 And over true religion ride,  
     To keep the Church alive.

The furiosos of the Church  
Come foremost like the wind,  
And moderation, out of breath,  
Comes trotting on behind,

The realm from danger to secure,  
To foreign aid we cry ;  
With Papists and Non-jurors join,  
To keep out Popery.

King William on our knees we curse,  
And damn the Revolution ;  
And to preserve the nation's peace,  
We study its confusion.

With treacherous heart and double tongue,  
Both parties we adhere to ;  
Pray for the side we swear against,  
And curse the side we swear to.

To heaven we for our sovereign pray,  
And take the abjuration,  
But take it hocus-pocus way,  
With juggling reservation.

Sachev'rel-like, with double face,  
We pray for our defender ;  
To good Queen Anne make vile grimace,  
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,  
And Protestant succession ;  
And if the devil came for both,  
We'd give him free possession.

Our scheme of politics is wise ;  
Good Lord ! that you'd but read it !  
'T pulls Marlbro' down to beat the French,  
And th' bank to keep our credit.

Because our treasurer was just,  
And House of Commons hearty,  
And neither would betray their trust,  
Or sell us to a party ;

Our business is, that neither may  
Their places long abide in,



But get some chosen in their room,  
Whom no man can confide in ;

Who shall deserve your mighty praise,  
For fund, and eke for loan,  
And may the nation's credit raise,  
But never can their own.

Because declaring rights to reign,  
Our parliaments have part in,  
We'll have the Queen that claim disown,  
For one's that's more uncertain.

The restoration to make plain,  
That Perkin mayn't miscarry,  
We've wisely wheedled up the Queen,  
To right hereditary.

The dignity of parliaments  
The stronger to imprint in's,  
We hug the priest whom we condemn,  
And ridicule their sentence.

In order to discourage mobs,  
And keep the people quiet,  
The rabblers we condemn for form,  
But not a rogue shall die yet.

The Duke of Marlborough to requite  
For retrieving English honour,  
His duchess shall have all the spite  
That fools can put upon her.

For battles fought, and towns reduc'd,  
And Popish armies broken,  
And that our English gratitude  
May t' future times be spoken ;

While fighting for the nation, he  
Looks danger in the face,  
We strive t' insult his family,  
And load him with disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with victory,  
And all the people love him,  
We hate the man for the success,  
And therefore will remove him,

And now we're stirring up the mob  
 Against a new election,  
 That High-church members may be chose  
 By our most wise direction.

That queens may parliaments dissolve,  
 No doubt 'tis right and just ;  
 But we have found it out, that now,  
 Because she may, she must.

The bankrupt nation to restore,  
 And pay the millions lent,  
 We'll at one dash wipe out the score  
 With sponge of parliament.

Then we may carry on the war  
 With neither fund nor *debet* ;  
 And banks shall eat us up no more,  
 Upon pretence of credit.

If not, we'll close with terms of peace  
 Prescrib'd by France and Rome,  
 That war, being huddled up abroad,  
 May then break out at home.

### **Tantivy Tory.**

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

THERE are some of our high-flying gentlemen seem  
 To be riding a full post-gallop to France ;  
 Nor do they stop there, but jog on towards Rome,  
 And riding tantivy, fast thither advance.  
 "Tory, Tory, Tantivy Tory,  
 "Who among men can drive faster than we ?  
 "With what we've begun we resolve to go on,  
 "Our scheme, so well laid, ne'er abandon'd shall be."

By the steps which they take, they would let all men know  
 That the Protestant line is nearest their heart ;  
 And, whether the Whigs will believe them or no,  
 They fear not to gull the blind mob by their art,  
 "Tory, Tory," &c.

That these are true sons of the church does appear  
 By their actions, which all throughout Europe may view ;  
 But whether of England or Rome ? Some do fear,  
 To the former they're false, to the latter they're true.  
 " Tory, Tory, &c.

" To please our good masters we shall not refuse  
 " To slander the Dutch and late ministry too ;  
 " Their so much fam'd general we'll likewise abuse,  
 " But so order matters, that all shall seem true.  
 " Wonder, wonder, if e'er we knock under,  
 " Having such a kind master as *Louis le Grand*,  
 " Who will highly regard us and greatly reward us,  
 " If accomplish we can what we've taken in hand.

" Our policy's great, outdo us who can ;  
 " We know how to bubble a nation that's wise.  
 " Though the Whigs us oppose, yet there is not a man  
 " Who can tell what we drive at when under disguise.  
 " Wonder, wonder, if we knock under,  
 " Having such a kind master as *Lewis the Great*,  
 " Who will highly regard us and greatly reward us,  
 " If what we've begun we can fully complete.

" We'll forfeit our heads, but accomplish our ends,  
 " And bring in the Chevalier, whom we design.  
 " Great Lewis and he, being both our good friends,  
 " Will protect us from those who against us combine.  
 " Over, over, Chevalier, over,  
 " The schismatic Whigs against us combine :  
 " Haste over to Dover and baffle Hanover,  
 " With all that stand fast to the Protestant line."

Whether bribes or true love to the Catholic cause  
 Have these men induc'd to drive on at this rate,  
 Is hard to determine ; but certain our laws  
 They treat like an almanack quite out of date.  
 Wonder, wonder, there's reason to wonder  
 That such men have 'scap'd the halter so long,  
 Who the cause have betray'd, and are not afraid  
 To do the good queen and the nation such wrong.

All true Englishmen who love their good queen  
 And their country, must needs be much griev'd  
 To see both abus'd as the like has ne'er been,  
 And such honour lost as can scarce be retriev'd.

Wonder, wonder, there's reason to wonder  
 That such men as these 'scape the halter so long,  
 Who the cause have betray'd, and are not afraid  
 To do their good Queen and the nation such wrong.

### Nothing but Truth.

TUNE—"A-begging we will go."

THERE was once a glorious Queen  
 That fill'd Great Britain's throne ;  
 She fought for all her good allies,  
 And to preserve her own,  
 When a-fighting we did go, &c.

She had a certain general,  
 That almost conquer'd France,  
 Both lov'd at home and fear'd abroad,  
 Where'er he did advance :  
 Then a-conquering we did go, &c.

At Blenheim, on the Danube,  
 He did the empire save ;  
 At Ramillies each Briton  
 From being made a slave,  
 When to Paris we did go, &c.

This Queen, when she had sav'd thus  
 All Europe from its fate,  
 She thought she must save France too,  
 And thought it not too late,  
 When to Utrecht we did go, &c.

We still had beat the French so,  
 The Queen most wisely thought  
 They were not worth the conquering,  
 If they were not worth a groat ;  
 For to Utrecht we did go, &c.

To raise then a new conquest,  
 Fit for her arms and fame,  
 Whate'er she'd won of France,  
 She gave them up the same,  
 When to Utrecht we did go, &c.

Let no one e'er reproach her  
That honour or that gain  
Invited her to battle,  
For there she gave up Spain,  
When to Utrecht we did go, &c.

She gave up all in Europe  
For castles in the air ;  
Great Britain for the South Sea,  
And we may all go there,  
If a-trading we will go, &c.

She gave up all her honour,  
Her treaties, and her word,  
In quitting of her allies ;  
And Charles for James the Third :  
And to Lorrain we may go.

What wondrous contradictions  
We of late times have seen !  
A conquering, and a glorious,  
And yet a losing queen,  
When to Utrecht she did go, &c.

King Jemmy fights for England,  
Queen Anne did fight for France ;  
And he that at St. James's  
His interest would advance,  
To Paris straight must go, &c.

Now who can sing her praises,  
For all her pity shown ?  
If Charles should lose the empire,  
And James should have his own.  
Then a-whistling we may go, &c.

If France should take away our trade,  
And James should take our crown,  
And Popery come in to pull  
Our Church of England down,  
Then to Paris we may go, &c.

But these are all but follies  
Devis'd by Whiggish men ;  
For when our trade and all is gone,  
We ain't worth taking then ;  
For a-begging we shall go, &c.



Then God bless our wise ministers,  
 Who gave up all our trade,  
 That of France and the Pretender  
 We may not be afraid ;  
 Since a-starving we may go, &c.

To keep out Rome and Popery  
 Is easy, if we will ;  
 But acting for its interest,  
 We may be Churchmen still.  
 And with Tories we may go, &c.

Then God bless our wise Ministers,  
 Who have found out the art  
 Of cheating them with fancies,  
 But hate them in their heart.  
 Then with Tories we may go, &c.

Go on then with your fine plans,  
 You men of British isle ;  
 To save your sinking Church and State,  
 Make neither worth your while.  
 'Tis no matter where we go, &c.

### **God Prosper long this Freeborn Isle.**

TUNE—"Chevy Chace."

God prosper long this freeborn isle,  
 And make to Britons known,  
 To talk of peace is scarce worth while,  
 Unless 'tis good or none.

Though taxes may by peace abate,  
 Yet what man gains a tester,  
 If skin be patch'd or broken pate,  
 Before we cure the fester ?

We have abjur'd, then rest assur'd,  
 Ye clergy and laymen,  
 That noble act must be secur'd,  
 Or else, Lord help us ! Amen.

With each heart's vein dread Europe's chain,  
Since there no thing more true is,  
Than that, if Spain must appertain  
To Anjou, he is Lewis.

God save the Queen, if thus they mean,  
And from old Lew, defend her !  
Since five and five are no more ten,  
Than he is our Pretender.

He own'd King Will, and so would still,  
To gain a breathing truce,  
Then keep his royal word until  
To break it was of use.

So faithless winds decoy the ship,  
With promise to persist,  
Then into some cross-corner slip,  
And drive her as they list.

Who first a mouse-trap did invent,  
And baited it with bacon ;  
This mythologic warning meant,  
Be not by fair words taken.

In vain poor souls have flock'd in shoals,  
If peace should slaves decree 'em,  
To offer up at quire of Paul's  
Their needless psalm, *Te Deum*.

It was not thus in days of old,  
As hist'ries do repeat ;  
For men did then a diff'rence hold  
'Twixt vict'ry and defeat.

Nor was the secret often known  
Through course of ages past,  
The conquering side to be undone,  
The conquer'd gain at last.

A gamster, at a hazard-bet,  
Would think 't a bubble case,  
When main is thrown and stake is set,  
To lose it at *deux-ace*.

Thus smitten hearts feel cruel darts  
From a receding eye,

Which, Parthian-like, as love asserts,  
At once can kill and fly.

When injur'd Greeks beleagur'd Troy,  
And liv'd in boots ten years,  
They let the place no rest enjoy,  
Till burnt about their ears.

Sly proffers of a wish'd-for peace  
With sword in hand they heard,  
But scorn'd hostilities should cease  
Till wrongs were first repair'd.

No less than madness it was thought,  
At that wise time o' day,  
To gain the prize for which they fought,  
And then to give't away.

Kind vict'ry thus were like the cow,  
Which crumps her back and tail,  
And, after yielding milk enough,  
Frisks rounds and spills the pail.

Then this dispute to reconcile,  
Let's end where we began,  
Nor talk of peace as worth our while,  
Unless 'tis good or none.

And so God bless our gracious Queen !  
And may our prayers ne'er cease,  
That his great hand may intervene,  
Be it a war or peace.

### **The Truth at Last.**

TUNE—"Nobody can deny."

COME, all ye brave boys and High-churchmen, draw near,  
I'll tell you a story 'twill delight you to hear ;  
'Tis of Minister Change, trade, peace, and war,  
Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

Some two years ago, the poor Church, sick at heart,  
 Look'd as wan as if she and her friends were to part,  
 Till a pulpit-physician gave a cast of his art,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

"My brethren," said he, "I think 'tis no wonder  
 "The church is in such a sad case—blood and thunder!  
 "The Whigs are triumphant, and we are kept under,  
     "Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Now I do affirm t'ye, these men do design  
 "To unking the Queen, and keep out the right line,  
 "Damn passive obedience and our right divine,  
     "Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Should their damnable doctrines be once understood,  
 "That princes and priests are but mere flesh and blood,  
 "You'll be apt to obey 'em, but just while they're good,  
     "Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Whereas a good subject and Christian, you know,  
 "The more he's abus'd, the more loving should grow,  
 "As the cuff and cloak text most fully does show,  
     "Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Let us therefore all join with heart and with voice,  
 "To cry down these rogues, and cry up a new choice;  
 "So we shall have all the fat places, brave boys,  
     "Which nobody can deny," &c.

When the people had heard this doctrine so sound,  
 Which the doctor on proofs and good profit did found,  
 They resolv'd, one and all, the Whigs to confound,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

How this doctor was baited, and how he got clear,  
 What feats he did since, and were done elsewhere,  
 No mortal that had ears that could, but did hear;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now as soon as the true sons of the church got ground,  
 You can't think how much better all things were found;  
 For mother and sons look'd fresh, brisk, plump, and sound,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now to prove our dear mother is out of all pain,  
 To miracle-working she's taken again;

She never wrought such in the late Whiggish reign,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

You must know, with a debt of ten millions at least  
They found the poor nation most sadly opprest ;  
And if they could pay without money 'twas best ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For this end they gave them a rich South-Sea trade,  
And told them by that twice as much might be paid ;  
For who could e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had ?  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This coming from one ne'er thought a deceiver,  
Made the faithful all think the project was clever ;  
And surely 'twas payment to every *believer* ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

In another point, too, we all settled have been ;  
That by passive obedience and right divine,  
King James was turn'd out, and King William brought in ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

That a certain great duke, we have reason to fear,  
Has a devilish design to prolong the war,  
As by beating our foes does most plainly appear,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For this very reason brave Hill and Argyle  
Have done nothing yet, though abroad a great while ;  
Since projects of peace all fighting does spoil,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

However, if any more conquests we need,  
Each hero, no doubt, to Quebec and Madrid,  
With equal despatch and success will proceed ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But now, God be thanked, the war's near an end,  
If on what great ones say little ones may depend ;  
For old Lewis himself is grown our fast friend,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For whatever notions some people maintain,  
King Charles and his allies are gainers, 'tis plain :  
For we give poor Phil nought but th' Indies and Spain ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.



May quarrels at home and abroad then cease,  
 May the High-church flourish and Low-church decrease,  
 For the Abbot has brought a good Protestant peace,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

May we all wish the Queen would enliven our hearts,  
 By giving our friends their proper deserts :  
 We know who'd enjoy axes, halters, and carts ;  
 Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

### **If now at last we must give up Spain.**

TUNE—"Green Sleeves."

THE news from abroad does a secret reveal,  
 Which late was confirm'd both at Dover and Deal,  
 That one Mr. Matthews, once called plain Mat,  
 Has been doing at Paris the devil knows what.  
 But sure what they talk of this negotiation  
 Is only intended to banter the nation ;  
 For why have we spent so much treasure in vain,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain ?

Why so many battles did Marlborough win ?  
 So many strong towns why did he take in ?  
 Why did he his army to Germany lead,  
 The crown to preserve on the Emperor's head ?  
 Why does he the honour of England advance ?  
 Why has he humbled the tyrant of France,  
 By passing the lines and taking Bouchain,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain ?

Our stocks were so high, and our credit so good,  
 (I mean all the while our late ministry stood)  
 That foreigners hither their money did send,  
 And bankers abroad took a pleasure to lend.  
 But though all the service was duly supplied,  
 And nought was embezzled or yet misapplied,  
 Yet by their good management what shall we gain,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain ?

We made this alliance, as well it is known,  
 That Austria's great house might recover their own :  
 King Charles is of part of his kingdom possest,  
 And Bouchain would quickly fright France from the rest ;  
 For sure the whole nation by this time must know,  
 That the way to Madrid is by Paris to go.  
 But why have we made such a glorious campaign,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain.

All treaties with France may be sung or be said,  
 To-morrow they'll break what to-day they have made ;  
 And therefore our senate did wisely address,  
 That none might be made while she Spain did possess :  
 The Queen, too, to them did last sessions declare,  
 That Spain ought to be their particular care.  
 But speeches, addresses, and senates are vain,  
 Since now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 Since now we must give up Spain.

By giving up Spain we give up our trade.  
 In vain would they tell us a treaty is made  
 For yielding us forts in the distant South-Seas,  
 To manage our traffic with safety and ease.  
 No lies are too gross for such impudent fellows :  
 Of forts in the moon as well they might tell us,  
 Since France at her pleasure may take them again,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain.

Some lords were impeach'd for a famous partition,  
 Which kept the allies in far better condition ;  
 For then of *raw silk* we were only bereft,  
 But now neither *silver* nor *gold* will be left.  
 If that treaty then did impeachment require,  
 Sure this calls at least for the rope or the fire,  
 Since Britain had never such cause to complain,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain.

When Pett'cum to Paris did openly go,  
 What doubts and what jealousies did we not show ?  
 How loudly did we against Holland exclaim ?  
 Yet surely our statesmen are now more to blame :  
 For how can they think our allies will not fire  
 At privately sending that Machiavel Prior ?

Who richly deserv'd to be whipt for his pain.  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain.

Since matters stand thus, I am sorely afraid,  
 Whenever this scandalous peace shall be made,  
 Our senate for Cato will quickly decree  
 Some punishment worse than the sting of a bee.  
 Poor Mat in the pillory soon will be seen :  
 For *Mortimer*, too, oh ! well had it been  
 That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,  
 If now at the last we must give up Spain,  
 If now we must give up Spain.

### George at Last shall Wear the Crown.

TUNE—"The King shall enjoy his own again."

THOUGH Britain on to ruin runs,  
 And all that's faithful to her shuns,  
 Yet Providence, that's ever kind,  
 Has still a blessing left behind.  
     Then, friends, hearken well  
     To what I shall tell ;  
 I'll do't although superiors frown :  
     Before many years do end,  
     The times will amend,  
 And George at last shall wear the crown.

Let Jacks and Tories rave and rant  
 About the Church, and such like cant,  
 Their kings and queens may idolize,  
 And teach them how to tyrannize :  
     But we our property  
     Will maintain, and liberty,  
 And all shall still enjoy their own ;  
     So you may plainly see  
     How happy we shall be,  
 When George at last does wear the crown.

Although addresses up were brought,  
 And all were well receiv'd at court,  
 In their hereditary right  
 They assert with all their force and might ;

Yet never despair,  
 The time's drawing near,  
 That all such assertions will disown :  
 Though the court runs so high,  
 Yet their ruin is nigh,  
 For George at last shall wear the crown.

'Tis true, our general's disgrac'd,  
 And all our ministry displac'd,  
 Our friends forsook, and credit lost,  
 And Spain, though millions it has cost.  
 But our great House of Lords  
 Some hope still affords,  
 They'll Tory measures tumble down ;  
 And prophecies of old  
 Have always foretold  
 That George at last shall wear the crown.

Now Robin rules without control,  
 And makes the Commons but his tool ;  
 Yet his attempts shall be in vain,  
 For James the Third shall never reign.  
 The nation he betrays,  
 For which France pays,  
 But we his treachery disown,  
 And shall live to see the day  
 When his head shall for it pay,  
 When George comes o'er to wear the crown.

Though fighting's grown quite out of date,  
 And peace is got at any rate,  
 And France's become our high ally,  
 Which once was fam'd for treachery ;  
 Oh ! whether can it tend,  
 To trust to such a friend ?  
 'Tis proof they all are frantic grown :  
 They certainly mistake,  
 Wrong treaties now they make,  
 But George at last shall wear the crown.

Then let us all united be,  
 Firm faithful friends to liberty ;  
 A cheerful glass will glad the soul,  
 To George's health fill up the bowl ;  
 And may he ever be  
 Blest with prosperity,  
 May fortune on him never frown ;

And let us ever pray  
For that glorious day,  
When George the Great shall wear the crown.

### **The Merchant a-la-Mode.**

TUNE—"Nobody can deny."

ATTEND and prepare for a cargo from Dover,  
Wine, silk, turnips, onions, with the peace are come over,  
Which Duke D'Aumont has brought, to make room for a Rover,  
Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

A swaggering crew rode a-horseback before him ;  
He threw out his cash, that the mob might adore him ;  
So tag-rag and bob-tail made up the decorum,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Our great men they bought with pensions and tattles,  
Our general they hired to fight no more battles,  
And the rabble they wheedle with shillings and rattles,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The train is made up with the scum of St. Germain,  
Priests, porters, and fiddlers, pimps, lacqueys, and chairmen,  
Who are all the great whore of Babylon's vermin,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

His house is a chapel where the Jesuits range ;  
'Tis a court for our statesmen ; and yet, which is strange,  
'Tis a tavern, a warehouse, a garden, a 'change ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The Queen had a present, we know very well,  
But we must to market, us all folks can tell ;  
For they that can buy, they also can sell ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here barons may talk, and squires may fuddle :  
The house can provide both tobacco and bottle ;  
They've a seat for your bum, and a pipe for your noddle ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.



But these parcels of wine that go by retail  
 Come unluckily over to hinder the sale  
 Of his brother D. H——n's barrels of ale,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here's a number of superfine onions, which shows  
 That the merchant who sells them has ground to suppose  
 His trade lay with some that are led by the nose ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Then out came the silks and the musty brocades,  
 That the livery of France may be laid on the maids ;  
 A good preparation for wild Irish plaids ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

What a jumble of sounds do we hear all together  
 From trumpets and fiddles to the clangs of a cleaver,  
 Confounded with the groans of a Spittalfield weaver ?  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

To raise a mass-house they're making great haste ;  
 But when all this raree-show music is past,  
 Poor England must pay the piper at last,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

What pity 'tis now that Gregg was truss'd up !  
 Had he liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope,  
 He had come in for a *ribbon* instead of a *rope* ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

The duke that he wrote to would have given him quarter,  
 And so would the earl for whom he was martyr ;  
 But he got the halter, and R——n the garter ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

O Lewis ! at last thou hast play'd the best card ;  
 Lay heroes aside, and tricksters reward.  
 Thou hast got by D'Aumont what thou lost by Tallard ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Remove all the war to Versailles and to Marly,  
 'Tis fighting more surely, though somewhat unfairly :  
 What a Churchill has won is restor'd by a Harley,  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

May the great hand of justice now brandish itself  
 On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd elf

To the fag-end of peerage, the last of the twelve,  
Which nobody can deny, &c,

Haste, Hanover, over, and rescue our laws  
From a rascally medley of cowards and foes,  
W——s, cuckolds, and fools, bawds, bullies, and beaux,  
Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

### A Litany.

TUNE—"Cavalilly Man."

FROM the lawless dominion of mitre and crown,  
Whose tyrannies now are absolute grown,  
So that men become slaves to the altar and throne,  
And can call neither bodies nor souls their own,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a reverend bawling theological professor,  
From a Protestant zealous for a Popish successor,  
Who for a great benefice still leaves a lesser,  
And ne'er will die martyr, nor make good confessor,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From deans and from chapters who live at their eases,  
Whose lechery lies in renewing church-leases,  
Who live in cathedrals like maggots in cheeses,  
And lie like abbey-lubbers stew'd in their own greases,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From Oxford and Cambridge' scholastical fry,  
Whose lechery's with their laundress to lie,  
Off Church and State their wants to supply,  
That religion and learning may never die,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a Holborn-hill parson, whose pulpit rings  
With *jure divino* of bishops and kings,  
And from the true Scripture false evidence brings,  
That kingship and priesthood are two sacred things,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a minister of the English Church breed,  
Mother Church's own son by Episcopal seed,

Who with Tale-Tub can burlesque both Lord's Prayer and Creed,  
And can the whole Bible ridicule for a need,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a scandalous, limping, litigious vicar,  
Of whom his parish grows sicker and sicker,  
Who taught his dull maid to grow quicker and quicker,  
And who stole the tankard when he drank out the liquor,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From an altar-piece-monger who rails at Dissenters,  
And damns Nonconformists in the pulpit he enters,  
Yet all the week long his own soul he ventures,  
By being so drunk that he cutteth indentures.  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From young boys ordained whose beards are not grown,  
From a journeyman preacher to some dignified drone,  
Who, whatever text he preaches upon,  
Still talks of rebellion and Forty-one,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a Protestant Church where a Papist must reign,  
From a high Tory parliament, to England a stain,  
Who, 'cause some honest members the plot would make plain,  
Their elections make void, and them send home again,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From fools, knaves, and villains, prerogative Tories,  
From Church that for the Babylon whore is,  
From a pretended prince, like pear rotten at core is,  
From a court that has millions, yet as old Job poor is,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From all that would the Hanover succession bamboozle,  
And those villains that honest men's mouths would up muzzle,  
From those that love nothing but French wine to guzzle,  
And with their knavish quirks and tricks would us puzzle,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

From a W——r at St. James's, and another at Paris,  
From the Harlequin Plot, well known to Bob Fariss,  
Deliver us, Lord, from this very thing.  
From the sham Prince of Wales, and eke the French king,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*

**Hey, Boys, up go We.**

Now, now the Whigs shall all go down,  
 The Tories up and ride ;  
 These genuine sons of Church and Crown  
 On both shall get astride.  
 We'll damn these stiff republicans  
 As low as low can be,  
 And whip and spur we'll seize the reins ;  
*Then, hey, boys, up go we.*

We'll broach our tubs and principles  
 Of October passive growth,  
 And till our tubs and bottles fail,  
 We'll stand and fall by both.  
 With these we'll rout the boasted cause  
 Of legal liberty,  
 Pretend the church has broke the laws ;  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

Their meeting-houses we will gut,  
 And then, as we were wont,  
 We'll swear 'twas a Fanatic Plot,  
 And the rogues themselves have done't.  
 With French and Papists we will join,  
 To show our loyalty ;  
 Set Perkin up with right divine :  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

We'll send our fool the country round,  
 His way for to prepare,  
 With trumpet, pike, and flag, and drum,  
 Like cavalcade of bear.  
 The church's danger to advance,  
 Through such a tool as he,  
 Will serve till better comes from France ;  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

We'll pray and curse, address and swear,  
*Pro-con.* the Revolution ;  
 With Hanover condemn their heir  
 Of passive institution.  
 The legal right to weaken thus  
 Our interest it will be ;

For Perkin then comes next in course,  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

To bring this blessed change about,  
 We'll jumble and confound  
 Whig politics, and credit rout.  
 And so the wheel goes round :  
 Till having run our rope's full reach,  
 With mirth and merry glee,  
 We find 'twill hold, as well as stretch ;  
*Then hey, boys, up go we.*

### **The First Psalm.**

THE man is blest that hath not lent  
 To French pistoles his ear,  
 Nor raised himself as traitors do,  
 Nor sat in trickster's chair :

But in the laws of Old England  
 Doth set his whole delight,  
 And for those laws doth exercise  
 Himself both day and night.

He shall be like the tree that grows  
 Fast by the river's side,  
 Which bears the fiercest storm that blows,  
 And scorns the roughest tide :

Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,  
 But flourish still and stand.  
 Ev'n so the cause shall prosper well,  
 This patriot takes in hand.

So shall not the Pretender's crew ;  
 They shall be nothing so,  
 But as the dust which from the earth  
 The wind drives to and fro.

Therefore shall not the Jacobites  
 In judgment stand upright,  
 Nor Papishes with Protestants  
 Come into place and sight.



For why? the friends of Hanover  
 At Westminster are known ;  
 And eke the schemes at Bar-le-duc  
 Shall quite be overthrown.

### Advice to Britons.

What a bustle is made about High-church and Low-church,  
 By a pack of lewd knaves that in truth are of no church !  
 What a knocking of pates have we seen by the mob,  
 Who fight High or Low as they're paid for the job !  
 What a zeal have some shown a poor meeting to batter,  
 Who cry out for church, though they never come at her !  
 Brave Britons, be wise, know your friends from your foes,  
 And be not so stupidly led by the nose.  
 Tell the doctor how well may *false brethren* deride us,  
 When each knavish distinctions are coin'd to divide us,  
 Bid his gravity clearly this riddle explain,  
 A Low-church that's *devout*, and a High that's *profane*.  
 Let him tell ye how railing and mobbing agree  
 With his passive obedience to sovereign decree,  
 Or an *oath to the King* with a *health to Pretender*,  
 Or the *Protestant faith* with a *Popish defender*.  
 Let him tell you when kingdoms were flourishing made  
 By encouraging *priestcraft*, discouraging *trade* :  
 When a king that was wise us'd a conduct so strange,  
 As to build up a *steeple* with th' *stones of th' Exchange* :  
 When zealots by fines and prisons were frightened,  
 Or the fire of devotion in Smithfield was lighted.  
 View the company well among whom you engage :  
 On his side are all the lewd names of the stage.  
 Bully Huff swears like thunder, and swaggers, and draws ;  
 Let who will go to prayers, he'll go fight for the cause.  
 Harry-stippus swears high by his brandy and bottle,  
 He could *stand* for High-church, though he swallow'd a pottle.  
 Robin Hood from High-way and High-church ne'er will start.  
 And he'll visit St. Andrews, though 'twere in a cart.  
 But to make up the wonder, see Teague O'Divelly,  
 Swears by his own shoul he loves Shursh as his belly.  
 And isn't this now a most bless'd reformation,  
 Which the reverend doctor has wrought in the nation ?  
 That ruffians, and robbers, and drunkards, and drones,  
 Prove as true to his cause as bullies to crones :

That High-church and the Playhouse love as daughter and mother,  
 And what's a *hero* in *one* is a *saint* in the *other*.  
 Then give him at parting some ghostly advice,  
 Close to stick to his text, as to beggars do lice ;  
 Not to dabble in politics, lest he besot him,  
 For whoe'er was his sire, Mazarine ne'er begot him ;  
 Nor unmindful to be of rash Icarus' fate,  
 Who, once *flying* too *high*, repented too late.

### The High-Church Alarm.

DAME High-church out aloud does call,  
 Arm, arm, Jacks, Teagues, and Tories all !  
 For our St. Germain's friends must fall,  
     Except you haste to save them.  
 The Whigs, upon Sophia's day,  
 Did round their bonfires gambols play,  
 Did rant and sing, and who but they ?  
     Fall on, and let's outbrave them.

What though lords, colonels, knights, and squires,  
 Captains, and guards, did grace those fires ?  
 I'll ne'er let Whigs have their desires,  
     I mean, bring in Hanover ;  
 For whom though Anna bids me pray,  
 I only do't the backward way,  
 As they shall know another day,  
     When my dear James comes over.

Brave Abel, and the braver Swift,  
 Will help me still at a dead lift,  
 And Tory priests will make a shift  
     On Whigs to rail and rave, sirs :  
 But French and Irish Papists must  
 Be the chief objects of my trust,  
 To lay the Low-church in the dust,  
     And the High-church to save, sirs.

Thousands of these, enroll'd and paid,  
 Are in their proper quarters laid,  
 When I call to the murdering trade,  
     As Charles the Ninth at Paris.

If this be n't quickly done, I fear,  
 Though I am now so rampant here,  
 I scarce shall stand another year,  
 And so my plot miscarries.

Lewis prevails by sea and land,  
 Squadrons and legions has at hand,  
 And bids us to our tackling stand ;  
 Then why should we be fearful ?  
 He likewise orders Rome's high-priests  
 To consecrate our backs and breasts,  
 With swords and daggers for our fists :  
 Come on, boys, then be cheerful.

### **The Raree Show.**

HERE be de var pretty show just come from Parie,  
 Me show you, shentlemans, to make you merry.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de great spring dat dance de mashien,  
 On which de lo'-dores be most plainly seen.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here first me present you with a dismal disaster ;  
 De sarvant be hanged for saving his master.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de great Maribro', who, all de world knows,  
 Was banish'd for saucily beating his foes.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de great Ormond, made general in season,  
 Prohibited fighting to bring France to reason.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here Britain, with sacred regard to alliance,  
 Breaks treaties to strengthen de bond of affiance.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de var vine politicians despatched  
 To Paris, to treat of a peace de dar hatched,  
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de congrase at Utrick, var noting is brouded ;  
 De plenipoes meet to do vat is concluded.  
 O raree show, &c.

Here be de no dar more pretty transaction,  
To give Lewis all, gives allies satisfaction.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de politique Harlinquine, mind him ;  
You never shall twice in the same posture find him.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de addressors to de trone of Great Britain,  
Say, Here-da-tory rite will make Hanover sit on.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de good Protestante dat loves no priest jerkin,  
To save his religion looks to Lewis or Perkin.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de wise politicians dat sed it,  
Dat sinking of debts was restoring of credit.  
O raree show, &c.

Here, to presarve de consultation of Britain,  
A whole dozen of lords was made at one sitting.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,  
A-hatching of plots dat no soul ever thought on.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de fifty pounds vor one of Paul's screw ;  
Which, had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de pews.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de vive hundred pounds vor de taking Macartney :  
Dis must be anodar plot, de rewards bid so hearty.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de bandbox and inkhorns : since de good man surviv'd it,  
Dis not vort one brass vardin to know who contriv'd it.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de Duc D'Aumont's whole cellar of claret,  
Burnt by de plot laid as high as de garret.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de vive hundred pounds vor de letter that told it ;  
Do his straw garriteers can most likely unfold it.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de Skelton, do no more dan his licence intended,  
By advertisements and swearing is nobly defended.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be also de good folk on no plot did tink,  
Until Skelton and Lewis thus stirr'd up a stink.  
O raree show, &c.

Now give a laarjon, and when we have got 'em  
Me show you de Shevaler de St. George at de bottom.  
O raree show, &c.

### Raree Show.

Since, shentlemans, my rare show hit so pat,  
Me brought you anodar more pretty dan dat.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de great spring dat dance de mashien,  
Is vorced by de spirit enclosed vidin.  
O raree show, &c.

Here first me present you peace-makers vor hire,  
Who make de peace set all de nashon on vire.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Hermodactyl looks vid visage uncoute,  
Acause he laughs bot on von side of his moute.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de gold goblet sent to de old vox,  
Var more plagues containing dan Pandora's box.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Codicil sets down his hand vor de king,  
Ven von week before he tought on no such ting.  
O raree show, &c.



Here he vid convulshons does matter impart,  
And speaks vid his moute vat he damns vid his heart.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Gambol shows a var strange revormation,  
Vid papers at door, ven he'd bullied de nashon.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Wildfire and he all deir fury retrench,  
Cool'd more dan at Greenwich bevore my dear vench.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Plenipo Rummer, who dash'd wine of late,  
Is arrived to de art of dashing de state.  
O raree show, &c.

And here, having run round de ring, Atty Brogue,  
Returns to his primitive essence a rogue.  
O raree show, &c.

Siere, says de monarch to de son of a ———,  
Since me can no more help you, me'll help you no more.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Perkin, since no von his title espouses  
Ascends from de trone to de tiling of houses.  
O raree show, &c.

Here be de bishop vor Bungay contrives a new speech,  
To vard off vat t'oder prepar'd vor his breech.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Bungay does Britain vor her choice commend her,  
In da vary sarmon made for de Pretender.  
O raree show, &c.

Here Tories to Vrance gives de trade, and to Spain  
And vill grow vary rich ven dey give't back again.  
O raree show, &c.

And here dey all join vid von heart and von voice,  
Nor vat, had it missed, dey vould var more rejoice.  
O raree show, &c.

See here deir old vriend de diable appears,  
And bids dem to bravely dismiss all deir fears.  
O raree show, &c.

Bot dat de poltrone may have no more to brag on,  
 Here be brave St. George a-slaying de dragon.  
     O raree show, &c.

### Tories' Lamentation.

TUNE—"Guiscard."

OH ! all true Jacks and Tories, hear !  
 Poor Abel begs you'll drop a tear,  
 For we have lost our peace, we fear,  
     And eke our bold Pretender.  
 Old Lewis sends him to Lorrain,  
 From whence he'll ne'er return again,  
 Neither by France, nor yet by Spain,  
     But round about by Bender.

From thence, by help of Turk and Pope,  
 He'll save poor Abel from the rope,  
 And greater men than he, we hope,  
     Or else we're all undone, sirs.  
 Alas ! alas ! for our High-church !  
 If Lewis leaves her in the lurch,  
 Our penance must be hemp, not birch,  
     Our sins for to atone, sirs.

What ! bilk'd o' feast at Oxford Arms !  
 The thought each Tory's soul alarms,  
 Because it bodes us further harms  
     Than halter to poor Abel :  
 For without Indies, without Spain  
 In Lewis' hands, it is in vain  
 For us to think our cause to gain,  
     And to rebuild our Babel.

Help, B——ke ! Help, T——r !  
 Help, P——r, Gautier, Mesnager !  
 Help, Ma——m ! Help from everywhere,  
     To save our High-church heir, sirs !  
 St. Patrick Teague's in France's pay,  
 Ye chattering Monsieurs, come away,  
 And make the Whigs a bloody day,  
     Or else we shall despair, sirs.

Keep out, keep out Hanover's line,  
 'Tis only James has right divine,  
 As High-church parsons cant and whine,  
     And sure we must believe 'em.  
 But if they cannot have their peace,  
 Their stock will every day decrease,  
 And they will ne'er see Perkin's face,  
     So their false hopes deceive 'em.

Curs'd be the head, curs'd be the hand,  
 Made France insist on Codfish Land,  
 On Breton's Cape the Prince to strand !  
     Oh ! Montserrat, Antego !  
 Oh ! Nevis, and St. Christopher's,  
 For you we must keep on the wars,  
 And lose both ingots and gold bars  
     Beyond Ter del Fuego !

### *First of August.*

TUNE—"Draw, Cupid, draw."

WHILST slavish Jacks their sorrows boast,  
     And strive to eclipse the day  
 That gave us George, retriev'd us lost,  
     And doom'd to France a prey ;  
 Let all who value freedom's cause,  
     And slavery despise,  
 Rejoice for him that sav'd our laws,  
     And learn the gift to prize.

In vain they say 'tis Anna dead  
     That claims a pious tear ;  
 'Tis Britain by our monarch freed,  
     And Perkin's sad despair.  
 The Popish rebels thus declar'd  
     The church their only care,  
 And bumpkins were with danger scar'd,  
     Till time shew'd what they were.

Can any man that's just or brave  
     Join ever in that cause  
 Which will the conquerors enslave,  
     And put an end to laws,

With wretches void of sense or shame,  
 Who sacred oaths despise,  
 Barter salvation's self for gain,  
 And interest only prize ?

'Tis true the Jacks have cause to mourn  
 And curse the happy day  
 That gave their cause so bad a turn,  
 And drove our fears away :  
 But men of honour all must join  
 In blessings on our king,  
 And none but Popish slaves repine,  
 While we his praises sing.

### **First of August.**

TUNE—"Let Burgundy flow."

FOR George our great king  
 Let's true valour shew, let's true valour shew, boys ;  
 To his glory we'll sing,  
 Crown your mugs all with joys :  
 To our monarch now drink,  
 Now be loyal all, now be loyal all, boys.  
 See, the Jacobites sink,  
 See, they tremble at our noise :  
 Like Perkin they run  
 At the sight of a gun ;  
 Like him they are crying, when just upon dying.  
 We'll slash, wound, and slay,  
 By night and by day,  
 Those villains that will not our sovereign obey,  
  
 Let this day be blest,  
 Hymns of gladness sing, hymns of gladness sing, boys ;  
 Let our king be caress'd  
 In the midst of our joys.  
 See this mug to his health ;  
 His foes next confound, his foes next confound, boys ;  
 George, live long in wealth,  
 Secure the church and our laws :  
 In spite of all fiends,  
 The Whigs are thy friends,  
 And if once we thunder, they're all struck with wonder ;

Our wrath they all dread,  
By which they are bled,  
When foolishly into rebellion they're led.

Heavens send our king back !  
Huzza aloud, huzza aloud, boys ;  
His presence we lack.  
All his foes let's destroy,  
No imposter shall reign ;  
Keep the coward out, keep the coward out, boys ;  
That bastard disdain,  
None but fools he decoys.  
All Papists defy,  
For for George we will die :  
To no base Pretender will we ever surrender,  
But stand by our king,  
To whose glory we sing,  
For the blessings which he to this kingdom does bring.

In no danger's the church,  
'Tis a lie all, 'tis a lie all, sirs ;  
She's left in no lurch ;  
But villains loving stirs,  
Such stories do tell,  
To keep up faction, to keep up faction here.  
But if they rebel,  
Their rebellion don't fear :  
To justice we'll bring 'em,  
And at Tyburn we'll string 'em,  
Where Paul the Nonjuror, a rogue never purer,  
Nonjuring church did own,  
But England's church and crown  
We Whigs will all stand by, and Rome shall tumble down.

### **First of August.**

LET loyal boys, with joy unfeign'd,  
Commemorate this happy day,  
That sav'd our isle, by rogues enchain'd  
From Popish arbitrary sway.

Let Tory rogues their grief express,  
With Rosemary and black most sad ;  
This day renews their torments fresh,  
But makes all loyal souls more glad. 9



Whilst they, in huggermugger whining,  
 Drink to the memory of their queen,  
 To George our monarch, godly shining,  
 We fearless drinking, blest are seen.

Long may he live, and make them tremble,  
 That mobbish rage against him shew ;  
 Whilst greater villains must dissemble.  
 Or to the Tower or Tyburn go.

Drink about then, and be merry,  
 Naught but loyalty be heard ;  
 Never of such healths be weary,  
 A Tory's not worth our regard.

### **First of August.**

Let those that detest all Popish priests  
 Remember the First of August,  
 And those who abhor to be yok'd like beasts  
 Give thanks for the First of August :  
 For George proclaim'd, dissolv'd the spell  
 Contriv'd by the Pope, the French, and hell,  
 And ever since their projects fail.  
 Now give thanks for the First of August.

There was old Sir Lewis, he held it out,  
 Many a First of August,  
 Tho' plagued with a fistula, pox, and gout,  
 Many a First of August :  
 But the unexpected news this day  
 Struck to his heart, and wore it away ;  
 Which leaves all Europe bound to pray  
 For the glorious First of August.

Great George hath given us cause to bless  
 The glorious First of August ;  
 Let us drink to his health, we can do no less,  
 When we think of the First of August :  
 And him that won't pledge it, may he be  
 From chains and slavery never free,  
 And there tormented live to see  
 Many a First of August.

### Vile Tricksters and Greggsters.

TUNE—" Hang Money, Plague on you."

VILE tricksters and greggsters late hurried and worried the Whigs  
of Great Britain,  
State drivellers, such whiffers in story sure never were writ on.  
The Tower, blest hour! such holidays soon will provide us,  
That Simon, Hall, Scammony, Bungay, and Bob, more sha'n't  
ride us.

Great prince, have a care, and beware how you trust such rogues  
future ;  
They love the Pretender, though now they pretend to stand  
neuter,  
They'll rally and sally, betray you whenever they can, sir.  
Monoculus rates of his hounds but is still the same man, sir.

Bright Halifax, Cowper, and Somers, in bumpers we always  
begin, sir,  
With Churchill and Russel, all heroes for bringing you in, sir.  
Knees bent and swords drawn, kind Heaven we pray to preserve  
you.  
We are jolly, d——n folly, drink church, in spite of the clergy.

### No Popery here shall thrive.

LET every true soul in the room  
With unanimous duty combine  
To pronounce the vile Jacobites' doom  
By supporting the Protestant line.  
With resolute loyalty now unite,  
And stand by king George with all your might ;  
So the rebels we'll rout,  
And the Jacks we'll turn out,  
For no Popery here shall thrive.

The rise of this vapouring party.  
Compos'd of rogues, Papists, and fools,  
For pretty young Jamie so hearty,  
And for pay the damn'd Jesuits' tools.

A crew all broken and beggar'd of late,  
 Who, 'cause they'd lost all claim, run their estate,  
     To regain 'em rebel ;  
     But their courage we'll quell,  
 For no Popery here shall thrive.

“ The Queen was an honest good woman,  
 “ And had honest good Ministers too :  
 “ Poor souls ! they meant mischief to no man ;  
 “ If they lov'd French wine, what's that to you ?  
 “ So they wanted a peace, and a peace they had,  
 “ Yet the Whigs in return cried, “ they're drunk or mad ! ”  
     “ Damn'd quarrelsome rogues,  
     “ And unmannerly dogs,  
 “ For our projects they always thwart.

“ When King George came at first from Hanover,  
 “ We thought he'd have kept us in still,  
 “ For Tories at first brought him over,  
 “ But who say 'twas against their will.  
 “ But 'cause we were churchmen he knew full well,  
 “ As that France and the Pope, and young Jemmy can tell  
     “ He left us i' the lurch,  
     “ And so pull'd down the church.  
 “ Who says we don't justly rebel ? ”

Thus silly weak people they gain,  
 And wiser ones proffer preferment,  
 Their Cause, as they call't, to maintain ;  
 Where there's profit, there can be no harm in't ;  
 For since there estates are mortgaged or sold,  
 They've nothing to lose, but may get the Pope's gold.  
     Now they're in they don't care,  
     For with rage and despair  
 They'll swing, or be made for ever.

But hear ye mad folks of the nation,  
 Who think you're so much in the right ;  
 We've made loyal associations,  
 Will surely demolish you quite.  
 For George our true king then stand up, brave boys,  
 And the blest royal branches, with heart and voice :  
     For we'll Perkin pull down,  
     Since King George wears the crown.  
 And no Popery here shall thrive.

### Advice to the Tories.

To you, ye Tories, I address  
 This charitable ditty,  
 Intending not, in your distress,  
 To aim at being witty :  
 For surely it was wondrous hard,  
 When things were near completed,  
 To have your schemes untimely marr'd,  
 And every hope defeated.

I only would advise you now  
 Sincerely to repent,  
 And, if you please, instruct you how  
 You may disgrace prevent.  
 First, Hermodactyl, of high fame,  
 Must freely be giv'n up  
 To that which has the fairest claim,  
 The scaffold or the rope ;

For by the peace which he advis'd,  
 For sake of *louis-dores*,  
 Abroad he made us be despis'd,  
 At home stark mad and poor.  
 Let Codicil his fate too share ;  
 For, without much divining,  
 One need not scruple to declare  
 He had a hand in signing.

He favour'd here the Popish fry ;  
 Wherefore, to make scores even,  
 Some Jesuit may, when he's to die,  
 Give him a pass to heaven.  
 And that the stage may ne'er again  
 With quackery be perplex'd  
 Lewd Gambol in the jug'lar vein  
 Should bleed a little next:

Or since this, as severe, I know,  
 By some will be oppos'd,  
 Let him in his seraglio  
 At Greenwich be enclos'd.

Without delay to Tyburn send  
Hibernian Atty Brogue,  
For there's no other way to mend  
Th' incorrigible rogue :

But lest these treaties be forgot  
Which to his skill we owe,  
Their history had best be wrote  
By his trusty scribe De Foe.  
Mat Rummer must proceed no more  
On foreign negotiations,  
But serve hereafter as a drawer  
In wine adulterations.

Sir Con. from Dublin may repair  
To's native town of Reading,  
And seek for shelter at the Bear,  
The house which he was bred in :  
For soon the commons of that isle  
Impeachments will determine ;  
So very happy is the soil,  
It kills all baneful vermin.

Sage C——n, Sh——n, and their friend,  
The loyal Windsor squire,  
May, since their hopes are at an end,  
To Bar-le-duc retire.  
When these things happen, Britons true  
Will praise the glorious times,  
Which to desert give what's its due,  
And punishment to crimes.

The Jackish crew shall then deplore  
These champions in disgrace,  
Who, when in power, strove to bring o'er  
The knight of spurious race.  
Bungay, the towering High-church Pope,  
Shall in his pulpit rant,  
Good Peter Brickdust hobnails grope,  
And Zachariah cant.



### King George's Birth-Day.

TUNE—"Now, now comes on the glorious Year."

Now, true hearts, let's celebrate  
The birth of a mighty potentate,  
George the wise, the just, the great,  
Our king and faith's defender.  
Happy day, that born was he,  
An instrument to set us free  
From Romish yoke and slavery,  
Design'd by the Pretender.

Let us this day drown all our cares,  
Our joys surmount our former fears,  
And now return the golden years  
That Britain long has wanted.  
Though angry creditors may frown,  
Who aim'd to keep our courage down,  
Yet we'll be true to George's crown,  
With loyalty undaunted.

Our foes may rail, and call us knaves,  
Yet they sha'n't say we're fools and slaves,  
Nor shall they write upon our graves,  
That we betray'd the nation.  
To all the world we do profess,  
(Though in misfortune and distress)  
Our country's good and happiness  
We'll fight for, if occasion.

May good King George sit on the throne,  
Belov'd by all, disturb'd by none,  
Till late he shall exchange his crown  
For one of endless glory.  
May his bright issue never fail  
To rule our land with royal male.  
May Popery never more prevail,  
Nor power arbitrary.

## Now, now is come the glorious Year.

Now, now is come the glorious year,  
 When State-betrayers only fear,  
 And Britain's sons in smiles appear,  
     While boundless blessings wait her :  
 For royal George is on the throne,  
 Before the nation's quite undone ;  
 Then, lads, where'er you see a frown,  
     Be sure you see a traitor.

Not that a smiling aspect can  
 For certain prove an honest man,  
 Since those have looks at most command  
     Who act the vilest part still.  
 Did not Lord Oxford smooth his face,  
 And smile as if in no disgrace ?  
 Yet believe me, friend, 'tis all grimace,  
     To keep the foe in heart still.

Nay, with design to play this game,  
 The baffled wretch to Greenwich came  
 (As if out of place, so free from blame) ;  
     But let no Briton wonder :  
 For fate its orders thus has laid,  
 Whom it destroys it first makes mad,  
 Or a vile blasphemer never had  
     Thus fac'd the rolling thunder.

His friends indeed believ'd the cheat,  
 And fancied still to keep their state,  
 As if a king would make them great,  
     Who wish'd him never able :  
 Or was it satyr-like design'd  
 To intimate the monarch blind,  
 Not wisely knowing foe from friend,  
     Like Doctor Bungay's rabble ?

But he has ta'en away the doubt,  
 For Townshend's in and Gambol's out,  
 And th' whole French party's put to rout  
     By a hand that right dispenses.  
 Nor past in silence let it be,  
 That justice now once more can see,

And in conclusion happily  
 We all may find five senses.

Now let all honest Britons join,  
 And drink with grateful hearts as mine,  
 To him who form'd the great design,  
     And sav'd us by his merit.  
 But who's this mighty, mighty he ?  
 Name Halifax, and I'll agree,  
 Who favour has found with our Deity,  
 And been our guardian spirit.

A health to all whom, of his grace,  
 The king has chose to put in place,  
 To save Britannia and her race  
     From dangers that beset her.  
 Those that were in did act so ill,  
 To change for worse required skill ;  
 But George has made it harder still  
     To change these for the better.

### Brunswick Mum.

TUNE—"Chevy Chace."

Now, Britain, now hold up your head,  
 Thy foes are in disgrace,  
 And Harry, who not long since said  
     No Whig should keep his place,  
 May sigh and sob, and follow Bob,  
     Well dreading what's to come.  
 French wine he lov'd, but always mov'd  
     Against good Brunswick mum.

But we're convinc'd by our late peace,  
 There's poison in French wine ;  
 We saw ourselves in desperate case,  
     And all our strength decline :  
 But Heaven sent for to prevent  
     Those ills that were to come,  
 And show'd our cure was only sure  
     In good right Brunswick mum.

Now this spruce liquor will revive  
Our merchants' drooping hearts,  
And make our manufactures thrive  
Abroad in foreign ports.  
The parliament with one consent,  
Shall every trickster doom ;  
For Bourbon's pay no more can sway,  
Since we drink Brunswick mum.

The Popish priests *Te Deum* sing  
For the young Chevalier :  
Though Lewis should proclaim him king,  
Yet we need nothing fear.  
His friends are out, then who can doubt  
Of happy times to come ?  
For conquering John, to France well known,  
Drinks deep of Brunswick mum.

The Catalans will be reliev'd,  
Who fight for liberty ;  
Their fate long honest men hath griev'd,  
But could not set them free.  
Bob and Harry made all miscarry,  
Who for relief did come ?  
For French pistoles had brib'd their souls  
To banish Brunswick mum.

The Jacobite, poor scribbling crew,  
Who wrote for the Pretender,  
The Monitor, and Abel too,  
Their pensions must surrender.  
Th' Examiner's care no more shall dare  
To threaten what's to come  
For to assuage their Popish rage,  
We'll give them Brunswick mum.

Now, now, true Protestants, rejoice,  
Stand by your laws and king ;  
Now you've proclaim'd the nation's choice,  
Let traitorous rebels swing.  
Let royal George, the Papists' scourge,  
To England quickly come :  
His health, till then, let honest men  
Drink all in Brunswick mum.

### That Protestants with Protestants.

THAT Protestants with Protestants  
 Should jar and disagree,  
 That some with their own consciences  
 At variance should be,  
 Astonishes : yet mischiefs dire,  
 And discords will arise,  
 As long as we've such cursed shoals  
 Of Jesuits in disguise.

Long have these wretched vermin  
 Been striving to obtain  
 Our glorious isle of Britain,  
 And spar'd no cost or pain,  
 Our abbey-lands in hopes to gain,  
 And freeborn subjects ride ;  
 Then might they beauteous nuns enjoy,  
 With luxury and pride.

Their last most politic attempt  
 Was hiring men of parts,  
 Who might, with cant most plausible,  
 Corrupt the people's hearts ;  
 And those who their estates had spent,  
 And stuck at nought for more,  
 They gain'd, their country to betray  
 For bags of worthless ore.

Then may those wretched parricides,  
 Who were such rascals' tools,  
 And those who now would vindicate  
 Such mercenary fools,  
 Be scorn'd, despis'd, and look'd upon  
 As Pagan, Turk, or Jew,  
 And cheated too by Romish priests,  
 Of faith and money too.

But all those noble gentlemen  
 Who bravely constant stood,  
 In spite of all their gilded baits,  
 Firm to their country's good,



Like stars do now refulgent shine,  
 Brave safeguards of our king.  
 Then with these patriots' loyal health  
 Let's make our mug-house ring.

### On his Majesty's Coronation.

" HUBBA hubba boo !" quoth the Irish dear joy,  
 " You must not by fighting our triumphs annoy;  
 " For if you should cut a man in three or four halves,  
 " By my shoul, you'll ne'er cure him by balsam nor salves.

" Therefore, my dear joy, put your sheath in your sword,  
 " For the cor'nation-day will much pleasure afford ;  
 " For with lords and ladies of every degree,  
 " His Majesty's grace, faith, I'm willing to see.

" And because I'll be ready at that glorious sight,  
 " I'll go in the morning by nine over night,  
 " And get to the abbey before I come there,  
 " And see them all walking by five in a pair.

" The late Duke of Ormond, the joy of poor Teague,  
 " As sure as e'er Peggy and I were in league,  
 " Will walk with an air becoming his grace,  
 " And I shall be glad not to see his sweet face.

" I swear by the shole of St. Patrick's brogues,  
 " He was once kind to good men, and a terror to rogues.  
 " I shall be glad to see him, with the rest of the train,  
 " Drest in his blue ribbon of scarlet in grain.

" Ahue ! my dear honey, and chosen agrau,  
 " Macdonald, my dear joy and brother-in law ;  
 " We'll beat on the trumpets, and drums sound a charge,  
 " As they walk'd it on foot through the streets in a barge.

" Betimes in the morning, by six afternoon,  
 " Rich wine full of glasses we'll tippie off soon,  
 " With Irish potatoes, good mustard and honey,  
 " Which I myself will buy without any money."

## Here's a Health to the King.

TUNE—"If I live to grow old."

HERE's a health to the king,  
 Sound the trumpet and the drum  
 And let Perkin with all  
 His runagades come.  
 Let the devil and the Pope  
 Advance in his train,  
 We'll soon send him back  
 To sup in Lorrain.  
 Then to George fill your bowls,  
 Till they overflow ;  
 Let's have no more wrangling  
 Of High-church and Low ;  
 The Pope and Pretender  
 Alone is our foe.

Next drink to the prince  
 And his consort divine,  
 And the beautiful offspring  
 That round him do shine,  
 In them we foresee  
 The downfall of Rome,  
 And the Jacobite faction  
 Expiring at home.  
 Then to George, &c.

Then, British lads, boldly  
 Stand fast by your laws,  
 The king, and the church,  
 And the Protestant cause.  
 While Marlborough leads on, boys,  
 The warming-pan knight  
 And the Monsieurs of France  
 Won't venture to fight.  
 Then to George fill your bowls,  
 Till they overflow  
 Let's have no more wrangling  
 Of High-church and Low ;  
 The Pope and Pretender  
 Alone is our foe.

## No more the Danger of the Church.

No more the danger of the church  
 Shall leave religion in the lurch,  
     To serve a Popish cause,  
 To undermine the nation's friends,  
 And bring about your scoundrel ends,  
     To overturn our laws.

In spite of necessary peers,  
 Created in those four black years,  
     To save that traitor Harley,  
 The major part were firm and true,  
 And, Britain's interest to pursue,  
     Did pass the bill most rarely :

And, maugre all the Tories' hopes  
 Of L——'s turn and Sh——n's tropes,  
     'Tis pass'd the Lower House.  
 And now a fig for High-church daws ;  
 For their king Perkin and his cause  
     We need not care one souse.

Townshend and Stanhope sit at helm,  
 And Heaven, to bless the king and realm,  
     Has lengthen'd Walpole's span :  
 Three glorious patriots, yet more true  
 Than Rome or Sparta ever knew  
     Since first those states began.

For Walpole's death the Popish herd,  
 As constant as the day appear'd,  
     Sent up their prayers to Mary ;  
 For to her Son they never pray,  
 Since taught by Rome, the other way,  
     They never can miscarry.

But now they utter loud complaints,  
 And curse all male and female saints :  
     Walpole still lives, their curb ;  
 And four long years at least must come,  
 Ere French pistoles and friends to Rome  
     Our liberties disturb.

## Rue and Tyme.

TUNE—"Vicar of Taunton Dean."

As I walked along fair London town,  
The rascally Tories flock'd up and down :  
Though a thanksgiving-day, they looked wretchedly blue,  
Stuck up with the rosemary, tyme, and rue.

The first that I met was an Irishman bold,  
'Kin to Ormond, who betray'd his country for gold :  
"By St Patrick," said he, "'tis most certainly true,  
"That more of my friends smell of *hemp* than of rue."

Then an Oxford student came next in the throng,  
Swears he'll bring in Perkin before it be long ;  
He'll stand for the High-church and Chevalier too.  
But if Tyburn would catch him, the *time* he would *rue*.

Then a nonjuring parson came jogging by,  
Look'd much on the *quear*, but plaguy sly ;  
Said, "Friends, I can't now rejoice with you,  
"For the *time* is come that I sadly must *rue*."

Some of Bolingbroke's——, on the seventh of June,  
Came dancing along to a High-church tune,  
Dress'd up with their tyme and their rosemary too ;  
But the saucy jades had forgot their *rue*.

For Jacks to wear rosemary was certainly right,  
Because they would hang before they would fight.  
As for those that are fled with the Perkinite crew.  
They have left all their friends to wear tyme and rue.

## The High-Church shall never make Perkin a King.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

LET High-churchmen and Papists meet lurking in holes,  
 To curse and hatch lies, their cause to maintain,  
 Plot mischief in secret like underground moles,  
 And wish for their master young Perkin again :  
 'Tis George, King George, for him we'll all stand,  
 His health we will drink, his praise we will sing,  
 Who retrieved our glories when lost by the Tories.  
 The High-church shall never make Perkin a king.

Shall the Whigs meet like them, a few, and in stealth,  
 Or must they ask leave of the Papist and Tory,  
 In numbers to drink to his Majesty's health ?  
 Won't that be, what think ye, a very fine story ?  
 'Tis George, &c.

We'll meet when and where, in what numbers we please,  
 Nor will we ask leave of a perjured brood ;  
 We'll be merry and sing at such houses as these ;\*  
 We can't be too public, our cause is so good.  
 'Tis George, &c.

For this the Jacks say they are greatly displeas'd ;  
 But I'll tell you, the only reason is this :  
 King George they don't love, and so they are teaz'd  
 When they see how loyal this company is.  
 'Tis George, &c.

## On the Breaking out of the Rebellion.

SURE England's now grown mad, sir,  
 And Scotland with frenzy possest,  
 Thus to strive against the stream,  
 And, deluded by a dream,  
 To endeavour mighty George to molest.

\* Mug-houses.



But see the vain attempt, sir,  
Of a rash despairing crew,  
Who, since they're all turn'd out,  
'Cause they strove to bring about,  
For French gold, what we all might rue,

Now with blust'ring think to fright us,  
And with d——d rage and spite,  
Pretend to rebel ;  
And, like devils broke from hell,  
Would subvert our constitution quite.

A bastard for king they set up, sir,  
Forsooth by hereditary right ;  
Though, when all is said and done,  
He's but a tailor's son,  
And will gain but a halter by't.

But George our king with scorn, sir,  
Sits laughing to see such fools,  
Who contentedly can trudge  
To revenge a private grudge,  
By becoming a vagabond's tools.

Yet see the church's protectors,  
To bring in Popery, pulling her down ;  
But her prayers shall avail,  
And make the rogues turn tail,  
Since King George her defender is known.

Success then to his arms, sir,  
And a health to the secret committee :  
May blessings on 'em shower,  
And the villains in the Tower  
Suffer justice, and die without pity.

## The Pretender's Army.

TUNE—"The Earl of Essex."

As Perkin one morning lay musing in bed,  
 The thoughts of three kingdoms ran much in his head.  
 A friend came from Britain up to his bedside :  
 "Great news I've to tell you, dread sovereign," he cried ;  
 "I've brought a list, 'tis most certainly true,  
 "Of many brave heroes that there are for you.  
 "First butchers and porters, who bravely will thwack it,  
 "And bold Bridewell boys, who fight in blue jacket.

"Next come the tomturdmen with shovels and poles,  
 "The sweepers of chimneys, and men that cry coals,  
 "The carmen and dustmen, in their fine array,  
 "With stink and black faces will fright Whigs away.  
 "Of strollers and beggars a regiment or two,  
 "Who swear what they're worth they'll spend all for you ;  
 "Pickpockets, housebreakers, and highwaymen too,  
 "With bullies and sharpers, they all are for you.

"Of poor country clowns there are thousands will try  
 "One battle for you, though they cannot tell why ;  
 "The poor country squires their leaders will be,  
 "Their mortgaged estates if you will set free.  
 "Though Paul they have hanged, there's many a black coat  
 "Of the smaller fry, though few of great note ;  
 "They'll serve for your chaplains, there's more than enough :  
 "The rest range in regiments, and clothe them in buff.

"Old basket-women, orange and oyster-wenches,  
 "The dust-girls and——, that sell apples on benches ;  
 "We can choose out of them a mistress for you,  
 "As your supposed uncle, when king, once did do.  
 "The Billingsgate-wenches and night-walking——  
 "Will join this fine army in hundreds of scores ;  
 "They'll scold all your foes quite out of the field,  
 "If hissing and clapping won't make them all yield.

"When all this fine army are jumbled together,  
 "And you, sir, to join them are safely come hither,  
 "Then range them in order, which no man can do,  
 "And they'll fight as courageous and stoutly as you.

“For if they join battle, they’ll make a short stay,  
“That you may have time, sir, to scour away ;  
“Then as fast as they can they’ll all follow after,  
“That they may not be kill’d, or die in a halter.”

“Ah me !” then cried Perkin, “this rascally mob  
“Are fit but the henroosts and orchards to rob.  
“Alas, I’m undone ! my cause must go down,  
“For I’m sure these can never obtain me the crown.  
“Surrounded by them, like a cheat I should look :  
“My doom I can read, sir, without any book.  
“Such an army as this, ’tis a thousand to one,  
“Will bring me to Tyburn instead of a throne.”

THE END.

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JACOBITE RELICS  
OF  
Scotland.





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THE  
JACOBITE RELICS  
OF  
*Scotland;*  
BEING THE  
*SONGS, AIRS, AND LEGENDS*  
OF THE  
*Adherents to the House of Stuart.*

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
JAMES HOGG,  
AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S WAKE," &c., &c.

SECOND SERIES.

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*Reprinted from the Original Edition.*

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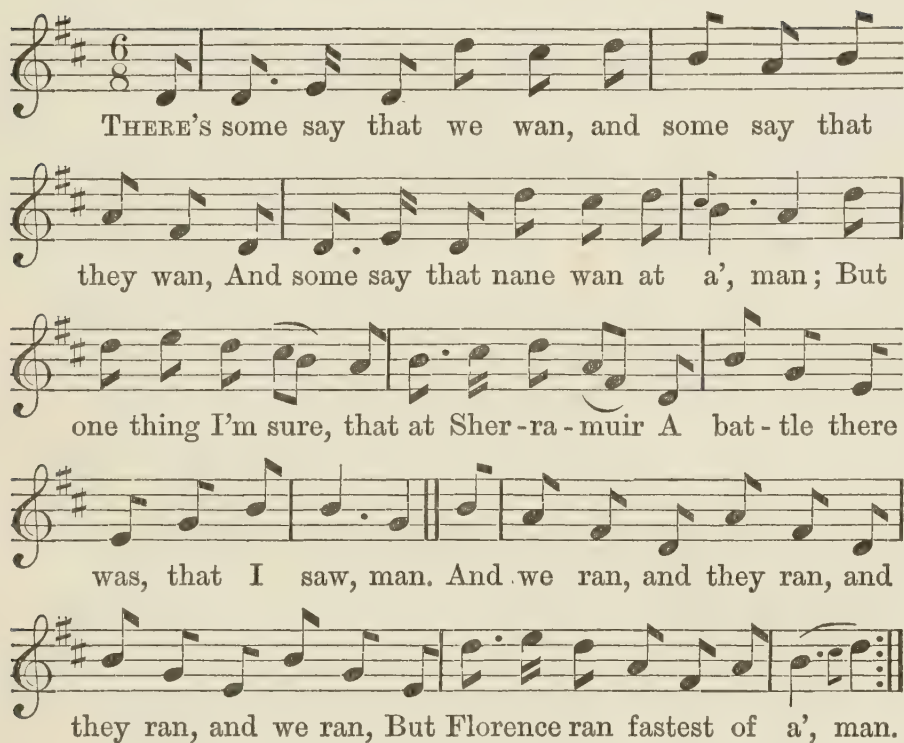
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SONG I.

**The Battle of Sheriffmuir.**



THERE'S some say that we wan, and some say that  
they wan, And some say that nane wan at a', man; But  
one thing I'm sure, that at Sher-ra-muir A bat-tle there  
was, that I saw, man. And we ran, and they ran, and  
they ran, and we ran, But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

Argyle and Belhaven, not frightened like Leven,  
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man;  
For they all, with Wightman, advanc'd on the right, man,  
While others took flight, being raw, man.  
And we ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh was there, in order to share  
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man ;  
Volunteerly to ramble with Lord Loudoun Campbell,  
Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight, with broad sword most bright,  
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;  
A hero that's bold, none could him withhold,  
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.  
And we ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam, for fear they should cut him,  
Seeing glittering broad swords with a pa', man,  
And that in such thrang, made Baird edicang,  
And from the brave clans ran awa, man.  
And we ran, &c.

The great Colonel Dow gade foremost, I trow,  
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man ;  
Except Sandy Baird, and Naughtan the laird,  
Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure were firm, I am sure :  
The latter was kidnapt awa, man ;  
With brisk men about, brave Harry retook  
His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Brave Marshall, and Lithgow, and Glengary's pith, too,  
Assisted by brave Loggia, man,  
And Gordons the bright, so boldly did fight,  
That the redcoats took flight and awa, man.  
And we ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald cried still, "Advance, Donald,"  
Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;  
For there was such hashing, and broad swords a-clashing,  
Brave Forfar himsel got a claw, man.  
And we ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm, Seaforth but lukewarm,  
Kilsyth, and Strathallan not slaw, man ;  
And Hamilton pled the men were not bred,  
For he had no fancy to fa', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Brave gen'rous Southesk, Tullibardin was brisk,  
Whose father indeed would not draw, man,  
Into the same yoke, which serv'd for a cloak,  
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.  
And we ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not feared, Kintore and his beard,  
Pitsligo and Ogilvie, a', man,  
And brothers Balfours they stood the first show'rs,  
Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw man.  
And we ran, &c.

But Cleppan fought pretty, and Strowan the witty,  
A poet that pleases us a', man ;  
For mine is but rhyme in respect of what's fine,  
Or what he is able to draw, man.  
And we ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair they both play'd the tinkler,  
With consciences black as a crow, man,  
Some Angus and Fife men, they ran for their life, man,  
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor, who betray'd his master,  
His king, and his country, an' a', man,  
Pretending Mar might give orders to fight,  
To the right of the army awa, man.  
And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear of what he might bear,  
Took Drummond's best horse, and awa, man :  
'Stead of going to Perth, he crossed the Firth,  
Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa, man,  
And we ran, &c.

To London he press'd, and there he profess'd,  
That he behav'd best o' them a', man,  
And so, without strife, got settled for life,  
A hundred a-year to his fa', man.  
And we ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness he resides with disgrace,  
Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man ;  
And then in a tether he'll swing from a ladder,  
And go off the stage with a pa', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Rob Roy there stood watch on a hill, for to catch  
The booty, for ought that I saw, man ;  
For he ne'er advanc'd from the place he was stanced,  
Till no more was to do there at a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

So we all took the flight, and Moubray the wright,  
And Lethem the smith was a braw man,  
For he took a fit of the gout, which was wit,  
By judging it time to withdraw, man.  
And we ran, &c.



And trumpet Maclean, whose breeks were not clean,  
Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man :  
By saving his neck, his trumpet did break,  
And came off without music at a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

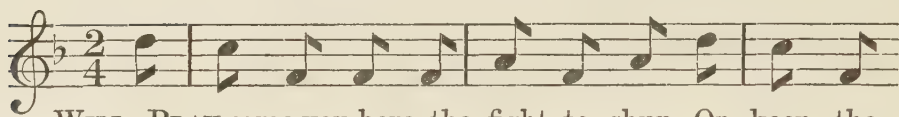
So there such a race was as ne'er in that place was,  
And as little chace was at a', man ;  
From each other they run without touk of drum,  
They did not make use of a paw, man.  
And we ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran, or we wan, or they wan,  
Or if there was winning at a', man,  
There no man can tell, save our brave Genarell,  
Who first began running of a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth, and the cock o' the north ;  
But Florence ran fastest of a', man,  
Save the laird o' Phinaven, who sware to be even  
Wi' any General or Peer o' them a', man.  
And we ran, &c.

## SONG II.

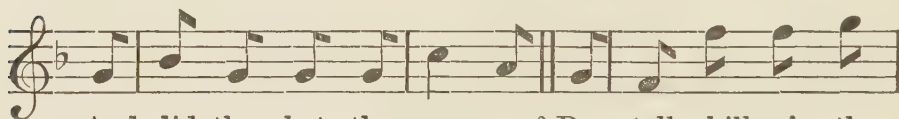
**Dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tom Cleancogue,  
twa Shepherds, wha were feeding their Flocks on  
the Ochil Hills on the Day the Battle  
of Sheriffmuir was fought.**



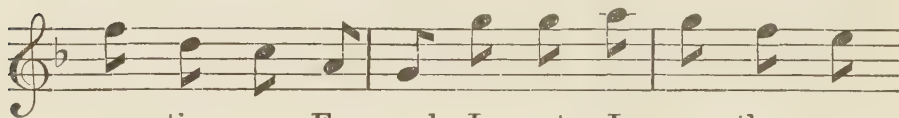
WILL. PRAY came you here the fight to shun, Or keep the



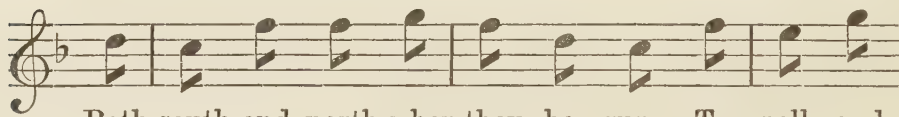
sheep wi' me, man? Or was you at the Sher-ra-muir,



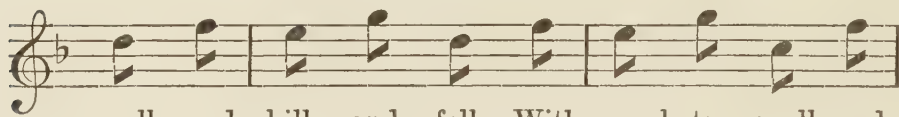
And did the bat-tle see, man? Pray tell whilk o' the



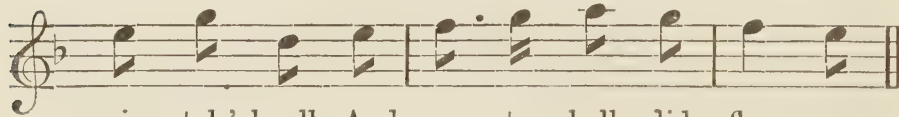
par - ties wan, For weel I wat I saw them run



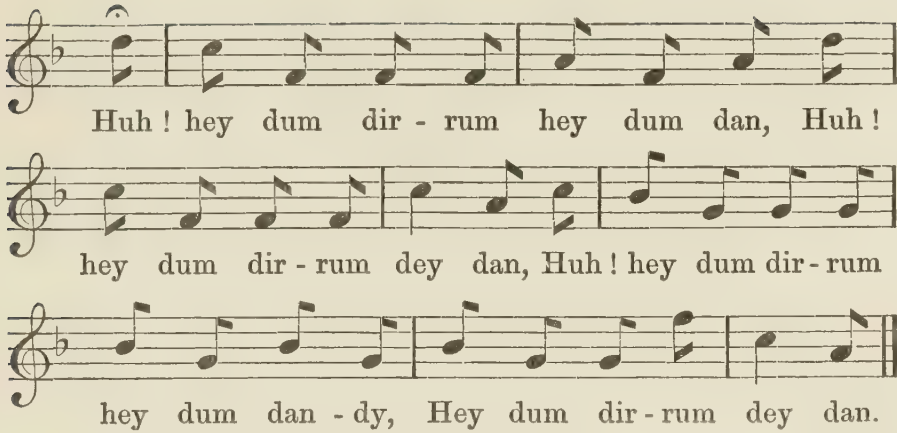
Both south and north, when they be - gun To pell, and



mell, and kill, and fell, With muskets snell and



pis - tols' knell, And some to hell did flee, man.



TAM. But, my dear Will, I kenna still  
 Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;  
 For weel I wat they had gude skill  
 To set upo' their foes, man.  
 The redcoats they are train'd, you see,  
 The clans always disdain to flee ;  
 Wha then should gain the victory ?  
 But the Highland race, all in a brace,  
 With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,  
 Did put to chace their foes, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. Now, how deil, Tam, can this be true ?  
 I saw the chace gae north, man.

TAM. But weel I wat they did pursue  
 Them even unto Forth, man.  
 Frae Dumblane they ran, i' my own sight,  
 And got o'er the bridge wi' a' their might,  
 And those at Stirling took their flight :  
 Gif only you had been wi' me,  
 You had seen them flee, of each degree,  
 For fear to die wi' sloth, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. My sister Kate came o'er the hill  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;

She swore she saw them running still  
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.  
 The left wing general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae gude will  
 That day their neighbours' blood to spill ;  
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes—  
 Yonder them goes, d'ye see, man ?  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. I see but few like gentlemen  
 Amang yon frightened crew, man :  
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,  
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man.  
 For though his officers obey,  
 His cow'rdly commons run away,  
 For fear the redcoats them should slay.  
 The sodgers' hail made their hearts fail ;  
 See how they skale, and turn their tail,  
 And rin to flail and plough, man !  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. But now brave Angus comes again,  
 Into the second fight, man ;  
 They swear they'll either die or gain,  
 No foes shall them affright, man :  
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,  
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,  
 Give them a gen'ral to command,  
 A man of might, that will but fight,  
 And take delight to lead them right,  
 And ne'er desire the flight, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But Flanderkins they have nae skill  
 To lead a Scottish force, man ;

Their motions do our courage spill,  
And put us to a loss, man.  
You'll hear of us far better news,  
When we attack wi' Highland trews,  
To hash, and smash, and slash, and bruise,  
Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,  
But coat or plaid, wi' corpses dead,  
In their cauld bed, that's moss, man.  
Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,  
Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man ;  
They cried and run, grim death to shun,  
Those heroes of the north, man.  
They're fitter far for book or pen,  
Than under Mars to lead on men ;  
Ere they came there they might weel ken  
That female hands could ne'er gain lands ;  
'Tis Highland brands that countermands  
Argathlean bands frae Forth, man.  
Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,  
Lifting their neighbours' cows, man ;  
M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled  
But philabeg or trews, man.  
Had they behav'd like Donald's corps,  
And killed all those came them before,  
Their king had gone to France no more :  
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,  
And straight recant his covenant,  
And rent it at the news, man.  
Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. M'Gregors they far off did stand,  
Bad'noch and Athol too, man ;



I hear they wantit the command,  
 For I believe them true, man.  
 Perth, Fife, and Angus wi' their horse,  
 Stood motionless, and some did worse;  
 For though the redcoats went them cross,  
 They did conspire for to admire  
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,  
 While rights entire pursue, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. But Scotland has not much to say  
 For such a fight as this is,  
 Where baith did fight, baith ran away ;  
 And devil take the miss is,  
 That ev'ry officer was not slain,  
 That ran that day, and was not ta'en  
 Either flying to or from Dumblane :  
 When Whig and Tory, in their fury,  
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow,  
 This sad story hush is.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

---

### SONG III.

### **Modern Set.**

To the Foregoing Air.

WILL. O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?  
 Or were ye at the Sherramuir,  
 Or did the battle see, man ?

TAM. I saw the battle sair and tough,  
 And reeking red ran mony a sheugh :  
 My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.  
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

The red coat lads, wi' black cockades,  
 To meet them warnna slaw, man ;  
 They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,  
 And mony a bouk did fa', man.  
 The great Argyle led on his files,  
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;  
 They hough't the clans like ninepin kyles,  
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,  
 And through they dash'd and hew'd and smash'd,  
 Till fey men died awa, man,  
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But had you seen the philabegs,  
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,  
 And covenant true blues, man ;  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When baigonets o'erpower'd the targe,  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;  
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,  
 They fled like frightened dows, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?  
 The chace gade frae the north, man ;  
 I saw mysel, they did pursue  
 The horseman back to Forth, man,  
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;

But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,  
 And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,  
 For fear amaisht did swarf, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. My sister Kate cam' up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 To Perth and to Dundee, man.  
 Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae gude will,  
 That day their neighbours' blude to spill ;  
 For fear by foes that they should lose  
 Their cogues o' brose, they scared at blows,  
 And hameward fast did flee, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Amang the Highland clans, man :  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.  
 Now wad you sing this double flight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,  
 And mony bade the warld gude-night,  
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,  
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell  
 Flew aff in frightened bands, man.  
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

## SONG IV.

*From Bogie Side; or, The Marquis's Raide.*

FROM Bog-ie side to Bog o' Gight, The Gordons  
 did con - veen, man, For bat - tle fight wi'  
 a' their might, Wi' courage stout and keen, man ;  
 To set their king up - on the throne, And to pro -  
 tect the Church, man: But, fie for shame! they soon turn'd hame,  
 And left him in the lurch, man. And wow as the  
 Mar - quis rade, And wow as he ran, And hey  
 as the Marquis rade, A - coming frae Dumblane.

The Marquis' horse was first set on,  
 Glen-Bucket's men to back them,  
 Who swore that great feats they would do,  
 If rebels durst attack them.  
 Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise  
 They mov'd Dunfermline green, man ;  
 But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,  
 Turn'd a' their beets to sheen, man.  
 And wow, &c.

Out cam' the Knight of Gordonston,  
 Forth stepping on the green, man :  
 He had a wisp in ilka hand,  
 To dight the Marquis, clean, man ;  
 For the Marquis he b—s—t himsel',  
 The Enzie was na clean, man ;  
 And wow as the Marquis rade,  
 A-coming frae Dumblane, man !  
 And wow, &c.

Their chief he is a man of fame,  
 And doughty deeds has wrought, man,  
 Which future ages still shall name,  
 And tell how well he fought, man :  
 For when the battle was begun,  
 Immediately his grace, man,  
 Put spurs to Florence, and so ran,  
 By a' he wan the race, man.  
 And wow, &c.

When they went into Sherramuir,  
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man,  
 Wha wad hae thought the Gordons gay  
 That day wad quat the green, man ?  
 Auchluncart and Auchanochie,  
 Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,



Like their great Marquis, they could not  
The smell o' powder bide, man.  
And wow, &c.

Glen-Bucket cried, "Curse on ye a'!"  
For Gordons do nae gude, man;  
The first o' them that ran awa  
Was o' the Seton blood, man.  
Glassturam swore it wasna sae,  
And that he'd make appear, man;  
For he a Seton stood that day,  
When Gordons ran for fear, man.  
And wow, &c.

Sir James of Park he left his horse  
In the middle of a wall, man,  
And wadna stay to take him out,  
For fear a knight should fall, man.  
Magon he let the reird gae out,  
Which shows a panic fear, man;  
Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,  
And curs'd the chance o' weir, man.  
And wow, &c.

Clunie play'd a game at chess,  
As well as any thing, man,  
But, like the knavish Gordon race,  
Gave check unto the king, man,  
He plainly saw, without a queen  
The game would not recover,  
So therefore he withdrew his knight,  
And joined the rock Hanover.  
And wow, &c.

The master, wi' the bully's face,  
And wi' the coward's heart, man,

Wha never fail'd, to his disgrace,  
 To act a coward's part, man ;  
 He join'd Dunbog, the greatest rogue  
 In a' the shire o' Fife, man,  
 Wha was the first the cause to leave,  
 By counsel o' his wife, man.  
 And wow, &c.

A member o' the tricking tribe,  
 An Ogilvie by name, man,  
 Counsellor was to the Grumbling Club,  
 To his eternal shame, man.  
 Wha wad hae thought, when he went out,  
 That ever he wad fail, man ?  
 Or like that he wad eat the cow,  
 And worry on the tail, man ?  
 And wow, &c.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,  
 A valiant hero stood, man,  
 In acting of a loyal part,  
 'Cause of the loyal blood, man :  
 But when he fand, at Sherramuir,  
 That battling wadna do it,  
 He, brother-like, did quit the ground,  
 But ne'er came back into it.  
 And wow, &c.

Brimestone swore it wasna fear  
 That made him stay behin', man,  
 But that he had resolved that day  
 To sleep in a hale skin, man.  
 The gout, he said, made him take bed,  
 When first the fray began man ;  
 But when he heard the Marquis fled,  
 He took to 's heels and ran, man.  
 And wow, &c.

Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,  
 Made them believe he fought, man,  
 But weel I wat it wasna sae,  
 For a' he did was nought, man :  
 For towards night, when Mar drew off,  
 Smith was put in the rear, man ;  
 He curs'd, he swore, he bullied off,  
 And durstna stay for fear, man.  
 And wow, &c.

At the first he did appear  
 A man of good renown, man ;  
 But long ere a' the play was played,  
 He proved an arrant loon, man ;  
 For Mar against a loyal war,  
 A letter he did forge, man ;  
 Against his prince he wrote nonsense,  
 And swore by German George, man.  
 And wow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,  
 They fight wi' courage keen, man,  
 When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's  
 On Thursday's afterneen, man :  
 But when the Grants came down Spey side,  
 The Enzie shook for fear, man,  
 And a' the lairds ga'e up themsels,  
 Their horse and riding gear, man.  
 And wow as the marquis rade,  
 And wow as he ran,  
 And hey as the marquis rade,  
 A-coming frae Dumblane !

## SONG V.

## Up and waur them a', Willie.

WHEN we went to the field o' war, And to the  
 weaponshaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve our king,  
 And chace our faes a - wa', Willie; Lairds and lords came  
 there bedeen, And wow gin they were sma', Willie,  
 While pipers play'd frae right to left, Fy, fur - ich  
 Whigs a - wa', Willie. Up and war them a', Wil-lie,  
 Up and war them a', Wil-lie, Up and sell your  
 sour milk, And dance, and ding them a'. Wil - lie.

And when our army was drawn up,  
The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,  
We did not doubt to rax the rout,  
And win the day and a', Willie.  
Out-owre the brae it was nae play,  
To get so hard a fa', Willie,  
While pipers play'd frae right to left,  
Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.  
Up and waur, &c.

But when our standard was set up,  
So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,  
The golden knop down from the top  
Unto the ground did fa', Willie.  
The second-sighted Sandy said,  
We'll do nae gude at a', Willie,  
While pipers play'd frae right to left,  
Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.  
Up and waur, &c.

When brawly they attack'd our left,  
Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,  
Our bauld commander on the green,  
Our faes their left did ca', Willie,  
And there the greatest slaughter made  
That e'er poor Tonal'd saw, Willie,  
While pipers played frae right to left,  
Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie,  
Up and waur, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,  
They swore they'd slay us a', Willie ;  
And yet ane fyl'd his breeks for fear,  
And so did rin awa, Willie.  
We drave them back to Bonnybrigs,  
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.



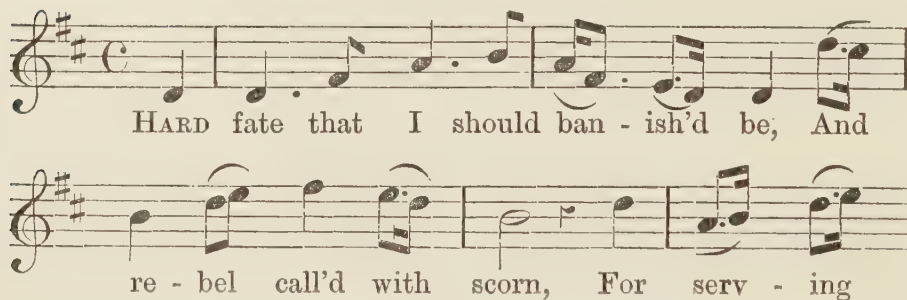
While pipers play'd frae right to left,  
 Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie,  
 Up and waur, &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,  
 He straight did march into the town,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie.  
 Thus we taught them the better gate  
 To get a better fa', Willie,  
 While pipers play'd frae right to left,  
 Fy, furich Whigs, awa, Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

And then we rallied on the hills,  
 And bravely up did draw, Willie ;  
 But gin ye speer wha wan the day,  
 I'll tell ye what I saw, Willie :  
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,  
 And baith did rin awa, Willie.  
 So there's my canty Highland sang,  
 About the thing I saw, Willie.  
 Up and waur, &c.

## SONG VI.

## O my King.





My target and my good claymore  
 Must now lie useless by ;  
 My plaid and trews I heretofore  
 Did wear most cheerfully.  
 O my king, &c.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,  
 Sent Ecklin to the north ;  
 But treach'rously he was betray'd  
 By Huntly and Seaforth.  
 O my king, &c.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom of the Cowdenknowes !  
 I wish these lords had staid at hame,  
 And milked their minnies' ewes.  
 O my king, &c.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head !  
 Thy king and country's gone,

And many a valiant Scot hast thou  
 By villany undone.  
 O my king, &c.

Farewell, old Albion, I must take,  
 A long and last adieu ;  
 O bring me back my king again,  
 Or farewell hope and you.  
 O my king, &c.

Set our true king upon the throne  
 Of his ancestors dear,  
 And send the German cuckold home  
 To starve with his small gear.  
 O my king, &c.

Then happy days and peace we'll see,  
 And joy in every face ;  
 Confounded all the Whigs shall be,  
 And honest men in place.  
 O my king, &c.

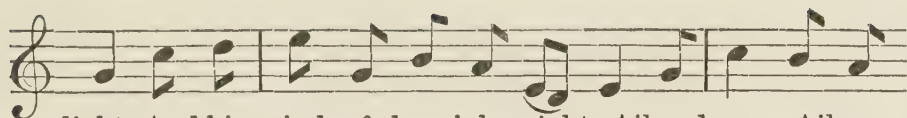
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SONG VII.

**Aikendrum.**

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in treble clef, common time (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first staff ends with a fermata over the final note. The second staff ends with a double bar line. The third staff ends with a fermata over the final note.

KEN you how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum, Aiken -  
 drum ? Ken you how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum ?  
 He can fight the he - ro bright, With his heels and armour



light, And his wind of heav'nly might, Aikendrum, Aiken -



drum: Is not Rowley in the right, Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Sunderland,

Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Sunderland,

Aikendrum?

That man of high command,

Who had sworn to clear the land,

He has vanished from our strand,

Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

Or the eel has ta'en the sand,

Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round,

Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

Donald's running round and round,

Aikendrum;

But the chief cannot be found,

And the Dutchmen they are drown'd,

And King Jamie he is crown'd,

Aikendrum, Aikendrum:

But the dogs will get a stound,

Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Robin Roe,

Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Robin Roe,

Aikendrum?

Some gallants say that know,

That he fights but so and so,

And his wallets hing but low,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum.  
O, slack, for Whiggam-bo,  
Aikendrum !

And the bonny laird of Grant,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,  
And the bonny laird of Grant,  
Aikendrum,  
The godly laird of Grant,  
That Cameronian saint.  
For a' his Highland cant,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,  
'Tis reef'd he has a want,  
Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?  
Did you hear of Bailie Aire,  
Aikendrum ?  
We have sought him late and air,  
And his thousands buskit rare ;  
But wherever true men fare,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,  
Oh ! the hero is not there,  
Aikendrum !

We have heard of Whigs galore,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,  
We have heard of Whigs galore,  
Aikendrum ;  
But we've sought the country o'er,  
With cannon and claymore,  
And still they are before,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum :  
We may seek for evermore,  
Aikendrum.



O pity Whiggam's plight,  
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum !  
 O pity Whiggam's plight.  
 Aikendrum !  
 You may see, without your sight,  
 All mankind wrang outright,  
 And the Whig is only right,  
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ;  
 Of the world he's the light,  
 Aikendrum.

Ken you how to gain a Whig,  
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?  
 Ken you how to gain a Whig,  
 Aikendrum ?  
 Look jolly, blythe, and big,  
 Take his ain blest side, and prig,  
 And the poor worm-eaten Whig,  
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,  
 For opposition's sake  
 You will win.

## SONG VIII.

*He winna be guidit hy me.*

O HEAV'NS, he's ill to be guid - it, His colleagues and  
 he are di - vid - it, Wi' the court of Han - o - ver he's  
 sid - it, He win - na be guid - it by me. They

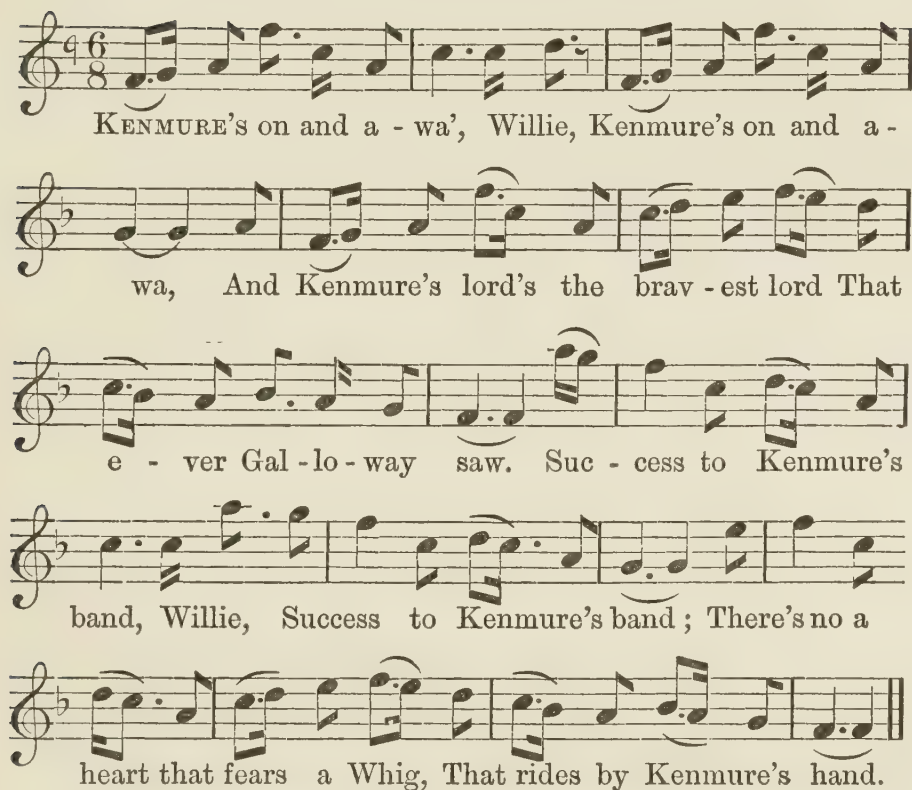
ca'd him their joy and their darling, Till he took their  
pen - ny of ar - ling; But he'll prove as false as Mac -  
farlane : He win - na be guid - it by me.

He was brought south by a merlin,  
Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,  
Which will make him bestow the auld carlin :

He winna be guided by me.  
He's anger'd his goodson and Fintry,  
By selling his king and his country,  
And put a deep stain in the gentry :  
He'll never be guidit by me.

He's join'd the rebellious club, too,  
That endeavours our peace to disturb, too ;  
He's cheated poor Mr. John Grub, too,  
And he's guilty of simony.  
He broke his promise before, too,  
To Fintry, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too :  
God sent him a heavy glengore, too,  
For that is the death he will die.

## SONG IX.

**Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.**


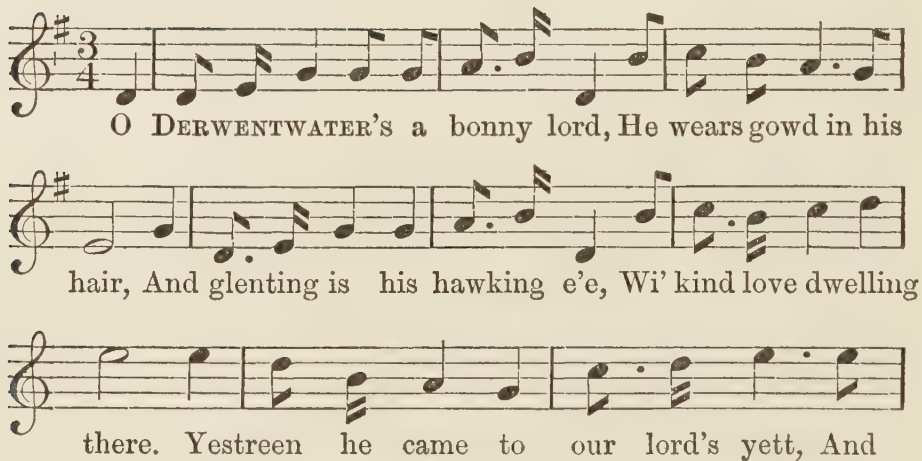
KENMURE'S on and a - wa', Willie, Kenmure's on and a -  
 wa, And Kenmure's lord's the brav - est lord That  
 e - ver Gal - lo - way saw. Suc - cess to Kenmure's  
 band, Willie, Success to Kenmure's band ; There's no a  
 heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap ;  
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,  
 Afore the battle drap.  
 For Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 For Kenmure's lads are men ;  
 Their hearts and swords are mettle true,  
 And that their faes shall ken.

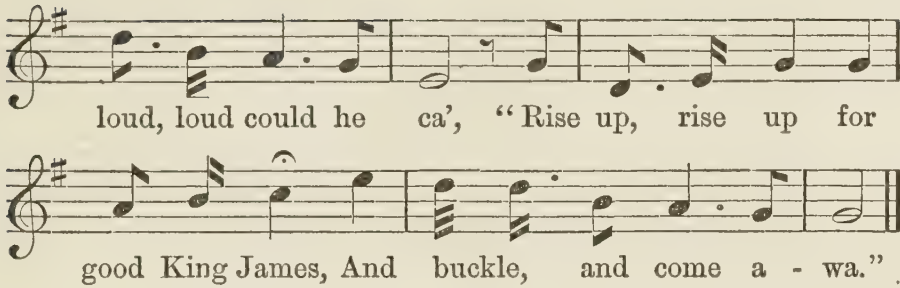
They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live and die wi' fame ;  
 And soon wi' sound o' victorie  
 May Kenmure's lads come hame.  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine :  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,  
 His lady's cheek was red,  
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,  
 Which smell'd o' deadlie feud.  
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa,  
 And here's the flow'r that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

## SONG X.

**Derwentwater.**


O DERWENTWATER'S a bonny lord, He wears gowd in his  
 hair, And glenting is his hawking e'e, Wi' kind love dwelling  
 there. Yestreen he came to our lord's yett, And



Our ladie held by her gude lord,  
 Wi' weel love-locket hands ;  
 But when young Derwentwater came,  
 She loos'd the snawy bands.  
 And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,  
 "My gentle fair ladie,"  
 The tears gave way to the glow o' luve  
 In our gude ladie's e'e.

"I will think me on this bonny ring,  
 "And on this snawy hand,  
 "When on the helmy ridge o' weir  
 "Comes down my burly brand.  
 "And I will think on thae links o' gowd  
 "Which ring thy bonny blue een,  
 "When I wipe awa the gore o' weir,  
 "And owre my braid sword lean."

O never a word our ladie spake,  
 As he press'd her snawy hand,  
 And never a word our ladie spake,  
 As her jimpy waist he spann'd ;  
 But, "Oh, my Derwentwater !" she sigh'd,  
 When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd  
 Which knots his gude weir-glove,  
 And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,  
 Which gars our ladie love.



"Come down, come down," our gude lord says,  
 "Come down, my fair ladie ;  
 "O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,  
 "The morning sun is hie."

And high high raise the morning sun,  
 Wi' front o' ruddie blude :  
 "Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain  
 "Betokens naething guide."  
 Our ladie look'd frae the turret top  
 As lang as she could see,  
 And every sigh for her gude lord,  
 For Derwent there were three.

---

## SONG XI.

### **Lord Derwentwater's Good-night.**

To the foregoing Air.

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall,  
 My father's ancient seat ;  
 A stranger now must call thee his,  
 Which gars my heart to greet.  
 Farewell each friendly well-known face,  
 My heart has held so dear :  
 My tenants now must leave their lands,  
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne  
 I'll rove in autumn gray ;  
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,  
 The lav'rocks wake the day.  
 Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,  
 And Forster ever true.

Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,  
Receive my last adieu.

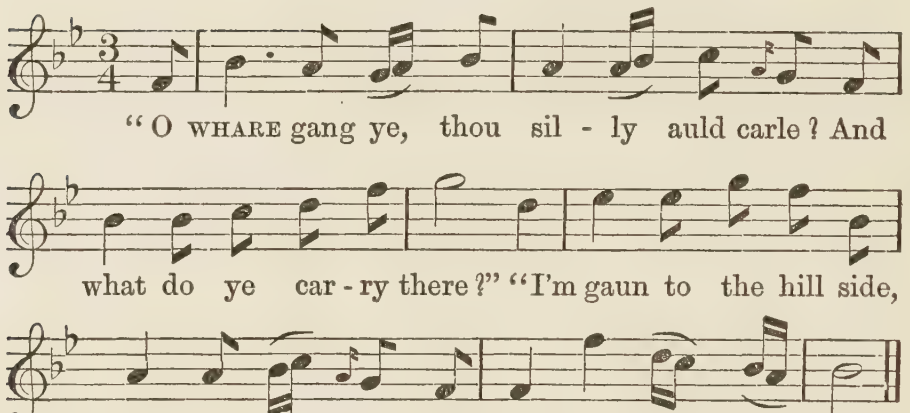
And fare thee well George Collingwood,  
Since fate has put us down ;  
If thou and I have lost our lives,  
Our King has lost his crown.  
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear ;—  
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :  
I never more may see the babe  
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee weel, my bonny grey stead,  
That carried me aye so free ;  
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,  
The last time I mounted thee.  
The warning bell now bids me cease ;  
My trouble's nearly o'er ;  
Yon sun that rises from the sea  
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town  
It is my fate to die,  
O carry me to Northumberland,  
In my father's grave to lie.  
There chant my solemn requiem  
In Hexham's holy towers,  
And let six maids of fair Tynedale  
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown  
Shall be laid low like mine,  
Some honest hearts may then lament  
For Radcliff's fallen line.  
Farewell to pleasant Ditson Hall,  
My father's ancient seat ;  
A stranger now must call thee his,  
Which gars my heart to greet.

## SONG. XII.

*The Young Maxwell.*


“O WHARE gang ye, thou sil - ly auld carle? And  
 what do ye car - ry there?” “I’m gaun to the hill side,  
 thou sod - ger man, To shift my sheep their lair.”

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,  
 And a gude lang stride took he;  
 “I trow thou be a feck auld carle;  
 “Will you shaw the way to me?”

And he is gane wi’ the silly auld carle  
 Adown by the greenwood side:  
 “Light down and gang, thou sodger man,  
 For here ye canna ride.”

He drew the reins o’ his bonny grey stead,  
 And lightly down he sprang:  
 Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,  
 Whare the gowden tassels hang.

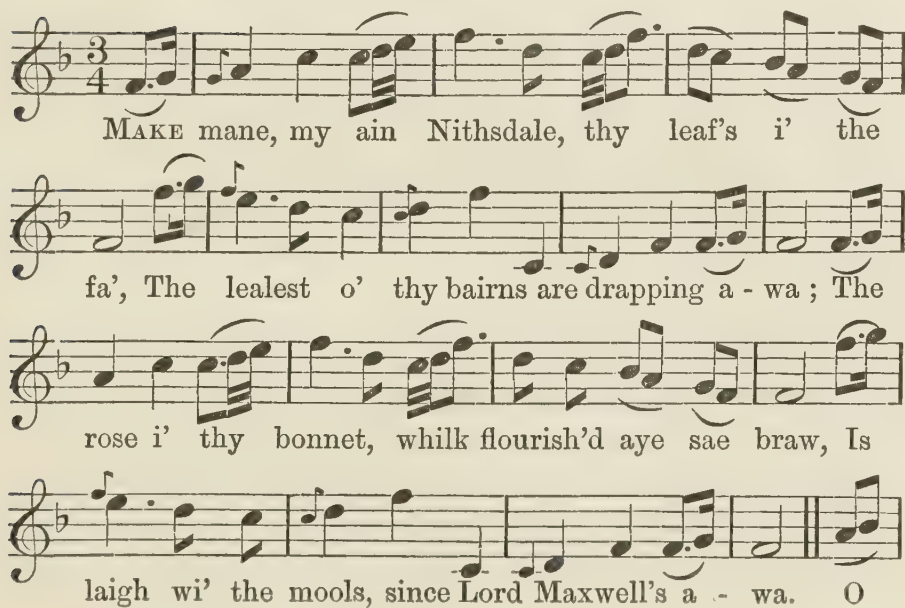
He has thrawn aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,  
 And his bonnet frae ’boon his bree,  
 And wha was it but the young Maxwell!  
 And his gude brown sword drew he.

“ Thou kill’d my father, thou vile Southron,  
 “ And thou kill’d my brethren three,  
 “ Whilk brak the heart o’ my ae sister,  
 “ I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e.

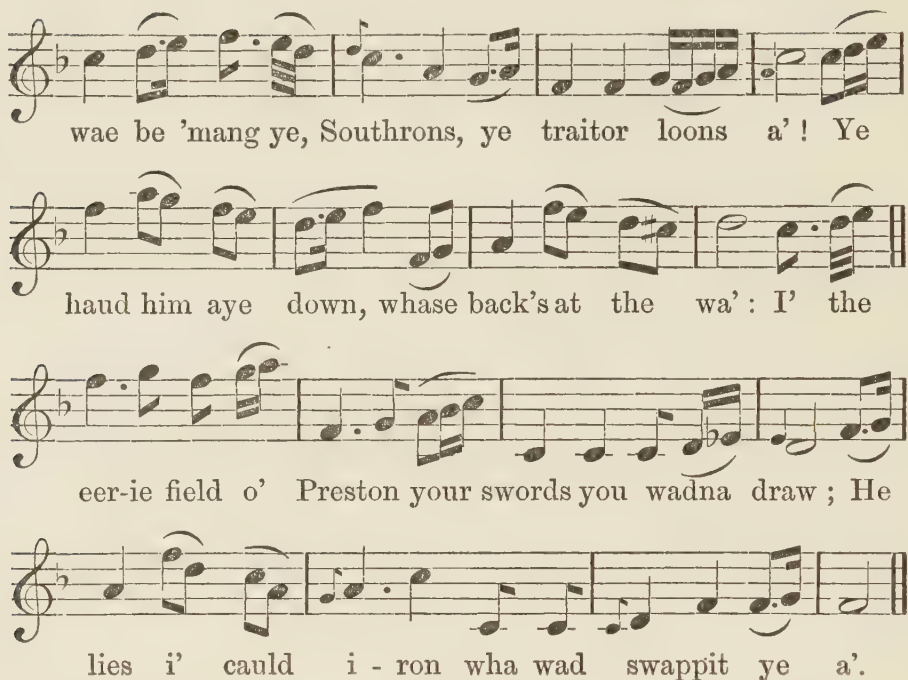
“ Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron,  
 “ Red wat wi’ blude o’ my kin ;  
 “ That sword it crappit the bonniest flower  
 “ E’er lifted its head to the sun.

“ There’s ae sad stroke for my dear auld father,  
 “ There’s twa for my brethren three,  
 “ And there’s ane to thy heart for my ae sister,  
 “ Wham I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e.”

## SONG XIII.

**Lament for the Lord Maxwell.**


MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the  
 fa', The lealest o' thy bairns are drapping a - wa ; The  
 rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae braw, Is  
 laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's a - wa. O



wae be 'mang ye, Southrons, ye traitor loons a'! Ye  
 haud him aye down, whase back's at the wa': I' the  
 eer-ie field o' Preston your swords you wadna draw; He  
 lies i' cauld i - ron wha wad swappit ye a'.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glave,  
 And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!  
 To hae thri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrive,  
 Or ta'en a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.  
 The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield,  
 Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field;  
 The crousest should been coupit owre i' death's gory fauld,  
 Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should been cauld.

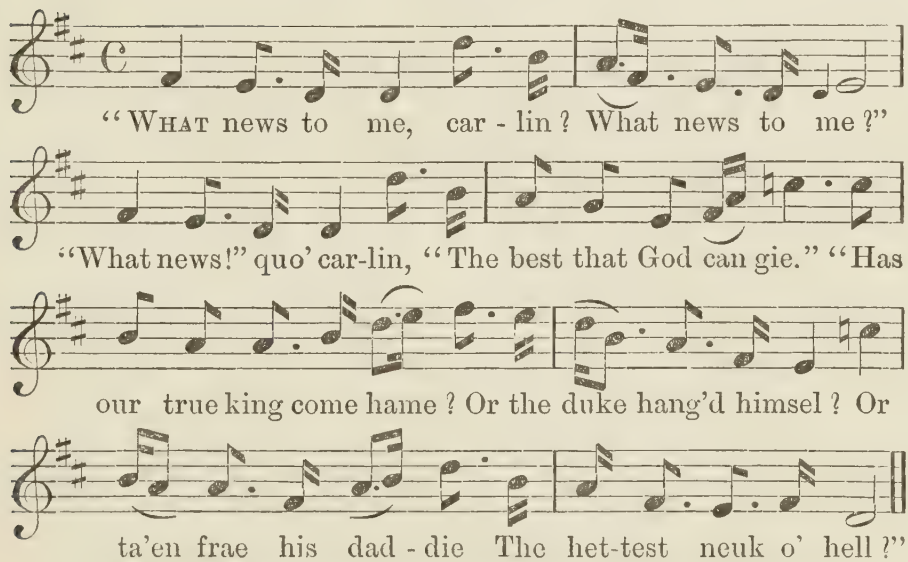
Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,  
 To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,  
 But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.  
 O that I were laid whare the sods are growing green!  
 I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine:  
 A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',  
 Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin';  
 He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.



O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',  
 They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',  
 O Charlie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa :  
 But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do they fa',  
 Our ladie dow do nought now but wipe aye her een,  
 Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown ;  
 She has busked on her gay cleedin', an's aff for London town,  
 And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,  
 'Side the sang o' the birds, whare some burn tottles owre,  
 I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,  
 For to keep my grey head frae the drap o' the shower ;  
 And aye I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,  
 For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was bauldest i' the field.  
 O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld !  
 O had I but the iron on whilk hauds him sae cauld !

## SONG XIV.

*The Lusty Carlin.*


“WHAT news to me, car - lin ? What news to me ?”

“What news !” quo’ car - lin, “The best that God can gie.” “Has

our true king come hame ? Or the duke hang’d himsel ? Or

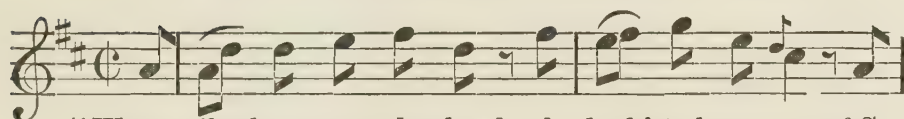
ta’en frae his dad - die The het - test neuk o’ hell ?”

“ The duke’s hale and fier, carle,  
“ The duke’s hale and fier,  
“ And our ain Lord Nithsdale  
“ Will soon be ’mang us here.”  
“ Brush me my coat, carlin,  
“ Brush me my shoon :  
“ I’ll awa and meet Lord Nithsdale,  
“ When he comes to our town.”

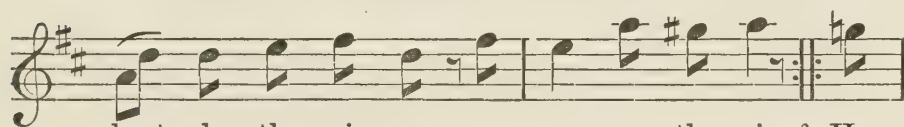
“ Alake-a day,” quo’ the carlin,  
“ Alake-a day !” quo’ she,  
“ He’s owre in France at Charlie’s hand,  
“ Wi’ only ae pennie.”  
“ We’ll sell a’ our corn, carlin,  
“ We’ll sell a’ our bear,  
And we’ll send to Lord Nithsdale  
“ A’ our settle gear.

“ Make the piper blaw, carlin,  
“ Make the piper blaw,  
“ And make the lads and lasses baith  
Their souple legs shaw.  
“ We’ll a’ be glad, carlin,  
“ We’ll a’ be glad,  
And play ‘ The Stuarts back again,’  
“ To put the Whigs mad.”

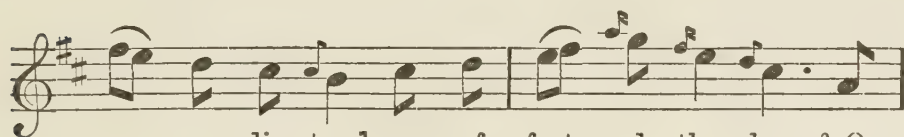
## SONG XV.

**What ails thee, poor Shepherd.**

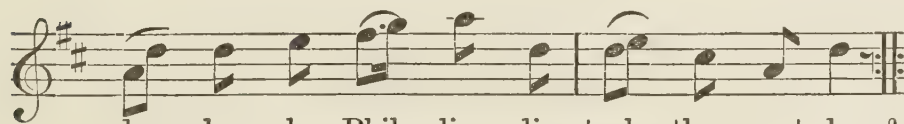
“WHAT ails thee, poor shepherd, why look’st thou so wan? So



ghast - ly thy visage, so meagre thy mien? Has



a - ny dis - tem - per af - fect - ed thy sheep? Or



does love - ly Phil - lis dis - turb thy sweet sleep?

“That thou should’st sit here by the shades and complain :

“What is’t that perplexes or troubles thy brain ?”

It was close by an elm where his pipe and crook lay,

But his heart was so griev’d, not one tune he could play.

“Alas!” quoth the shepherd, “the theme of my song

“Is, since our old landlord is o’er the seas gone,

“Hogan Mogan has seiz’d and kept all for his own,

“And from plenty to want our country has grown.

“Our rents they have rais’d, and our taxes increase,

“And all is because we have ta’en a new lease.

“So dull are my notes, on my pipe I can’t play

“The tune I was wont, since our landlord’s away.

“ Heaven bless our great master, and send him again,  
 “ Ere famine and poverty kill the poor swain ;  
 “ For the Dutch and the Germans our lands they do keep,  
 “ They fleece this poor nation as I fleece my sheep.”

“ Cheer up, honest shepherd, and calm thy griev'd heart ;  
 “ Gird thy sword by thy side, act a true British part ;  
 “ Gird thy sword by thy side, throw thy sheephook away,  
 “ For our landlord is coming, we'll clear him the way.

“ See the glass how it sparkles with true English corn :  
 “ Here's his health, honest shepherd, and speedy return ;  
 “ And when he comes o'er he shall have all his own,  
 “ And with disgrace Hanover must yield up the crown.”

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## SONG XVI.

### *The Tenth of June.*

AIR—“ The King shall enjoy his own again.” Vol. I. p. 1.

Let ev'ry honest British soul  
 With cheerful loyalty be gay ;  
 With James's health we'll crown the bowl,  
 And celebrate this glorious day.  
     Let no one care a fig  
     For the d——'d rebellious Whig,  
 That insect of usurpation ;  
     Fill a bumper every one  
     To the glorious tenth of June,  
 And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renagades  
 With foreign yokes oppress us ?  
 Though George our property invades,  
 And Stuart's throne possesses ?

Yet remember Charles's fate,  
Who roam'd from state to state,  
Kept out by a fanatic nation,  
Till at length came a day  
Call'd the twenty-ninth of May,  
Still renown'd for a true restoration.

Britons be loyal once again,  
Ye've a precedent before ye ;  
This day, crown'd with a Stuart's reign,  
Shall blaze in future story.  
Be resolute and brave,  
Your country you may save,  
If once you dare to be loyal :  
Then at honesty's call  
Let us conquer or fall  
In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail ?  
Renew your constitution,  
Expel that race, the curst entail  
Of Whiggish revolution.  
Be bought and sold no more  
By a sordid German power :  
Is it like our old proud-hearted nation ?  
Let King James then be the toast,  
May he bless our longing coast  
With a speedy and a just restoration.



## SONG XVII.

*The Whigs of Fife.*

O WAE to a' the Whigs o' Fife, The brosy tykes, the  
lousy tykes, O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife, That  
e'er they came frae hell ! There's gentle John, and  
Jock the slorp, And skellied Jock, and bellied Jock, And  
cur - ly Jock, and burly Jock, And ly-ing Jock him - sel. D.C.

Deil claw the traitors wi' a flail,  
That took the midden for their bail,  
And kiss'd the cow ahint the tail,  
That keav'd at kings themsel'.  
O wae, &c.

At sic a sty o' stinking crew,  
The very fiends were like to spue ;  
They held their dose, and crook'd their mou',  
And doughtna bide the smell.  
O wae, &c.

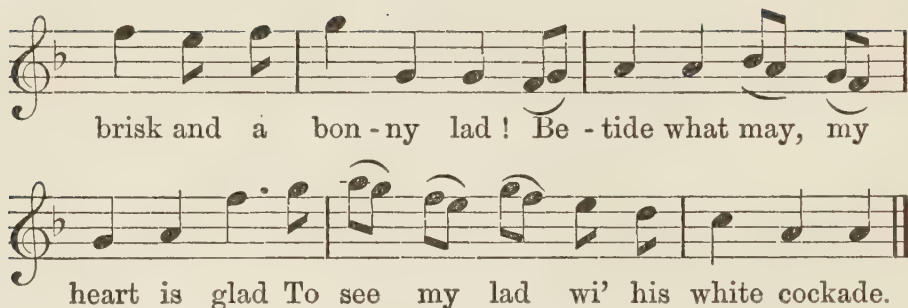
But gin I saw his face again,  
 Thae hunds hae huntit owre the plain,  
 Then ilka ane should get his ain,  
 And ilka Whig the mell.  
 O wae, &c.

O for a bauk as lang as Crail,  
 And for a rape o' rapes the wale,  
 To hing the tykes up by the tail,  
 And hear the beggars yell !  
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,  
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,  
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,  
 That e'er they came frae hell !

## SONG XVIII.

*The White Cockade.*

My love was born in A-ber-deen, The bonniest  
 lad that e'er was seen ; But now he makes our  
 hearts fu' sad, He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.  
 O he's a ranting rov-ing blade ! O he's a

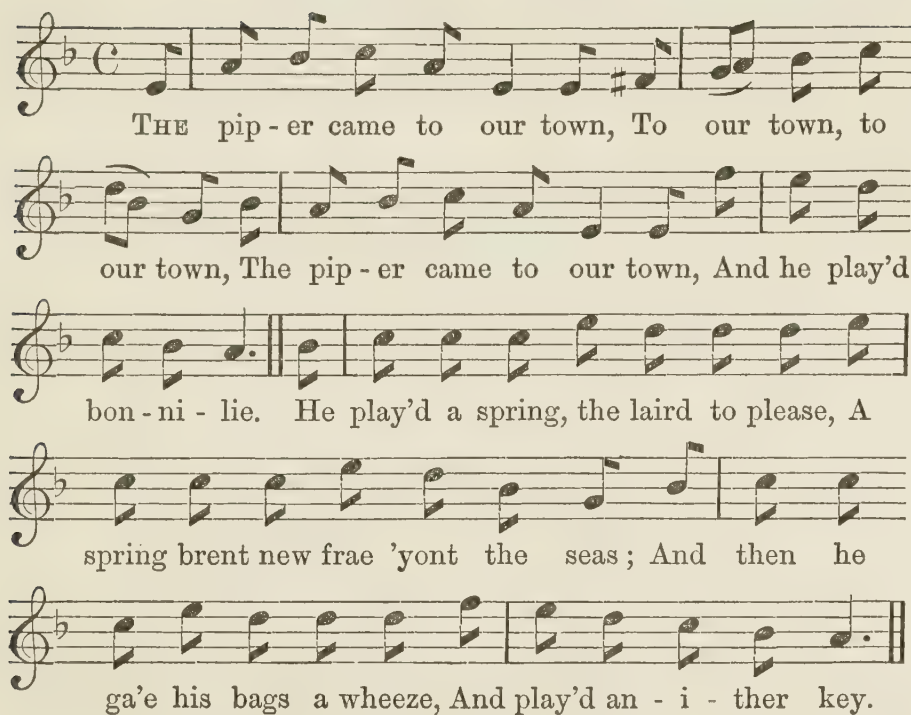


O leeze me on the philabeg,  
The hairy hough, and garten'd leg !  
But aye the thing that blinds my e'e  
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.  
O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,  
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,  
A braid sword, durk, and white cockade,  
O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,  
My good gray mare and hawkit cow,  
That every loyal Buchan lad  
May take the field wi' his white cockade,  
O he's a ranting roving blade !  
O he's a brisk and a bonny lad !  
Betide what will, my heart is glad  
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

## SONG XIX.

*The Piper o' Dundee.*


THE pip - er came to our town, To our town, to  
our town, The pip - er came to our town, And he play'd  
bon - ni - lie. He play'd a spring, the laird to please, A  
spring brent new frae 'yont the seas; And then he  
ga'e his bags a wheeze, And play'd an - i - ther key.

And wasna he a roguy,

A roguy, a roguy?

And wasna he a roguy,

The piper o' Dundee?

He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"

And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"

And "Auld Stuarts back again,"

Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And wasna, &c.

He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"

"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"

And "Lang away, but welcome here,"  
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna, &c.  
It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,  
And some were dancing mad their lane,  
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en  
That night at Amulrie.

And wasna, &c.  
There was Tullibardine, and Burleigh,  
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,  
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,  
The piper o' Dundee?

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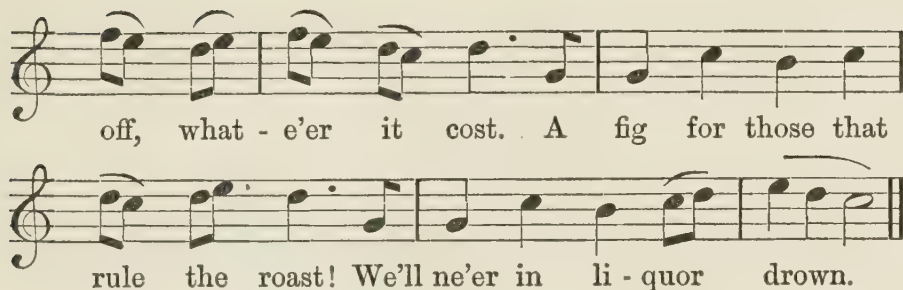
SONG XX.

*Here's a Health to the Valiant Swede.*

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and folk-like, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff also ends with a double bar line. The third and fourth staves continue the melody and lyrics.

HERE'S a health to the va - liant Swede, He's not a  
king that man hath made; May no op - press - ors  
him in - vade: Then let this health go round.  
A running bumper crown this toast; We'll take it





Here's a health to the royal seed,  
And to the king that's king indeed ;  
If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said :  
Then let this toast go round.  
A running bumper, &c.

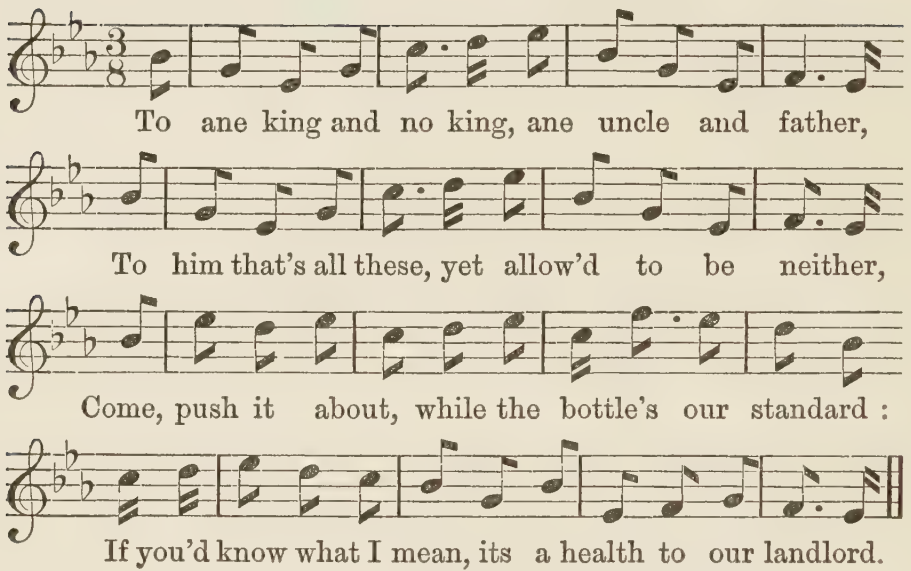
To all our injur'd friends in need,  
On this side and beyond the Tweed ;  
May each man have his own with speed :  
Then let this health go round.  
A running bumper, &c.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar ;  
I hope he'll send us help from far,  
To end the work begun by Mar :  
Then let this health go round.  
A running bumper, &c.

May our affairs abroad succeed,  
And may the king return in speed ;  
May each usurper shake for dread ;  
Let all these healths go round.  
A running bumper, &c.

## SONG XXI.

## Three Healths.



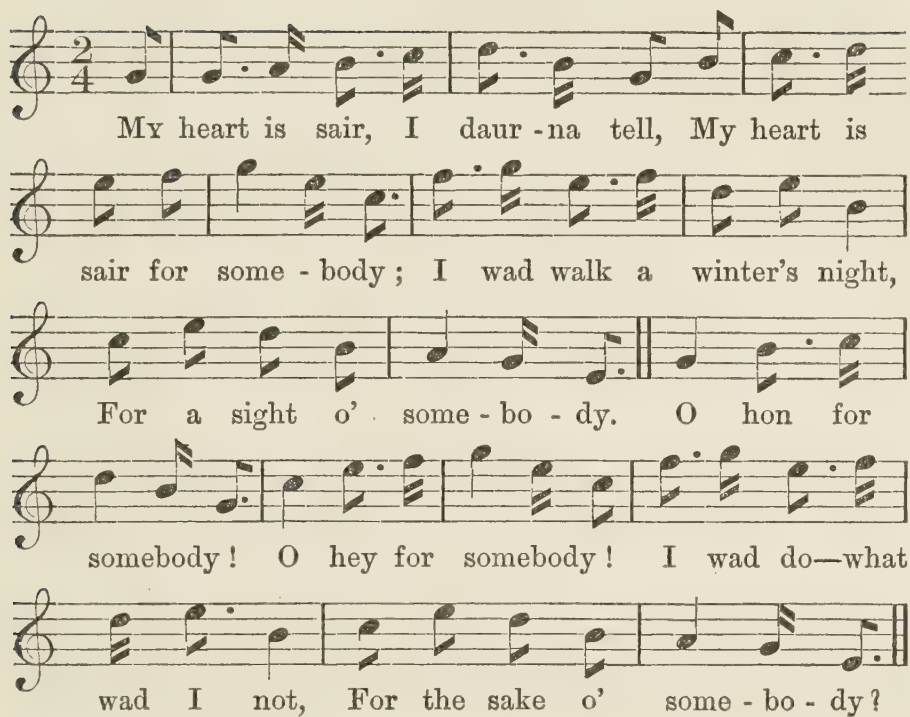
To ane king and no king, ane uncle and father,  
 To him that's all these, yet allow'd to be neither,  
 Come, push it about, while the bottle's our standard :  
 If you'd know what I mean, its a health to our landlord.

To ane queen and no queen, ane aunt and no mother,  
 Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another ;  
 And now to be honest we'll stick by our faith, sir,  
 And stand by our landlord as long as we've breath, sir.

To ane prince and no prince, ane son and no bastard,  
 Beshrew them that say it ! a lie that is fostered !  
 God bless them all three : we'll conclude with this one, sir ;  
 It's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son, sir.

To our monarch's return one more we'll advance, boys ;  
 We've one that's in Flanders, the other's in France, boys ;  
 Then about with the health, let him come, let him come then ;  
 Send the one into England, and both are at home then.

## SONG XXII.

*Somebody.*


My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is  
 sair for some - body ; I wad walk a winter's night,  
 For a sight o' some - bo - dy. O hon for  
 somebody ! O hey for somebody ! I wad do—what  
 wad I not, For the sake o' some - bo - dy ?

If somebody were come again,  
 Then somebody maun cross the main,  
 And ilka ane will get his ane,  
 And I will see my somebody.  
 O hon, &c.

What need I kame my tresses bright ?  
 Or why should coal or candle-light  
 E'er shine in my bower day or night,  
 Since gane is my dear somebody ?  
 O hon, &c.

Oh ! I hae grutten mony a day  
 For ane that's banish'd far away :  
 I canna sing, and munna say,  
 How sair I grieve for somebody ?  
 O hon for somebody !  
 O hey for somebody !  
 I wad do—what wad I not,  
 For the sake o' somebody ?

## SONG XXIII.

*For an Apple of Gold.*

FOR an ap - ple of gold, to a Shepherd of  
 old, Three god - dess - es deign'd to come down ;  
 But now drabs as man - y, Jess, Phinick, and  
 Nanny, De - mand a gold key of the crown.

In velvet so fine, the court dames to outshine,  
 These gypsies, forsooth, were equipt ;  
 Introduc'd by a star, though fitter by far  
 To be carted to bridewell and whipt.  
 Quoth the knight to the king, " Three ladies I bring,  
 " Of honour and fame to your house :

“ They’ve suffer’d with me, as fair, as you see,  
“ And as chaste as your majesty’s spouse.”

Then, bowing so low, he forward did go,  
His German civility such is,  
He saluted them round, and, with judgment profound,  
Thought each saucy quean an archduchess.

But when, with a stride, and a congee beside,  
Tawny Jenny approach’d with her fellows,  
Like a man in disguise she allur’d the king’s eyes,  
And made his two Mussulmen jealous.

Quoth the termagant, “ Me you’ll reward with the key,  
“ If you rightly yourself understand ;  
For by Pallas I swear, if you baulk me, take care,  
“ I’ve your officers all at command.

“ Then they’re all your own, or that you have none,  
“ Is to Jenny’s authority due.  
“ We’re call’d child and mother, though a kin to each other  
“ No more than his highness to you.”

Then Phinick holds forth on her clans in the north,  
Who were left by their king in the lurch.  
“ They’re yours, sir, ” quoth she, “ if you’ll gratify me,  
“ And counterfeit zeal for the church.

“ Be advis’d then to go to the chapel for show,  
“ Though for understanding our psalter,  
“ It matters not much for a monarch High Dutch,  
“ Whose horns are not those of the altar.”

“ Excuse me,” quoth Nan, although she began,  
“ If I plead not so well, by this light :  
“ Let me have the prize, and, a word to the wise,  
“ You’ll be welcome to Rochefort each night :



“ And there I’ll present you with what will content you,  
 “ At least if a female can do’t,  
 “ With a bottle and more, and oysters good store,  
 “ And I’ll pay your two chairmen to boot.”

Ere the strumpets well ended the plea they intended,  
 A courier from Holland came post,  
 And George look’d so wan, you’d swear the poor man  
 Had seen the Count Koningsmark’s ghost.

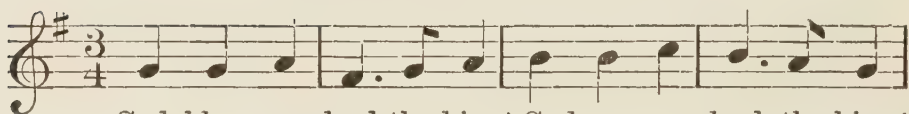
But at second hand, ere he had well scann’d  
 Their speeches explain’d by the duke,  
 The tidings were told, how Stanhope the bold  
 At Vienna had met a rebuke.

“ So then,” cries Jenny, “ let’s leave the said manny  
 “ To dispose as he will of his key,  
 “ Whose price will be dear, by the space of a year,  
 “ Of a dish of our coffee or tea.”

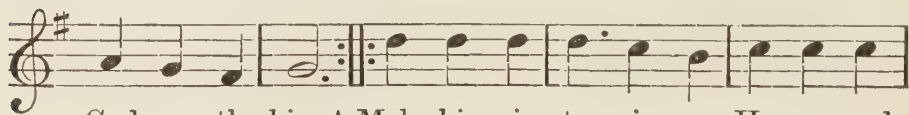
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SONG XXIV.

*The King's Anthem.*



God bless our lord the king! God save our lord the king!



God save the king! Make him vic - to - ri - ous, Happy, and



glo - ri - ous, Long to reign ov - er us : God save the king!

God send a royal heir !  
God bless the royal pair,  
Both king and queen ;  
That from them we may see  
A royal progeny,  
To all posterity  
Ever to reign !

God bless the prince, I pray,  
God bless the prince, I pray,  
Charlie I mean ;  
That Scotland we may see  
Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,  
Both George and his Feckie.  
Even so. Amen.

God bless the happy hour !  
May the Almighty power  
Make all things well ;  
That the whole progeny  
Who are in Italy  
May soon and suddenly  
Come to Whitehall.

God bless the church, I pray,  
God save the church, I pray,  
Pure to remain,  
Free from all Whiggery,  
And Whigs' hypocrisy,  
Who strive maliciously  
Her to defame.

Here's to the subjects all,  
God send them, great and small,  
Firmly to stand,

That would call home the king  
Whose is the right to reign :  
This is the only thing  
Can save the land.

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## SONG XXV.

**Britons who dare to claim.**

To the foregoing Air.

BRITONS, who dare to claim  
That great and glorious name,  
Rouse at the call !  
See English honour fled,  
Corruption's influence spread,  
Slavery raise its head,  
And freedom fall !

Church, king, and liberty,  
Honour and property,  
All are betray'd  
Foreigners rule the land,  
Our blood and wealth command,  
Obstruct, with lawless hand,  
Justice and trade.

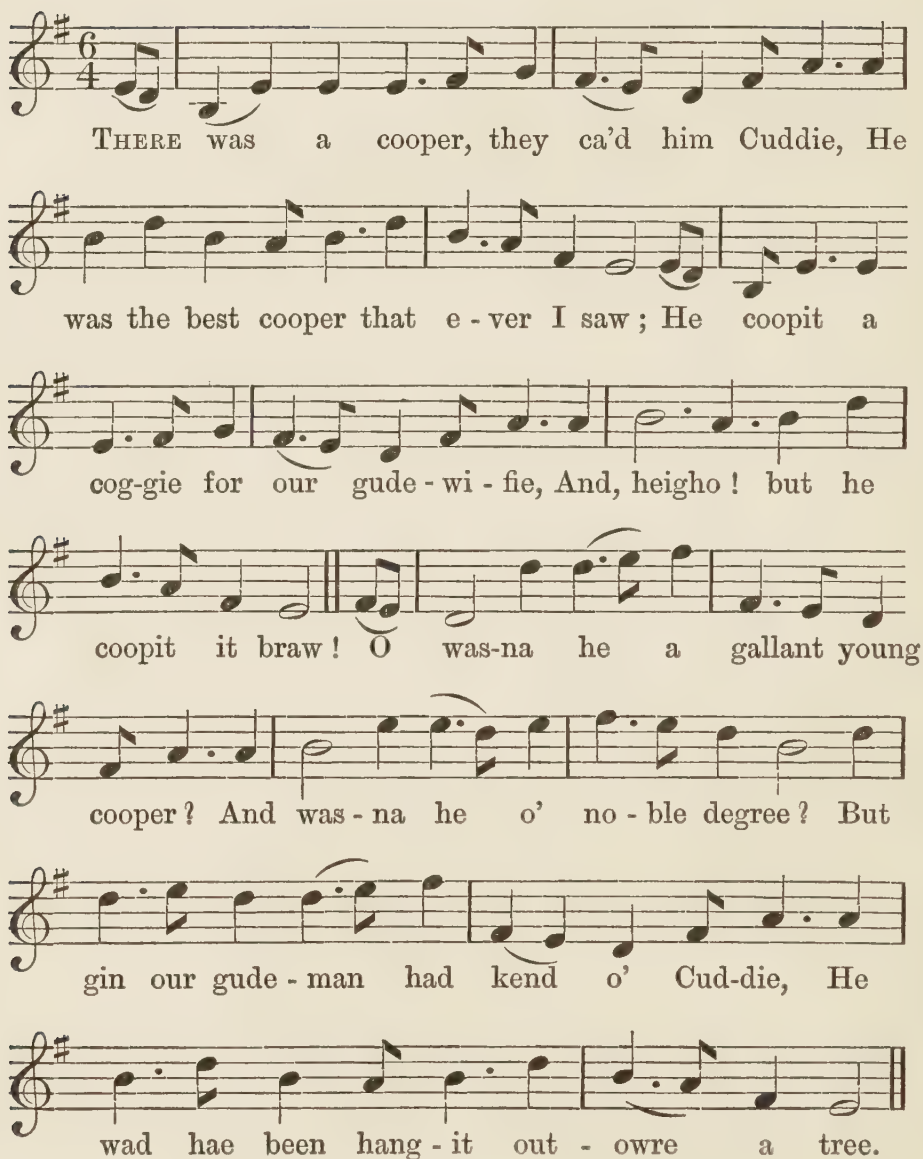
Shall an usurper reign,  
And Britons hug the chain ?  
That we'll deny.  
Then let us all unite  
To retrieve James's right ;  
For church, king, and laws we'll fight,  
Conquer or die.

Join in the defence  
Of James, our lawful prince  
    And native king :  
Then shall true greatness shine,  
Justice and mercy join,  
Restor'd by Stuart's line,  
    Virtue's great spring.

Down with Dutch politics,  
Whigs, and all fanatics  
    The old Rump's cause !  
Recall your injur'd prince,  
Drive Hanoverians hence,  
Such as rule here against  
    All English laws.

Borne on the wings of fame,  
Charles' heroic name  
    All his foes dread.  
He'll from his father's throne  
Pull the usurpers down ;  
Glorious success shall crown  
    His sacred head.

## SONG XXVI.

*There was a Cooper.*

THERE was a cooper, they ca'd him Cuddie, He  
was the best cooper that e - ver I saw ; He coopit a  
cog-gie for our gude - wi - fie, And, heigho ! but he  
coopit it braw ! O was-na he a gallant young  
cooper ? And was - na he o' no - ble degree ? But  
gin our gude - man had kend o' Cud-die, He  
wad hae been hang - it out - owre a tree.

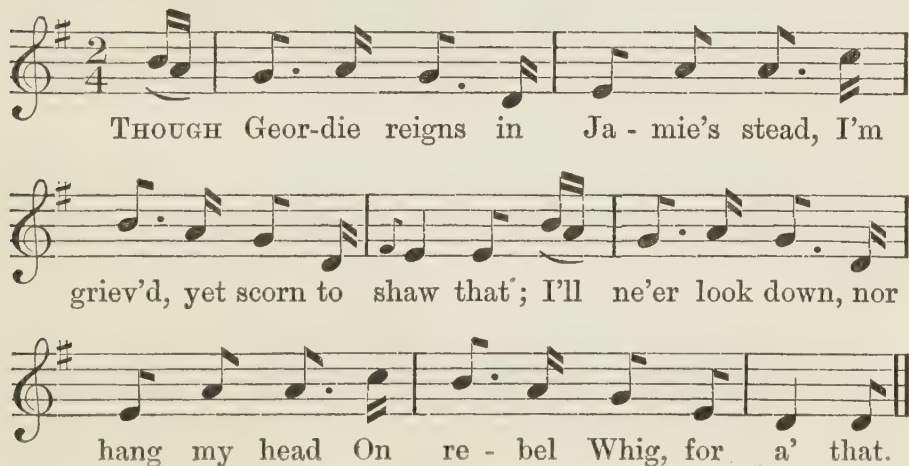


O wae be to thee, thou silly auld carle,  
 And aye be ill dead met ye die !  
 The house had never stood owre thy head,  
 Gin it hadna been for the young Logie.  
 But weel befa' our true gudewifie,  
 That kend the right side frae the wrang !  
 And mony a Drummond shall bless the wifie  
 That cheatit her fause and fickle gudeman.

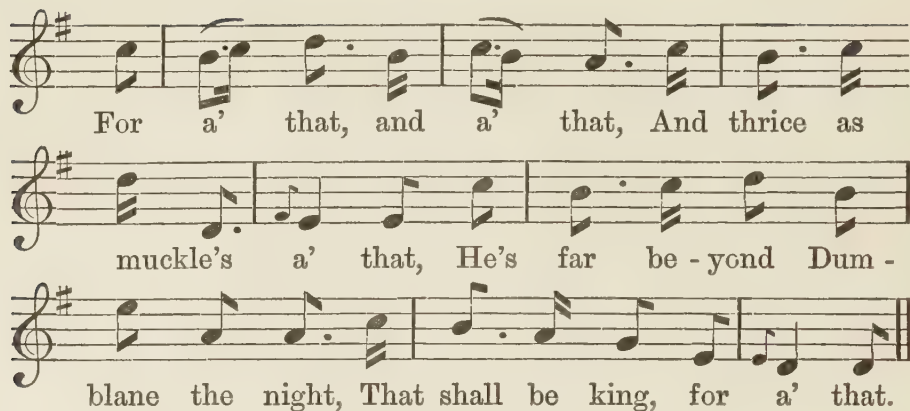
And hey the cooper, the cooper, the cooper !  
 He was the best cooper that ever I saw ;  
 He coopit a coggie for our gudewifie,  
 And heigho ! but he coopit it braw !  
 Young Cuddie the cooper can dance and fiddle,  
 Young Cuddie can fight for honour and law,  
 Young Cuddie can kiss a sonsy young lassie,  
 That our gudewifie lo'es best of a'.

## SONG XXVII.

**Though Geordie reigns in Jamie's Stead.**



THOUGH Geor-die reigns in Ja - mie's stead, I'm  
 griev'd, yet scorn to shaw that'; I'll ne'er look down, nor  
 hang my head On re - bel Whig, for a' that.



He wears a broad sword by his side,  
And weel he kens to draw it ;  
The target and the Highland plaid,  
The shoulder-belt and a' that.  
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,  
The white cockade and a' that,  
The tartan hose and philabeg,  
Which makes us blythe, for a' that.

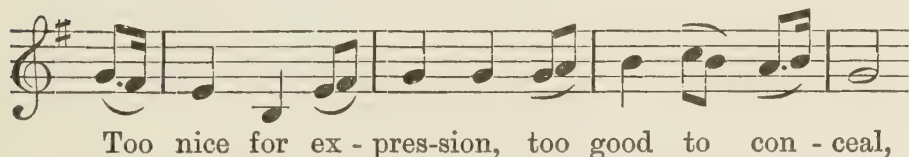
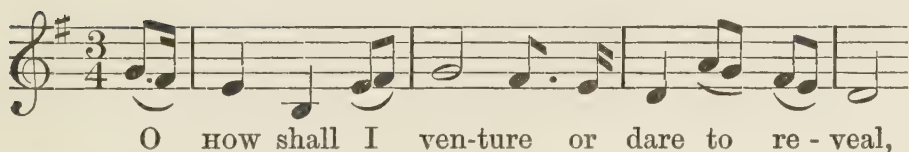
The Whigs think a' that weal is won,  
But, faith, they munna fa' that ;  
They think our loyal hearts dung down,  
But we'll be blythe, for a' that.  
For still we trust that Providence  
Will us relieve from a' that,  
And send us hame our gallant prince ;  
Then we'll be blythe, for a' that.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,  
When they're mista'en in a' that ?  
When Geordie maun fling by the crown,  
And hat, and wig, and a' that ?  
The flames will get baith hat and wig,  
As often as they've done a' that ;  
Our Highland lad will get the crown,  
And we'll be blythe for a' that.

Then will our braw militia lads  
 Rewarded be for a' that,  
 When they fling by their black cockades ;  
 A hellish badge I ca' that.  
 As night is banish'd by the day,  
 The white shall wear awa that ;  
 The sun shall then his beams display,  
 And we'll blythe, for a' that.

## SONG XXVIII.

## O how shall I venture.



O could I extol as I love the great name,  
 Or sound my low strain to my prince's great fame,  
 In verses immortal his glory should live,  
 And to ages unborn his merit survive.

O thou great hero, true heir to the crown,  
 The world in amazement admires thy renown :  
 Thy princely deportment sets forth thy great praise,  
 In trophies more lasting than ages can raise.

Thy valour in war, thy conduct in peace,  
 Shall be sung and admir'd when division shall cease ;  
 Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,  
 And those that now rule shall be glad to obey.

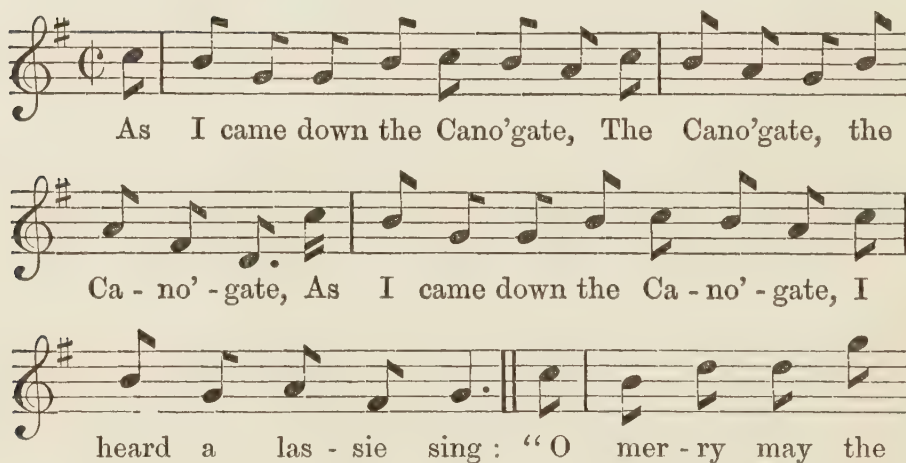
May the heavens protect him, and his person rescue  
 From the plots and the snares of the dangerous crew  
 May they prosper his arms with success in fight,  
 And restore him again to the crown that's his right.

Then George and his breed shall be banish'd our land,  
 To his paltry Hanover and German command ;  
 Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,  
 And Britons be bless'd with a Stuart once more.

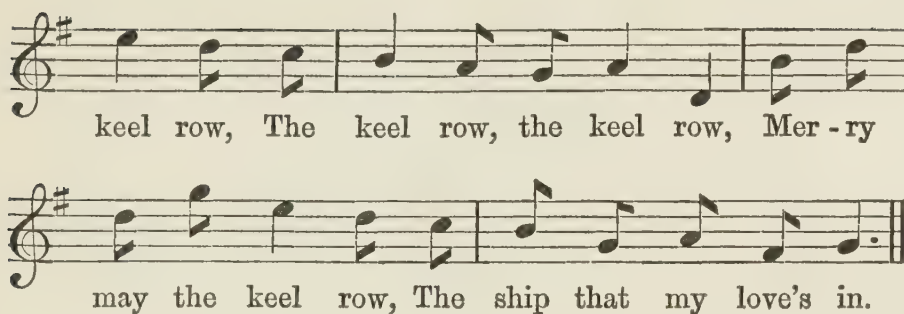
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SONG XXIX.

**Merry may the Keel row,**



As I came down the Cano'gate, The Cano'gate, the  
 Ca - no' - gate, As I came down the Ca - no' - gate, I  
 heard a las - sie sing : " O mer - ry may the



“ My love has breath o’ roses,

“ O’ roses, o’ roses,

“ Wi’ arms o’ lily posies,

“ To fauld a lassie in.

“ O merry, &c.

“ My love he wears a bonnet,

“ A bonnet, a bonnet,

“ A snawy rose upon it

“ A dimple on his chin.

“ O merry may the keel row,

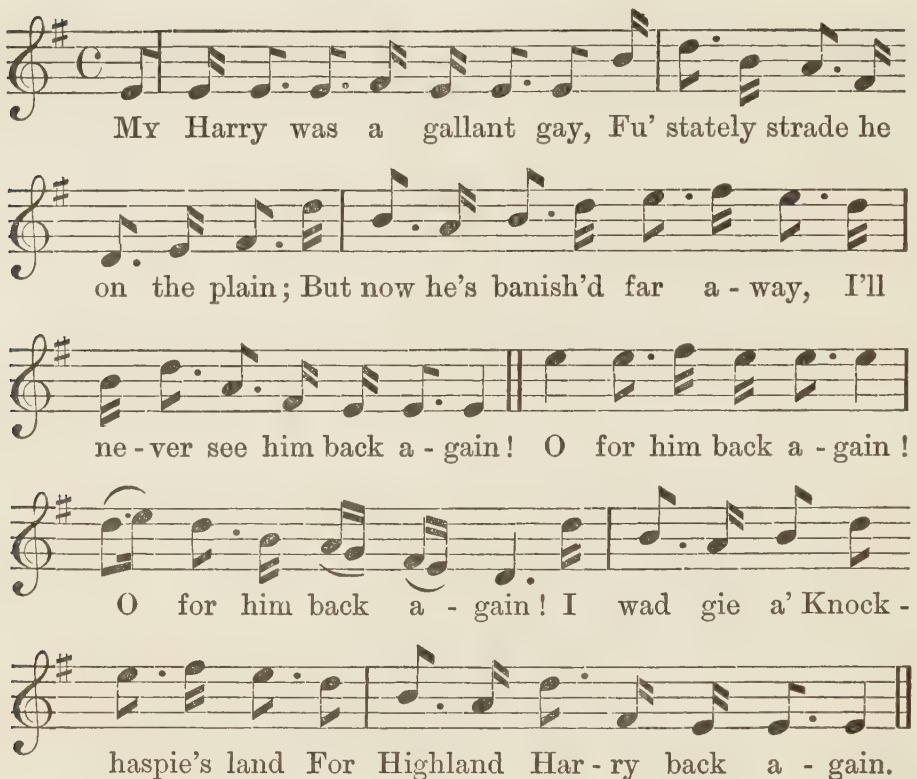
“ The keel row, the keel row,

“ Merry may the keel row,

“ The ship that my love’s in.”



## SONG XXX.

**Highland Harry.**


My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strade he  
on the plain; But now he's banish'd far a - way, I'll  
ne - ver see him back a - gain! O for him back a - gain!  
O for him back a - gain! I wad gie a' Knock -  
haspie's land For Highland Har - ry back a - gain.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,  
I'll wander dowie up the glen,  
And sit me down and greet my fill  
For Highland Harry back again.  
O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain,  
Then I wad see the joyfu' sight  
Of Highland Harry back again.  
O for him back again, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,  
 He left me in his native plain,  
 And rush'd his injur'd prince to join ;  
 But, Oh ! he ne'er came back again !  
 O for him back again, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in night,  
 Unmatch'd on a' the Highland plain ;  
 But vengeance has put down the right,  
 And, Oh ! he'll ne'er come back again !  
 O for him back again !  
 O for him back again !  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Highland Harry back again.

## SONG XXXI.

*The Man o' the Moon.*

THE man o' the moon for ev - ver ! The man o' the  
 moon for ev - er ! We'll drink to him still In a  
 merry cup of ale : Here's the man o' the moon for ev - er !

The man o' the moon, here's to him ;  
 How few there be that know him !  
 But we'll drink to him still  
 In a merry cup of ale.  
 The man o' the moon, here's to him.

Brave man o' the moon, we hail thee ;  
The true heart ne'er shall fail thee ;  
    For the day that's gane,  
    And the day that's our ane,  
Brave man o' the moon, we hail thee.

We have seen the bear bestride thee,  
And the clouds of winter hide thee ;  
    But the moon is chang'd,  
    And here we are rang'd  
Brave man o' the moon, we bide thee.

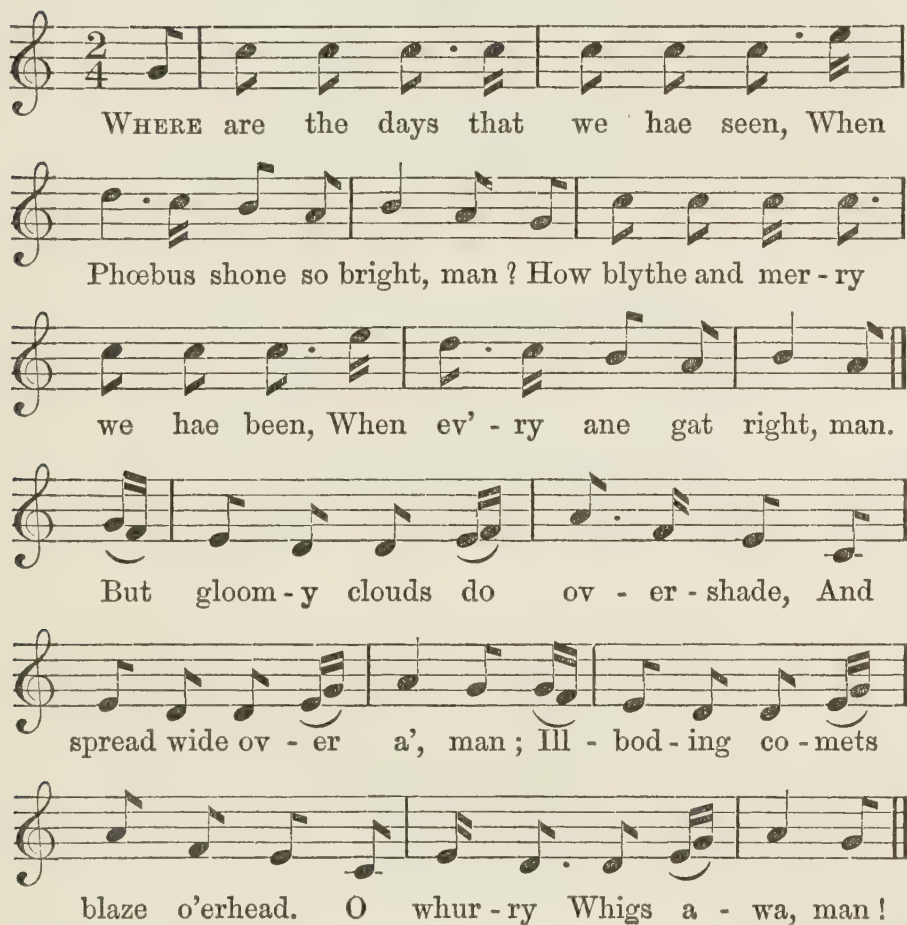
The man o' the moon for ever !  
The man o' the moon for ever !  
    We'll drink to him still  
    In a merry cup of ale :  
Here's the man o' the moon for ever !

We have griev'd the land should shun thee,  
And have never ceas'd to mourn thee ;  
    But for all our grief  
    There was no relief.  
Now, man o' the moon, return thee.

There's Orion with his gowden belt,  
And Mars, that burning mover ;  
    But of all the lights  
    That rule the night,  
The man o' the moon for ever !

## SONG XXXII.

## Whurry Whigs Awa.



WHERE are the days that we hae seen, When  
 Phoebus shone so bright, man? How blythe and mer - ry  
 we hae been, When ev' - ry ane gat right, man.  
 But gloom - y clouds do ov - er - shade, And  
 spread wide ov - er a', man; Ill - bod - ing co - mets  
 blaze o'erhead. O whur - ry Whigs a - wa, man!

Now ill appears wi' face fu' bare,  
 In high and low degree, man,  
 And wild confusion everywhere,  
 Which every ane may see, man.  
 The blind are chosen for our guides;  
 I fear we'll get a fa', man.

There's nane need wonder though we slide.  
O whurry Whigs awa man.

Of primitive simplicity  
Some in our church was left, man ;  
But now of truth and verity,  
Alas, we are bereft, man !  
Rebellion's horns do loudly tout,  
Wi' whinning tone and blaw, man ;  
Yet deeds o' grace they leave without.  
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

New upstarts only now succeed,  
Our nation's misery, man ;  
We're bound in slavery heel to head,  
Yet deav'd wi' liberty, man.  
But when did e'er the Whigs prevail  
'Gainst loyalty and law, man ?  
At a' but treachery they fail.  
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Montrose convened the gallant Graham,  
The loyal clans arose, man,  
To fight the Covenanter lambs,  
Wha did the right oppose, man.  
At Aldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth,  
Their bouks gat mony a claw, man :  
Their loyal hearts like sheep did drive  
The whurry Whigs awa then.

King Charlie being foully slain,  
For which thank Whiggery, man,  
Then Cromwell in his place did reign,  
The Whigs anointed he, man.  
That mushroom monarch Presbyt'ry  
Established by law, man,



And overturn'd old Prelacy.  
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

King Charles the Second did resort  
Unto our loving isles, man ;  
His father's head took frae the port,  
And set up gley'd Argyle's, man.  
Abolish'd was the Covenant,  
He like'd not it ava, man,  
But rear'd true kingly government.  
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

The restless Whigs, with their intrigues,  
Themselves they did convene, man,  
At Pentland Hills and Bothwell Brigs,  
To fight against the king, man ;  
Till brave Dalyell came forth himsel,  
With loyal troops in raws, man,  
To try a match with powther and ball :  
Then saints turn'd windlestraws, man.

The brave Dalyell stood i' the field,  
And fought for king and crown, man ;  
Made rebel Whigs perforce to yield,  
And dang the traitors down, man.  
Then some ran here, and some ran there,  
And some in field did fa', man,  
And some to hang he didna spare,  
Condemn'd by their ain law, man.

Yet that would not the carles please.  
Did you not hear the news, man,  
How, at Drumclog, behind the bog,  
They ga'e the deil his dues, man ?  
With blessed word and rusty sword  
They wrought a wondrous feat, man ;

For ten to ane they wan the day,  
And wow but they were great, man !

But, wae's my heart ! it was nae sport,  
Though they were set on ill, man,  
To see them fa' like silly sheep,  
That day on Bothwell Hill, man.  
The royal duke his men forsook,  
And o'er the field did ride, man,  
And cried aloud to spare their blude,  
Whatever might betide, man.

But Colonel Graham of noble fame,  
Had sworn to have his will, man,  
No man to spare in armour there,  
While man and horse could kill, man.  
O then the Whigs from Bothwell Brigs  
Were led like dogs to die, man :  
In Heaven's might they couldna fight,  
But rais'd a horrid cry, man.

By hill and dale they gart them skale,  
It's there to bide a blink, man,  
Till in sic case, to their disgrace,  
They rais'd a dolefu' stink, man.  
Their necks were cropt but fear or doubt,  
Their malice prov'd their fa', man,  
While every honest heart cried out,  
"O whurly Whigs awa, man !"

Next we gat owre an Orange king,  
That play'd wi' parties baith, man ;  
A hogan-mogan foreign thing,  
That wrought a world o' skaith, man.  
When he came owre our rights to see,  
His father, friend, and a', man,

By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,  
Then swore he ran awa, man.

The fifth day of November he  
Did land upon our coast, man ;  
But those who liv'd his reign to see,  
Of it they did not boast, man.  
Seven years of famine did prevail,  
The people hopeless grew, man :  
Baith dearth and death did us assail,  
And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come ;  
He broke his collar-bone, man.  
We chose another, dainty Anne,  
And set her on the throne, man.  
O then we had baith meal and malt,  
And plenty over a', man ;  
We had nae scant o' sin nor saint,  
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

We then sought out a German thing  
Call'd George, and brought him here, man ;  
And for this beggar cuckold king  
Sore taxes we maun bear, man.  
Our blood is shed without remead,  
Our rights are scorn'd at a', man ;  
For beggars boast, and rule the roast.  
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Our fathers griev'd are with this yoke,  
The time it's drawing near, man,  
That vengeance breeds for tyrants' heads,  
The land no more can bear, man.  
May God preserve our rightfu' king  
From traitors' cursed claw, man ;  
Or lang we may have cause to sing  
"O whurry Whigs awa, man !"

## SONG XXXIII.

**The Blackbird.**

ONCE on a morning of sweet re - cre - a - tion,  
I heard a fair la - dy a - making her moan,  
With sighing and sobbing, and sad la - men - ta - tion,  
Aye singing "My Blackbird for ev - er is flown.  
He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure,  
So just - ly, my love, my heart follows thee.  
And I am re - solv - ed, in foul or fair weather,  
To seek out my Blackbird, where - ev - er he be.

The musical score is written on eight staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the eighth staff.

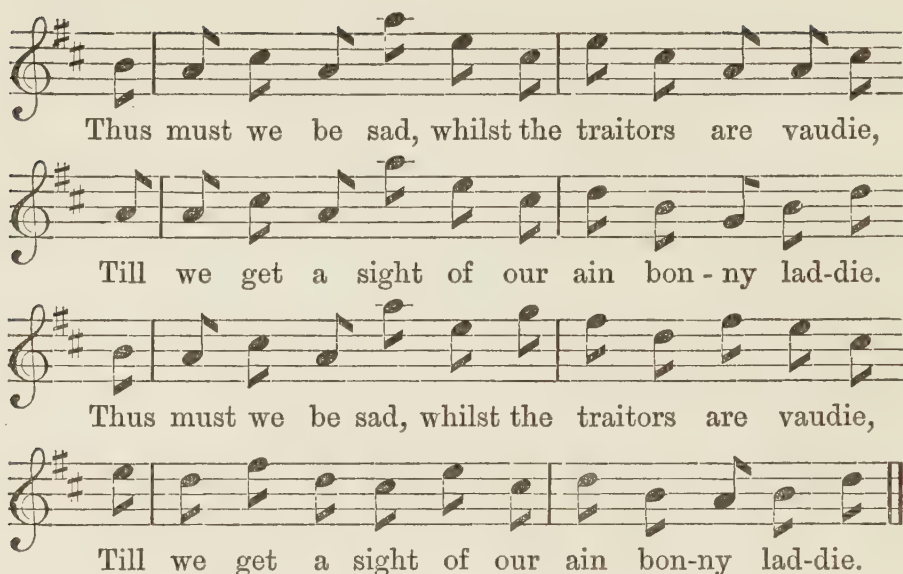
- “ I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,  
 “ My heart is so loyal in every degree ;  
 “ For he’s constant and kind, and courageous in mind.  
 “ Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !  
 “ In Scotland he’s lov’d and dearly approved,  
 “ In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;  
 “ But his name I’ll advance in Britain or France.  
 “ Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !  
  
 “ The birds of the forest are all met together,  
 “ The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove.  
 “ And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,  
 “ Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.  
 “ But since Fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,  
 “ Hath caused this parting between him and me,  
 “ His right I’ll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?  
 “ Good luck to my blackbird, wherever he be !”

## SONG XXXIV.

*Our ain Bonny Laddie.*

How lang shall our land thus suf - fer distresses, Whilst  
 traitors, and strangers, and tyrants op-press us? How  
 lang shall our old, and once brave warlike nation, Thus  
 tame-ly submit to a base u - sur - pa - tion ?





Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,  
 Till we get a sight of our ain bon - ny lad-die.  
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,  
 Till we get a sight of our ain bon-ny lad-die.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we languish,  
 With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish?  
 How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,  
 Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason?  
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,  
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

Thus must we be sad, &c.

O Heavens, have pity! with favour prevent us;  
 Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,  
 From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish opinions;  
 Our king return back to his rightful dominions;  
 Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,  
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.

Then rogues shall be sad, &c.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall flourish;  
 Our church, that's oppress'd, our monarch will nourish;  
 Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be sorry,  
 When the king gets his own, and Jehovah the glory.  
 The rogues shall be sad, but the honest men vaudie,  
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.

The rogues shall be sad, &c.

## SONG XXXV.

**Come, let us be Jovial.**

COME, here's to the knights of the true roy-al oak,  
Whose hearts still are loy-al, and firm as a rock,  
Who will fight to the last for their country and king.  
Let the health of our heroes pass quick round the ring.  
Come, let us be jo-vial, so-cial, and free;  
Come, join hand in hand, in full chorus with me:  
God bless Charlie Stuart, the pride of our land.  
And send him safe o'er to his own na-tive strand.

My noble companions, be patient a while,  
 And we'll soon see him back to our brave British isle :  
 And he that for Stuart and right will not stand,  
 May smart for the wrong by the Highlander's brand.  
 Come, let us be jovial, &c.

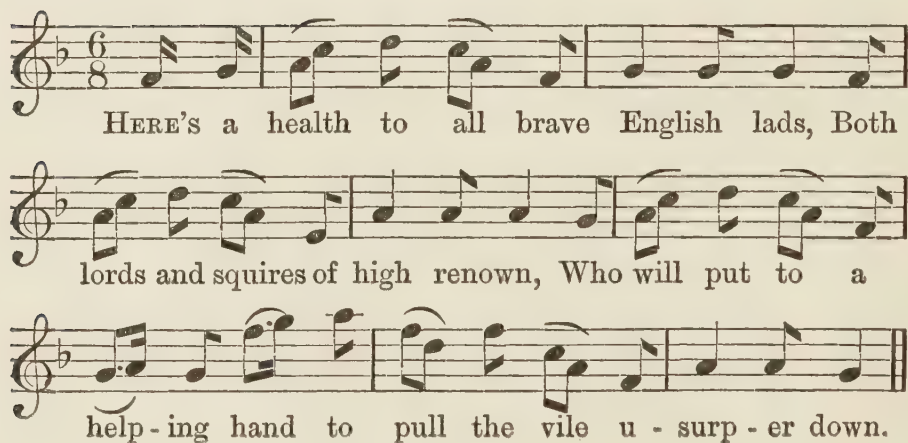
Though Hanover now over Britain bears sway,  
 The day of his glory is wearing away.  
 His minions of slavery may march at his tail ;  
 For, God with the righteous, and who shall prevail ?  
 Come, let us be jovial, &c.

And when James again shall be plac'd on the throne,  
 All mem'ry of ills we have borne shall be gone.  
 No tyrant again shall set foot on our shore,  
 But all shall be happy and blest as before.  
 Then let us be jovial, social, and free ;  
 Lay your hands on your hearts, and sing chorus with me :  
 God prosper King James, and the German confound,  
 And may none but true Britons e'er rule British ground.

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SONG XXXVI.

*The Clans are Coming.*



HERE'S a health to all brave English lads, Both  
 lords and squires of high renown, Who will put to a  
 help-ing hand to pull the vile u - surp - er down.

For our brave Scots are all on foot, Proclaiming loud where-  
 e'er they go, With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum, "The  
 clans are coming, o - ho! o - ho! The clans are  
 coming, o - ho! o - ho! The clans are coming, o -  
 ho! o - ho! The clans are coming by bon-ny Loch -  
 le - ven, The clans are com - ing, o - ho! o - ho!"

To set our king upon the throne,  
 Not Church nor State to overthrow,  
 As wicked preachers falsely tell,  
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!  
 Therefore forbear, ye canting crew;  
 Your bugbear tales are a' for show:  
 The want of stipend is your fear.  
 The clans are coming, oho! oho!  
 The clans are coming, &c.

We will protect both Church and State,  
 Though we be held their mortal foe;

And when the clans are to the gate,  
 You'll bless the clans, oho ! oho !  
 Corruption, bribery, breach of law,  
 This was your cant some time ago,  
 Which did expose both court and king,  
 And rais'd our clans, oho ! oho !  
 The clans are coming, &c.

Rous'd like a lion from his den,  
 When he thought on his country's wo,  
 Our brave protector, Charles, did come,  
 With all his clans, oho ! oho !  
 These lions, for their country's cause,  
 And natural prince, were never slow :  
 So now they come with their brave prince ;  
 The clans advance, oho ! oho !  
 The clans are coming, &c.

And now the clans have drawn their swords,  
 And vow revenge against them a'  
 That lift arms for th' usurper's cause,  
 To fight against our king and law.  
 Then God preserve our loyal king,  
 And his dear sons, the lovely twa,  
 And set him on his father's throne,  
 And bless his subjects great and sma' !  
 The clans are coming, oho ! oho !  
 The clans are coming, oho ! oho !  
 The clans are coming by bonny Lochleven,  
 The clans are coming, oho ! oho !



SONG XXXVII.

**The Clans are all away.**

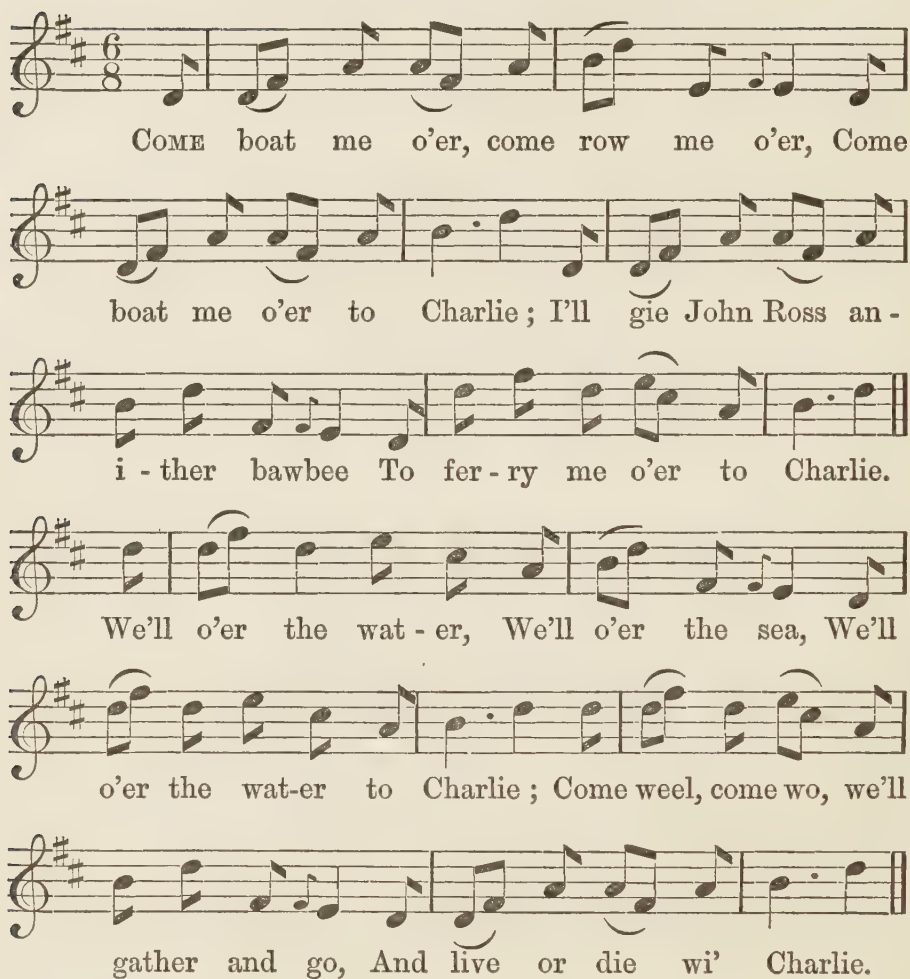
To the foregoing Air.

LET mournful Britons now deplore  
The horrors of Drummossie's day ;  
Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,  
The clans are all away, away.  
The clemency of late enjoy'd  
Is changed to tyrannic sway ;  
Our laws and friends at once destroy'd :  
The clans are all away, away.

Has fate thus doom'd the Scottish race  
To tyrants' lasting power a prey ?  
Shall all those troubles never cease ?  
Why went the clans away, away ?  
Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn ;  
Your prince abroad will make no stay :  
You'll bless the hour of his return,  
And soon revenge Drummossie's day.

## SONG XXXVIII.

## O'er the Water to Charlie,



COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come  
boat me o'er to Charlie; I'll gie John Ross an -  
i - ther bawbee To fer - ry me o'er to Charlie.  
We'll o'er the wat - er, We'll o'er the sea, We'll  
o'er the wat - er to Charlie; Come weel, come wo, we'll  
gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,  
 Though some there be abhor him;  
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him!  
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I swear by moon and starns sae bright,  
 And sun that glances early,  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.  
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane ;  
 I bred them toiling sairly ;  
 And I wad bear them a' again,  
 And lose them a' for Charlie.  
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;  
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,  
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

---

 SONG XXXIX.

## An yon be he.

My love's a bon-ny lad-die, an yon be he, My  
 love's a bon-ny lad-die, an yon be he; A  
 feather in his bonnet, a rib-bon at his knee.  
 He's a bon-ny, bon-ny lad-die, an yon be he.

There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,  
There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,  
And on that bonny brier bush there's twa roses I lo'e dear,  
And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,  
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard :  
They shall bob on Athol green, and there they will be seen,  
And the rocks and the trees shall be their safeguard.

O my bonny bonny flowers they shall bloom o'er them a',  
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',  
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding them a',  
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa ?  
O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa ?  
I will awa to Edinbrough, and win a penny fee,  
And see gin ony bonny laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,  
He's coming frae the north that's to carry me ;  
A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree :  
He's a bonny bonny laddie, an yon be he.

## SONG XL.

## Song of Expostulations.

UN - GRATE-FUL Britons, rouse for shame, And  
own the roy - al race, Who can a - lone your  
fame restore, Your suff'rings all re - dress.  
To roy - al James, your na - tive king, Your  
vows and homage pay, That a - ges late may  
see him reign, And his blest son o - bey.

Your hopes, illustrious prince, now raise  
To all the charms of power ;  
Propitious joys of love and peace  
Already crown each hour.  
Prophetic Hymen join'd his voice,  
And gave a princely son,



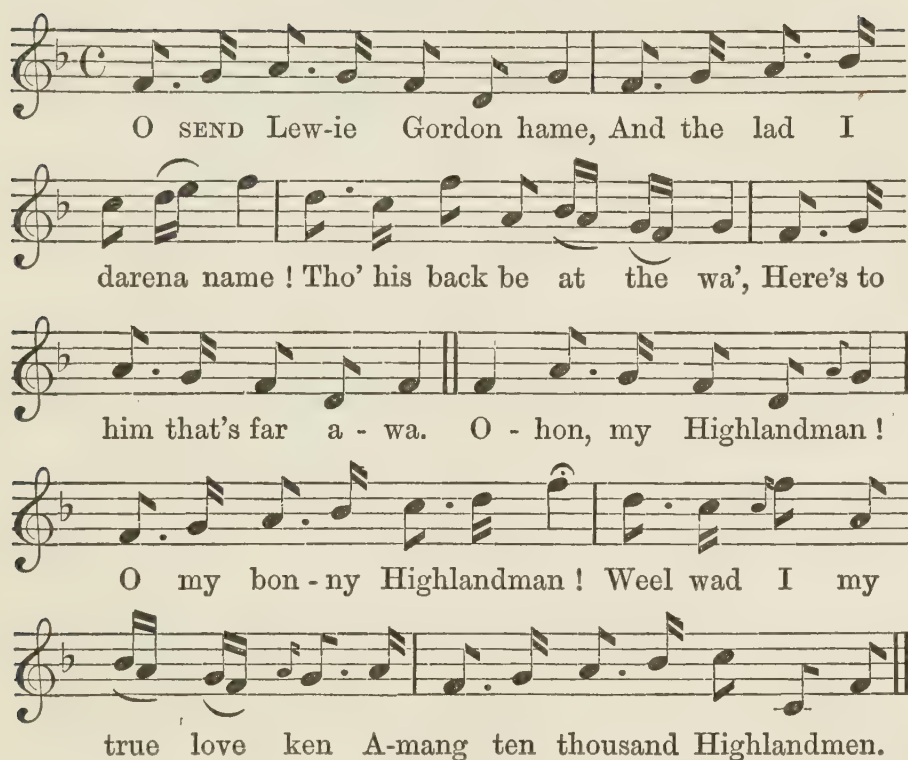
Whose ripen'd age may fill, he cries,  
His father's widow'd throne.

Aloud I heard the voice of Fame  
Th' important news repeat,  
Whilst Echo caught the pleasant theme,  
And did the sound repeat.  
Mute, when she spoke, was ev'ry wood,  
The zephyrs ceas'd to blow,  
The waves in silent rapture stood,  
And Forth forgot to flow.

'Twas thus, in early bloom of time,  
And in a reverend oak,  
In sacred and inspired rhyme  
An ancient Druid spoke :  
“ An hero from fair Clementine  
“ Long ages hence shall spring,  
“ And all the gods their powers combine  
“ To bless the future king.

“ Venus shall give him all her charms,  
“ To win and conquer hearts ;  
“ Rough Mars shall train the youth to arms ;  
“ Minerva teach him arts ;  
“ Great Jove shall those bolts supply  
“ Which taught the rebel brood  
“ To know the ruler of the sky,  
“ And, trembling, own their God.”

## SONG XLI.

**Lewie Gordon.**


O SEND Lew-ie Gordon hame, And the lad I  
darena name ! Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to  
him that's far a - wa. O - hon, my Highlandman !  
O my bon - ny Highlandman ! Weel wad I my  
true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee !  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
Ohon, my Highlandman, &c.

The princely youth that I do mean  
Is fitted for to be a king ;  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for god of war.  
Ohon, my Highlandman, &c.

O to see this princely one  
 Seated on his father's throne !  
 Disasters a' wad disappear,  
 Then begins the jub'lee year.  
     Ohon, my Highlandman !  
     O my bonny Highlandman !  
     Weel wad I my true love ken  
     Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

## SONG XLII.

**He comes, he comes, the Hero comes.**



HE comes, he comes, the he - ro comes !



Sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat your drums :



From port to port let can - nons roar, He's



welcome to the Bri - tish shore ; Welcome, welcome,



welcome, welcome, Welcome to the Bri - tish shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,  
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;  
From pole to pole his fame resound,  
For virtue is with glory crown'd.  
Virtue is with glory crown'd.

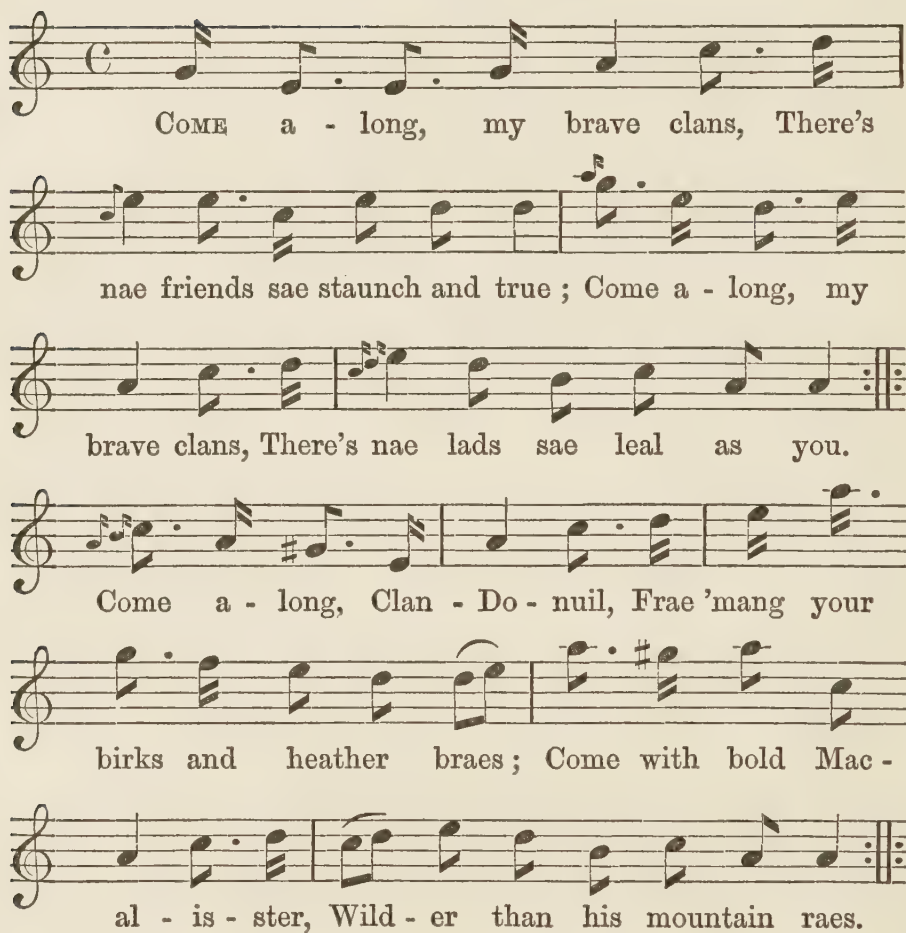
To arms, to arms, to arms repair !  
Brave, bravely now your wrongs declare :  
See godlike Charles, his bosom glows  
At Albion's fate and bleeding woes,  
At Albion's fate and bleeding woes.

Away, away, fly, haste away !  
Crush, crush the bold usurper's sway !  
Your lawful king at last restore,  
And Britons shall be slaves no more,  
Britons shall be slaves no more.

## SONG XLIII.

*Macdonald's Gathering.*

FROM THE GAELIC, LITERAL.



COME a - long, my brave clans, There's  
 nae friends sae staunch and true ; Come a - long, my  
 brave clans, There's nae lads sae leal as you.  
 Come a - long, Clan - Do - nuil, Frae 'mang your  
 birks and heather braes ; Come with bold Mac -  
 al - is - ster, Wild - er than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,  
 From Loch Morer to Argyle ;  
 Come from Castle Tuirim,  
 Come from Moidart and the Isles.



Macallan is the hero  
That will lead you to the field.  
Gather, bold Siolallain,  
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,  
Gather from Lochaber glens :  
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you ;  
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.  
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,  
Many sons of might you know ;  
Lenochan's your brother,  
Aucterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,  
'Tis your prince that needs your arm :  
Though Maconnel leaves you,  
Dread no danger or alarm.  
Come from field and foray,  
Come from sickle and from plough,  
Come from cairn and correi,  
From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil ;  
Come with haversack and cord ;  
Come not late with meal or cake,  
But come with durk, and gun, and sword.  
Down into the Lowlands,  
Plenty bides by dale and burn.  
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,  
Riches wait on your return.

## SONG XLIV.

**To Dauntton Me.**

To daun-ton me, and me sae young, And gude King  
James's auld-est son, O that's the thing that ne'er can  
be, For the man's un-born that will daun-ton me.  
O set me ance on Scot-tish land, Gie me my  
braid sword in my hand, My blue bonnet a - boon my  
bree, And shaw me the man that will daun-ton me.

It's nae the battle's deadly stoure,  
Nor friends prov'd false, that'll gar me cower ;  
But the reckless hand o' poverty,  
O, that alane can dauntton me.

High was I born to kingly gear,  
But a coof came in my cap to wear ;  
But wi' my braid sword I'll let him see,  
He's nae the man that will daunton me.

My mither hecht me meikle might,  
And bade me haud my royal right ;  
My father hecht me kingdoms three,  
And bade that nought should daunton me.  
Now I hae scarce to lay me on,  
O' kingly fields were ance my ain,  
Wi' the moorcock on the mountain bree ;  
But hardship near shall daunton me.

---

SONG XLV.

**Second Set.**

To the Foregoing Air.

YOUNG Charlie is a gallant lad,  
As e'er wore sword and belted plaid ;  
And lane and friendless though he be,  
He is the lad that shall wanton me.  
At Moidart our young prince did land,  
With seven men at his right hand,  
And a' to conquer nations three :  
That is the lad that shall wanton me.

O wae be to the faithless crew  
That frae our true king took his due,  
And banish'd him across the sea,  
Nae wonder that should daunton me.

But, Charlie lad, ere it be lang,  
 We'll shaw them a' the right frae wrang;  
 Argyle and a' our faes shall see  
 That nane on earth can daunton thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high;  
 For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die  
 The clans a' leal and true men be,  
 And shaw me wha will daunton thee!  
 Our gude King James shall soon come hame,  
 And traitors a' be put to shame;  
 Auld Scotland shall again be free:  
 O that's the thing wad wanton me!

## SONG XLVI.

### Third Set.

To the Foregoing Air.

To daunton me, to daunton me,  
 D'ye ken the thing that wad daunton me?  
 Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,  
 And a' the dreary years sinsyne,  
 With cess, and press, and Presbyt'ry;  
 Gude faith this had like to daunton me.  
     With cess, &c.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
 D'ye ken the thing that wad wanton me:  
 To see gude corn upon the rigs,  
 And banishment to a' the Whigs,  
 And right restor'd where right should be;  
 O, these are the things that would wanton me.  
     And right restor'd, &c.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
 And ken ye what maist wad wanton me ?  
 To see King James at Edinburgh cross,  
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,  
 And the usurper forc'd to flee ;  
 O, this is what maist wad wanton me.  
 And the usurper, &c.

---

## SONG XLVII.

**Be valiant still.**

To the foregoing Air.

WHILE thus I view fair Britain's isle,  
 And see my sovereign in exile,  
 A tyrant sitting on his throne,  
 How can I but our fate bemoan ?  
 Be valiant still, be valiant still,  
 Be stout, and be bold, and be valiant still :  
 There's right in the cause, and might in the will,  
 To the bonny bonny lad that is valiant still.

I hope we yet shall see the day,  
 When Whigs shall dree the dule they ga'e,  
 Shall yield their proud necks to the laws,  
 And bow beneath the righteous cause.  
 Be valiant, &c.

Here's to the lads who dare be free,  
 The lads who true and constant be ;  
 A health to all the loyal few,  
 And curses on the Whiggish crew.  
 Be valiant, &c.



May Neptune waft our prince soon o'er,  
 To join our clans on Albion's shore !  
 May England soon her error see,  
 And aid the cause of heaven and me !  
 Be valiant, &c.

Let Charlie lead us owre the lea,  
 To meet the Whigs as one to three,  
 And soon we'll see, upon the field,  
 What side shall be the first to yield.  
 Be valiant, &c.

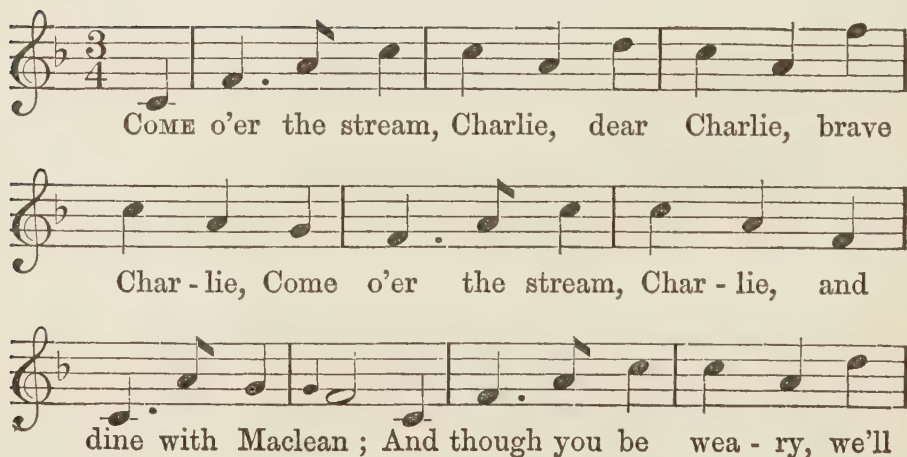
Then let us join with one consent,  
 ('Tis better late than ne'er repent,)  
 To drive th' usurper o'er the main,  
 And welcome Charlie back again.  
 Be valiant, &c.

---

SONG XLVIII.

**Maclean's Welcome.**

FROM THE GAELIC.



COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
 Char - lie, Come o'er the stream, Char - lie, and  
 dine with Maclean ; And though you be wea - ry, we'll

make your heart cheery, And welcome our Charlie and  
his loy - al train. We'll bring down the track deer, we'll  
bring down the black steer, The lamb from the  
breckan, and doe from the glen ; The salt sea we'll  
har - ry, and bring to our Char - lie, The  
cream from the both - y, and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.  
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,  
That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken ;  
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,  
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.  
O'er heath-bells shall trace you the maids to embrace you,  
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae ;  
And the loveliest Mari in all Glen-M'Quarry  
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

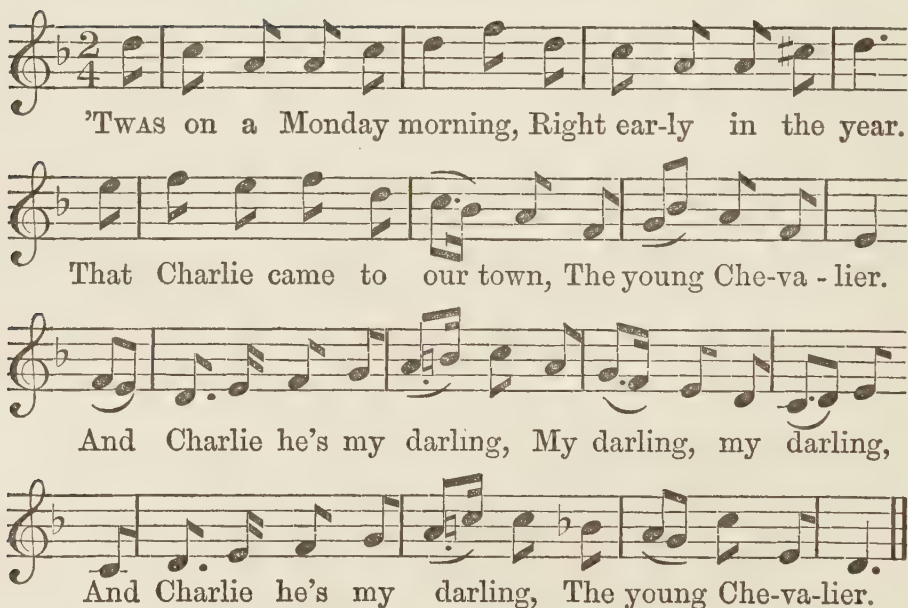
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.  
 If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
 Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten.

---

 SONG XLIX.

**Charlie is my Darling.**

MODERN.



'Twas on a Monday morning, Right ear-ly in the year.  
 That Charlie came to our town, The young Che-va - lier.  
 And Charlie he's my darling, My darling, my darling,  
 And Charlie he's my darling, The young Che-va-lier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,  
 His face shone like the day :  
 I grat to see the lad come back,  
 That had been lang away.  
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

And ilka bonny lassie sang,  
 As to the door she ran,  
 Our king shall hae his ain again,  
 And Charlie is the man.  
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,  
 And down yon craigy glen,  
 Of naething else our lasses sing,  
 But Charlie and his men.  
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,  
 And glow without a stain ;  
 Our Highland swords are metal keen,  
 And Charlie he's our ain.  
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

---

SONG L.

**Charlie is my Darling.**

ORIGINAL.

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
 Right early in the year,  
 That Charlie came to our town,  
 The young Chevalier.  
 And Charlie he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 And Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,  
 The city for to view,

O there he spied a bonny lass,  
The window looking through.  
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,  
And tirl'd at the pin ;  
And wha sae ready as hersel  
To let the laddie in !  
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
All in his Highland dress ;  
For brawly weel he kend the way  
To please a bonny lass.  
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,  
And down yon scroggy glen,  
We daurna gang a-milking  
For Charlie and his men.  
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.



## SONG LI.

## Turn the Blue Bonnet wha can.

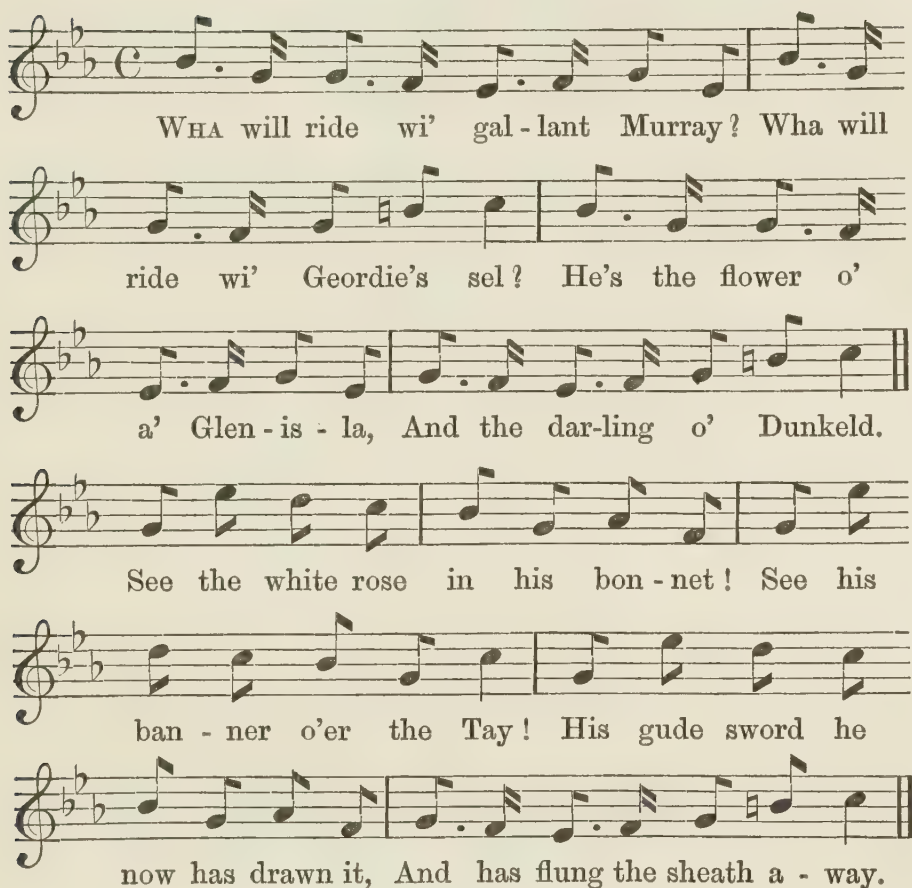
Now up wi' Donald, my ain brave Donald, It's  
up wi' Donald and a' his clan; He's aff right  
ear - ly, a - way wi' Charlie, Now turn the blue  
bon - net wha can, wha can. His arm is read-y, his  
heart is stea - dy, And that they'll find when his  
claymore's drawn; They'll flee frae it's dint like the fire frae  
flint, Then turn the blue bon-net wha can, wha can.

The tartan plaid it is waving wide,  
The pibroch's sounding up the glen,  
And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,  
To see my Donald and a' his men.  
And there I saw the king o' them a',  
Was marching bonnily in the van ;  
And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell  
Was, Turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

There's some will fight for siller and gowd,  
And march to countries far awa ;  
They'll pierce the waefu' stranger's heart,  
And never dream of honour or law.  
Gie me the plaid and the tartan trews,  
A plea that's just, a chief in the van,  
To blink wi' his e'e, and cry "On wi' me !"  
Deils, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can !

Hersel pe neiter slack nor slow,  
Nor fear te face of Southron loon ;  
She ne'er pe stan' to fleech nor fawn,  
Nor parley at a' wi' hims plack tragoon.  
She just pe traw her trusty plade,  
Like pettermost Highland shentleman ;  
And as she platterin town te prae,  
Tamn ! turn her plue ponnet fa can, fa can !

## SONG LII.

*The Athol Gathering.*


WHA will ride wi' gal-lant Murray? Wha will  
ride wi' Geordie's sel? He's the flower o'  
a' Glen-is-la, And the dar-ling o' Dunkeld.  
See the white rose in his bon-net! See his  
ban-ner o'er the Tay! His gude sword he  
now has drawn it, And has flung the sheath a-way.

Every faithful Murray follows;  
First of heroes! best of men!  
Every true and trusty Stewart  
Blythely leaves his native glen.  
Athol lads are lads of honour,  
Westland rogues are rebels a':  
When we come within their border,  
We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he's our friend and brother ;  
 Gask and Strowan are nae slack ;  
 Noble Perth has ta'en the field,  
 And a' the Drummonds at his back.  
 Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,  
 Let us fight for Charlie's crown ;  
 From the right we'll never sinder,  
 Till we bring the tyrants down.

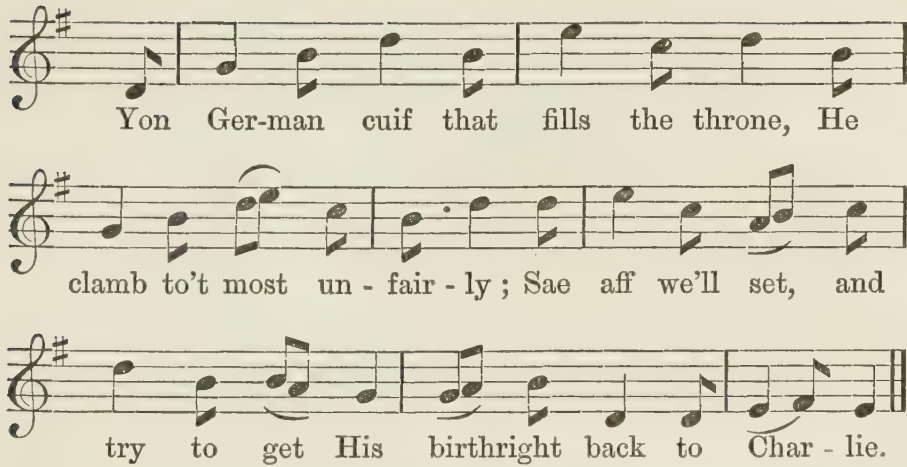
Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,  
 Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,  
 They have ta'en the field of honour,  
 Spite of all their chiefs could say.  
 Bend the musket, point the rapier,  
 Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,  
 Scour the durk, and face the danger ;  
 Mackintosh has all to do.

---

 SONG LIII.

*The Gathering Rant.*

WE a' maun mus-ter soon the morn, We  
 a' maun march right ear - ly O'er mis - ty mount and  
 mos - sy muir, A - lang wi' roy - al Char - lie.



Yet, ere we leave this valley dear,  
Those hills o'erspread wi' heather,  
Send round the usquebaugh sae clear;  
We'll tak a horn thegither.  
And listen, lads, to what I gie;  
Ye'll pledge me roun' sincerely:  
To him that's come to set us free,  
Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

Oh! better lov'd he canna be;  
Yet when we see him wearing  
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,  
'Tis aye the mair endearing.  
Though a' that now adorns his brow  
Be but a simple bonnet,  
Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three  
The royal crown upon it.

But even should Fortune turn her heel  
Upon the righteous cause, boys,  
We'll shaw the warld we're firm and leal,  
And never will prove fause, boys.



We'll fight while we hae breath to draw  
 For him we love sae dearly,  
 And ane and a' we'll stand or fa',  
 Alang wi' royal Charlie.

## SONG LIV.

**Wha wadna fight for Charlie.**

WHA wad-na fight for Charlie? Wha wadna draw the sword?

Wha wad-na up and ral-ly, At their roy-al

prince's word? Think on Sco-tia's ancient her-oes,

Think on foreign foes repell'd, Think on glorious

Bruce and Wallace, Wha the proud u-sur-pers quell'd.

Wha wadna, &c.  
 Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!  
 Rouse, ye heroes of the north!  
 Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,  
 'Tis your prince that leads you forth!

Wha wadna, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants ?

Shall we own a foreign sway ?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

While a stranger rules the day ?

Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing !

See Glengary and Lochiel !

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing !

Highland hearts are true as steal.

Wha wadna, &c.

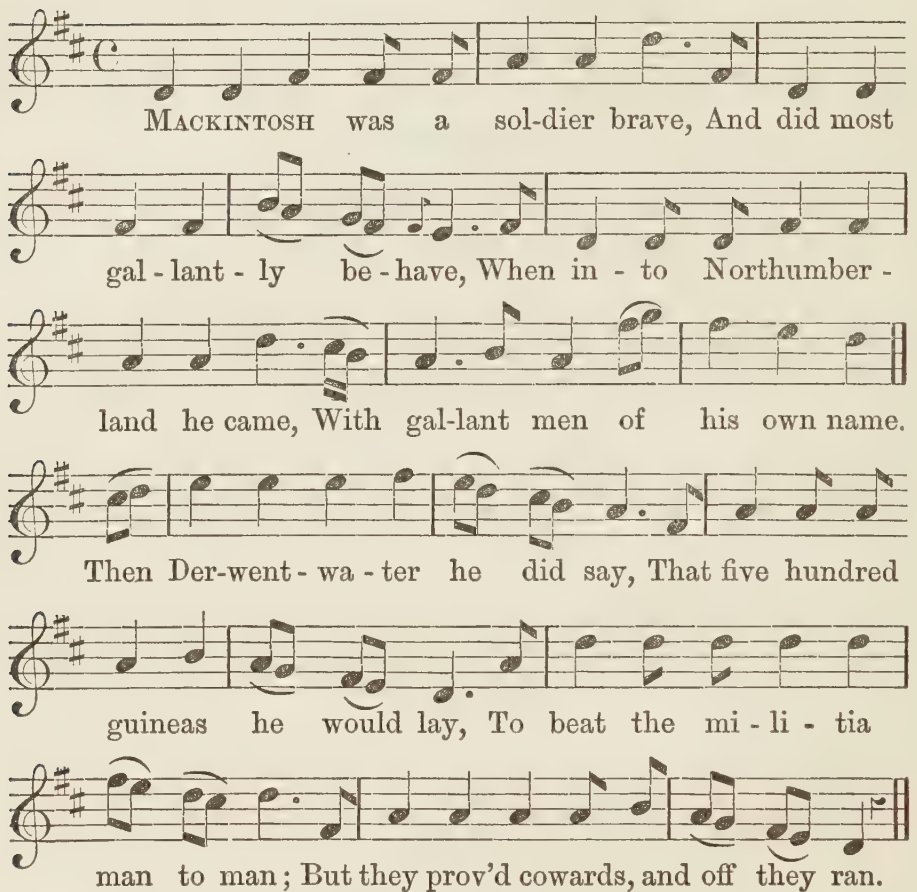
Now our prince has rear'd his banner ;

Now triumphant is our cause ;

Now the Scottish lion rallies ;

Let us strike for prince and laws.

## SONG LV.

*An Excellent New Song on the Rebellion.*


MACKINTOSH was a sol-dier brave, And did most  
 gal-lant - ly be-have, When in - to Northumber -  
 land he came, With gal-lant men of his own name.  
 Then Der-went - wa - ter he did say, That five hundred  
 guineas he would lay, To beat the mi - li - tia  
 man to man; But they prov'd cowards, and off they ran.

Then the Earl of Mar did vow and swear,  
 That English ground if he came near,  
 Ere the right should starve, and the wrong should stand,  
 He'd blow them all to some foreign land.  
 Lord Derwentwater he rode away,  
 Well mounted on his dapple gray;  
 But soon he wish'd him home with speed,  
 Fearing they were all betray'd indeed.

“ Adzounds !” cried Foster, “ never fear,  
“ For Brunswick’s army is not near ;  
“ And if they dare come, our valour we’ll show,  
“ And give them a total overthrow.”  
But Derwentwater soon he found  
That they were all enclos’d around.  
“ Alack !” he cried, “ for this cowardly strife,  
“ How many brave men shall lose their life !”

Old Mackintosh he shook his head,  
When he saw his Highland lads lie dead ;  
And he wept—not for the loss of those,  
But for the success of their proud foes.  
Then Mackintosh unto Will’s he came,  
Saying, “ I have been a soldier in my time,  
“ And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,  
“ We’ll all lie dead upon the field.”

“ Then go your ways,” he made reply ;  
“ Either surrender, or you shall die.  
“ Go back to your own men in the town :  
“ What can you do when left alone ?”  
Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,  
With his musket over his shoulder.  
“ Every true man point his rapier ;  
“ But, damn you, Foster, you are a traitor !”

Lord Derwentwater to Foster said,  
“ Thou hast ruin’d the cause, and all betray’d ;  
“ For thou didst vow to stand our friend,  
“ But hast prov’d traitor in the end.  
“ Thou brought us from our own country ;  
“ We left our homes, and came with thee ;  
“ But thou art a rogue and a traitor both,  
“ And hast broke thy honour and thy oath.”

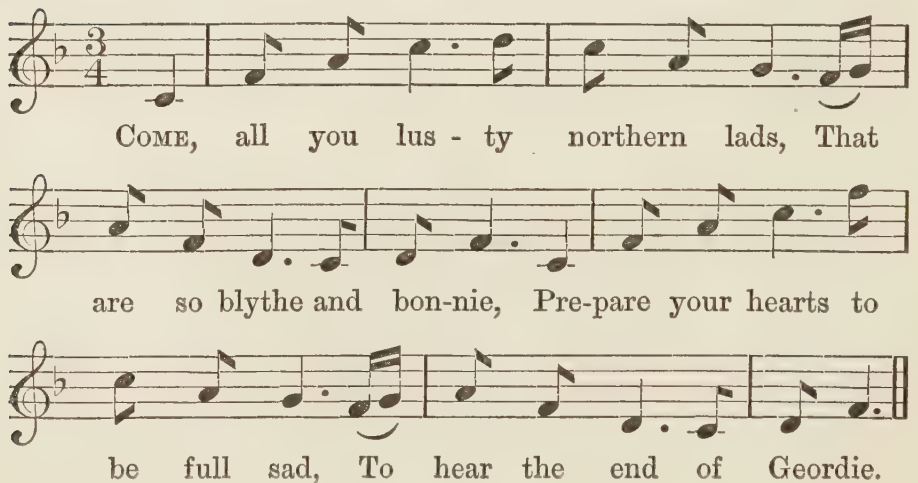
Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,  
 With armed men on every side ;  
 But still he swore by the point of his sword,  
 To drink a health to his rightful lord.  
 Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,  
 And led unto his latter end ;  
 And though his lady did plead full sore,  
 They took his life, they could get no more.

Brave Derwentwater he is dead ;  
 From his fair body they took the head ;  
 But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,  
 And they'll set the hat on another head.  
 And whether they are gone beyond the sea,  
 Or if they abide in this country,  
 Though our king would give ten thousand pound,  
 Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

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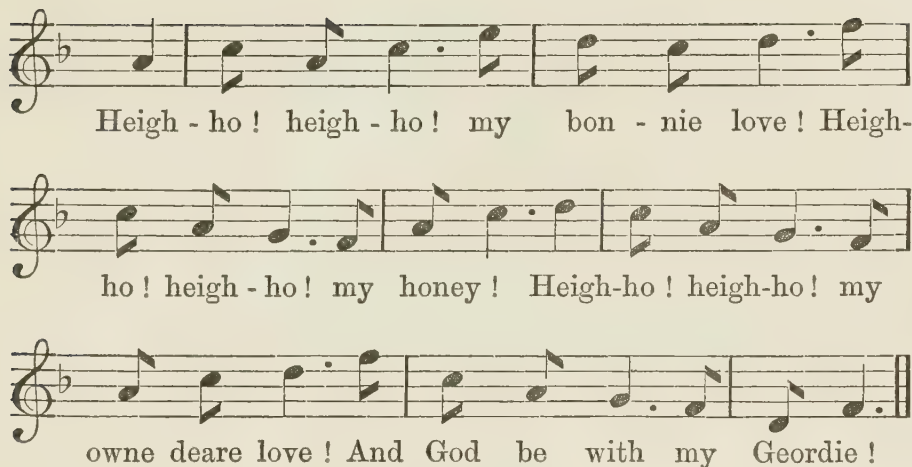
SONG LVI.

**A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Geordie.**



COME, all you lus - ty northern lads, That  
 are so blythe and bon-nie, Pre-pare your hearts to  
 be full sad, To hear the end of Geordie.





When Geordie to his triall came,  
 A thousand hearts were sorry ;  
 A thousand lasses wept full sore,  
 And all for love of Geordie.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Some did say he would escape,  
 Some at his fall did glory ;  
 But these were clownes and fickle louns,  
 And none that loved Geordie.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Might friends have satisfied the law,  
 Then Geordie would find many ;  
 Yet bravely did he plead for life,  
 If mercy might be any.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

But when this doughty carle was cast,  
 He was full sad and sorry ;  
 Yet boldly did he take his death,  
 So patiently dyde Geordie.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

As Geordie he went up the gate,  
 He tooke his leave of many ;  
 He tooke his leave of his laird's wife,  
 Whom he lov'd best of any.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

With thousand sighs and heavy looks,  
 Away from her he parted,  
 With whom he often blyth had beene,  
 Though now so heavy-hearted.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

He writ a letter with his owne hand,  
 He thought he writ it bravely ;  
 He sent it to Newcastle towne,  
 To his beloved lady.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Wherein he did at large bewaile  
 The occasion of his folly,  
 Bequeathing life unto the law,  
 His soule to heaven holy.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

“ Why, lady, leave to weep for me ;  
 “ Let not my ending grieve ye :  
 “ Prove constant to the man you love,  
 “ For I cannot relieve ye.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

“ Out upon thee, Withrington !  
 “ And fie upon thee, Phoenix !  
 “ Thou hast put down the doughty,  
 “ That led the men from Anix.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

“ And fie on all such cruell carles,  
“ Whose crueltie’s so fickle,  
“ To cast away a gentleman  
“ In hatred for so little !  
Heigh-ho, &c.

“ I would I were on yonder hill,  
“ Where I have beene full merry ;  
“ My sword and buckler by my side,  
“ To fight till I be weary.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

“ They well should know that took me first,  
“ Though hopes be now forsaken :  
“ Had I but freedome, arms, and health,  
“ I’d dye ere I’d be taken.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

“ But law condemns me to my grave ;  
“ They have me in their power ;  
“ There’s none but Christ that can me save,  
“ At this my dying houre.”  
Heigh-ho, &c.

He call’d his dearest love to him,  
When as his heart was sorry ;  
And speaking thus with manly heart,  
“ Deare sweeting, pray for Geordie.”  
Heigh-ho, &c.

He gave to her a piece of gold,  
And bade her give’t her bairns ;  
And oft he kiss’d her rosie lip,  
And laid her in his armes.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

And coming to the place of death,  
 He never changed colour ;  
 The more they thought he would look pale,  
 The more his veins were fuller.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

And with a cheereful countenance,  
 (Being at that time entreated  
 For to confesse his former life,)  
 These words he straight repeated :  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

“ I never lifted oxe nor cow,  
 “ Nor never murder’d any ;  
 “ But fifty horse I did receive  
 “ Of a merchant-man of Gary.  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

“ For which I am condemn’d to die,  
 “ Though guiltlesse I stand dying.  
 “ Deare gracious God, my soule receive,  
 “ For now my life is flying !”  
 Heigh-ho, &c.

The man of death a part did act,  
 Grieves me to tell the story.  
 God comfort all the comfortlesse,  
 That did so well as Geordie !  
 Heigh-ho ! heigh-ho ! my bonnie love !  
 Heigh-ho ! heigh-ho ! my honey !  
 Heigh-ho ! heigh-ho ! mine owne true love !  
 Sweet Christ receive my Geordie !

## SONG LVII.

**Turnimspike.**

For the Air, see Vol. I. Song X.

HERSEL pe Highland shentleman,  
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man,  
 And mony alteration seen  
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.  
 First when her to te Lawlands came,  
 Hersel was troving cows, man :  
 Tere was nae laws about hims nerse,  
 About te preeks or trews, man.

Hersel did wear te philabeg,  
 Te plaid prickt on her shou'der ;  
 Te gude claymore hang pe her pelt,  
 Te pistol sharg'd wi' powder.  
 But for whereas tese cursed preeks,  
 Wherewith her nerse be lockit,  
 Ochon ! tat e'er she saw te day !  
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in te Highlands now  
 Pe turn't to alteration ;  
 Te sodger dwell at our toor-sheek,  
 And tat's te great vexation.  
 Scotlan' be turn't a Ninglan' now,  
 And laws pring on te cadger :  
 Hersel wad durk him for her teeds,  
 But, och ! she fears te sodger.

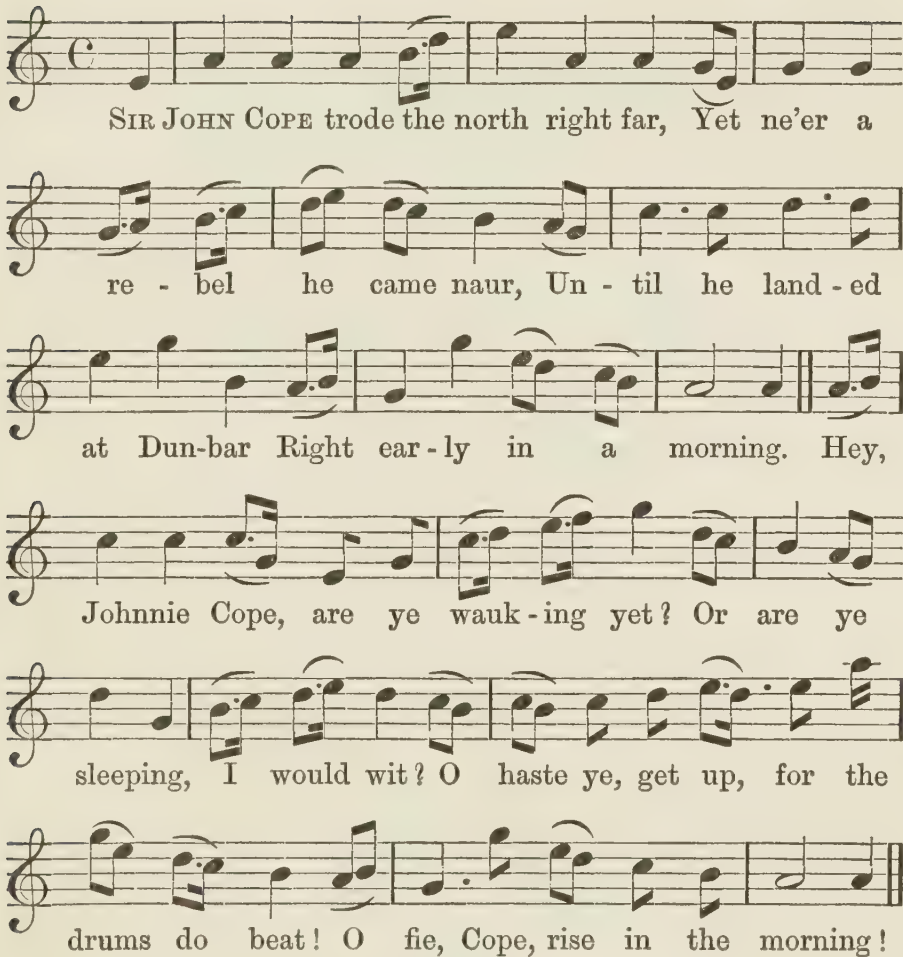


Anither law came after tat,  
She never saw te like, man ;  
Tey make a lang road on te crund,  
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.  
And wow ! she pe a ponny road,  
Like Louden corn-rigs, man,  
Where twa carts may gang on her,  
And no preak ither's legs, man.

Tey sharge a penny for ilka horse,  
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,  
For naught but gaen upon te crund,  
And tey gie me a paper.  
Tey tak te horse ten pe te head,  
And tere tey mak him stand, man.  
She tell tem her hae seen te day  
Tey hadna sic command, man.

Nae doubts, hersel maun draw her purse,  
And pay tem what hims likes, man :  
I'll see a shugement on his toor,  
Tat filthy turnimspike, man !  
Put she'll awa to te Highland hills,  
Where teil a ane dare turn her,  
And no come near her turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to purn her.

## SONG LVIII.

*Johnnie Cope.*


SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far, Yet ne'er a  
 re - bel he came naur, Un - til he land - ed  
 at Dun-bar Right ear - ly in a morning. Hey,  
 Johnnie Cope, are ye wauk - ing yet? Or are ye  
 sleeping, I would wit? O haste ye, get up, for the  
 drums do beat! O fie, Cope, rise in the morning!

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
 "Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;  
 "If it be not by the chance of war,  
 "I'll give you a merry morning."  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from  
"So Heaven restore me to my own,  
"I'll meet you, Cope, i' the morning."  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,  
That he would fight them gun and sword ;  
But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scar'd bird,  
And Johnnie took wing in the morning.  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,  
Sir Johnnie march'd to Preston town,  
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,  
"And we'll fight the boys in the morning."  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,  
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds,  
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning,  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

On the morrow, when he did rise,  
He look'd between him and the skies ;  
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,  
Which fear'd him in the morning.  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

O then he fled into Dunbar,  
Crying for a man-of-war :  
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,  
And gotten awa in the morning.  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Sir Johnnie into Berwick rade,  
 Just as the deil had been his guide :  
 Gi'en him the warld, he wadna staid  
     T' have foughten the boys in the morning.  
     Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,  
 " O what's become of all your men ?"  
 " In faith," says he, " I dinna ken ;  
     " I left them a' this morning."  
     Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, " Ye are nae blate,  
 " To bring us the news o' your ain defeat.  
 " I think you deserve the back o' the gate :  
     " Get out o' my sight this morning."  
     Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet,  
     Or are ye sleeping, I would wit ?  
     O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat !  
     O fie, Cope, rise in the morning !

## SONG LIX.

### *Second Set.*

To the Foregoing Air.

CORE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
 " Charlie, meet me an ye daur,  
 " And I'll learn you the art of war,  
     " If you'll meet me i' the morning."  
     Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet ?  
     Or are your drums a-beating yet ?  
     If ye were wauking I would wait,  
     To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from :  
“ Come, follow me, my merry merry men,  
“ And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.”  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

“ Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word :  
“ Come, let us try baith fire and sword,  
“ And dinna rin like a frightened bird,  
“ That's chas'd frae its nest i' the morning.”  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
To have a horse in readiness  
To flee awa i' the morning.  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

“ Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin ;  
“ The Highland bagpipes make a din.  
“ It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
“ For 'twill be a bludie morning.”  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

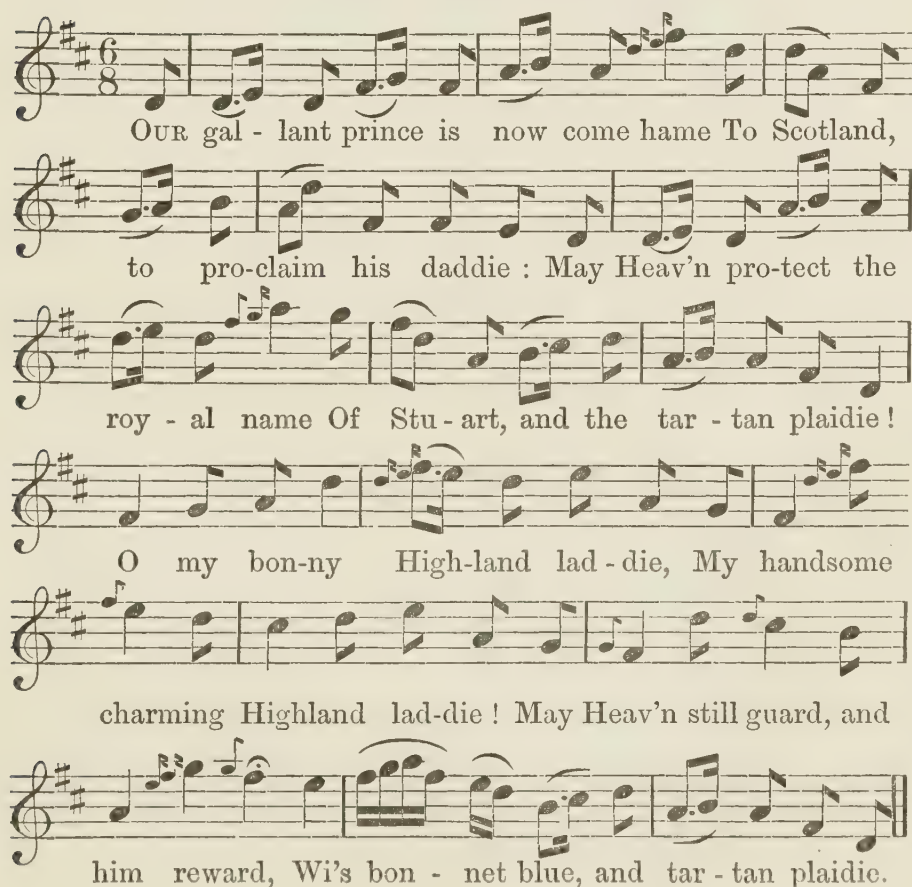
When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speer'd at him, “ Where's a' your men ?”  
“ The deil confound me gin I ken,  
“ For I left them a' this morning.”  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

“ Now, Johnnie, troth ye wasna blate,  
“ To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
“ And leave your men in sic a strait,  
“ So early in the morning.”  
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.



"I'faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg  
 "Wi' their claymores and philabegs.  
 "If I face them again, deil break my legs !  
 "So I wish you a gude-morning."  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet ?  
 Or are your drums a-beating yet ?  
 If ye were wauking I would wait,  
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

## SONG LX.

*O my bonny Highland Laddie.*


OUR gal-lant prince is now come hame To Scotland,  
 to pro-claim his daddie : May Heav'n pro-tect the  
 roy-al name Of Stu-art, and the tar-tan plaidie !  
 O my bon-ny High-land lad-die, My handsome  
 charming Highland lad-die ! May Heav'n still guard, and  
 him reward, Wi's bon-net blue, and tar-tan plaidie.

When first he landed on our strand,  
The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie  
Made every Highland heart to warm,  
And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,  
That he was come before his daddie,  
He thirty thousand pounds would give,  
To catch him in his tartan plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

But Geordie kend the better way,  
To stay at hame wi' his braw lady.  
Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,  
To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

He sent John Cope unto the north,  
Wi' a' his men for battle ready ;  
But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,  
Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

Cope rade a race to Inverness,  
And fand the prince gane south already,  
Like lion bold, all uncontroll'd,  
Wi' belt, and brand, and tartan plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

Cope turn'd the chase, and left the place ;  
The Lothians was the next land ready ;  
And then he swore that at Gladsmuir  
He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

Says he, "My lads, I tell you true,  
"I'm sorry that they're sae unready.  
"Small is the task we have to do,  
"To catch this rebel in his plaidie."  
O my bonny, &c.

The prince he rose by break of day,  
And blythely was he buskit ready.  
"Let's march," said he; "Cope lang's to see  
"The bonnet blue and belted plaidie."  
O my bonny, &c.

They were nae slack, nae flinching back;  
In rank and file they marched steady;  
For they were bent, with one consent,  
To fight for him that wore the plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

But soon John Cope cried to his men,  
"For gudesake turn, ye dogs, an speed ye,  
"And let each man 'scape as he can.  
"The deil confound the tartan plaidie!"  
O my bonny, &c.

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot;  
Their heels were light, their heads were giddy:  
But, late or air, they'll lang nae mair  
To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.  
O my bonny, &c.

Now, where is Cope, wi' a' his brag?  
Say, is the craven gane already?  
O leeze me on my bonny lad,  
His bonnet blue and belted plaidie!  
O my bonny, &c.

## SONG LXI.

**Gladsmuir.**

As ov - er Glads - muir's blood - stain'd field,  
 Sco - tia, im - pe - rial god - dess flew,  
 Her lift - ed spear and ra - diant shield,  
 Con - spic - uous blaz - ing to the view ;  
 Her vis-age, late - ly cloud - ed with des-pair,  
 Now re - as - sum'd its first ma - jes - tic air.

Such seen, as oft in battle warm,  
 She glowed through many a martial age ;  
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm,  
 In pious plans and counsel sage :  
 For o'er the mingling glories of her face,  
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,  
 Her voice the Power celestial rais'd,  
 While her victorious sons around,  
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd.  
 The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,  
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

“ 'Tis done, my sons ! 'Tis nobly done !  
 “ Victorious over tyrant power :  
 “ How quick the race of fame was run !  
 “ The work of ages in one hour !  
 “ Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,  
 “ One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

“ But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,  
 “ A prey to each insulting foe,  
 “ I sought the grove and gloomy vale,  
 “ To vent in solitude my woe.  
 “ Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd,  
 “ Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

“ What arm has this deliverance wrought ?  
 “ 'Tis he ! The gallant youth appears !  
 “ O warm in fields, and cool in thought,  
 “ Beyond the slow advance of years,  
 “ Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,  
 “ Strain close thy filial virtue in my arms.

“ Early I nurs'd this royal youth,  
 “ Ah ! ill detain'd on foreign shores ;  
 “ I formed his mind with love of truth,  
 “ With fortitude and wisdom's stores :  
 “ For when a noble action is decreed,  
 “ Heaven forms the hero for the destined deed.

“ Nor could the soft seducing charms  
 “ Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil



“ E’er quench his noble thirst for arms,  
“ Of generous deeds, and honest toil.  
“ Fir’d with the love a country’s love imparts,  
“ He fled their weakness, but admir’d their arts.

“ With him I plough’d the stormy main,  
“ My breath inspir’d the auspicious gale ;  
“ Reserv’d for Gladsmuir’s glorious plain,  
“ Through dangers wing’d his daring sail ;  
“ Where, firm’d with inborn worth, he durst oppose  
“ His single valour to a host of foes.

“ He came, he spoke, and all around,  
“ As swift as heaven’s quick-darted flame,  
“ Shepherds turn’d warriors at the sound,  
“ And every bosom beat for fame :  
“ They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,  
“ And at his side the willing heroes rise.

“ Rouse, England, rouse ! Fame’s noblest son,  
“ In all thy ancient splendour shine !  
“ If I the glorious work begun,  
“ O let the crowning palm be thine !  
“ I bring a prince, for such is Heaven’s decree,  
“ Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

“ So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,  
“ While plenty crowns the smiling plain ;  
“ And industry, fair child of peace,  
“ Shall in each crowded city reign.  
“ So shall these happy realms for ever prove  
“ The sweets of union, liberty, and love.”

## SONG LXII.

**The Battle of Prestonpans.**

For the Air, see Vol I., Song XVII.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,  
Did march up Birsle brae, man,  
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,  
As fast as he could gae, man ;  
While General Cope did taunt and mock,  
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man,  
But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,  
We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,  
Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;  
The morning fair, and clear the air,  
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man.  
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,  
And soon did chase them aff, man :  
On Seaton crafts they buft their chafts,  
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and oons !  
They'd make the rebels run, man ;  
And yet they flee when them they see,  
And winna fire a gun, man.  
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,  
Such terror seiz'd them a', man,  
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,  
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,  
And vow gin they were crouse, man !  
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,  
They werena worth a louse, man.  
Maist feck gade hame, O fie for shame !  
They'd better staid awa, man,  
Than wi' cockade tó make parade,  
And do nae gude at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersel shit,  
Un'wares did ding him owre, man,  
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,  
But aff fu' fast did scour, man,  
O'er Soutra Hill, ere he stood still,  
Before he tasted meat, man.  
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,  
That bore him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson, keen to clear the een  
Of rebels far in wrang, man,  
Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man.  
He turn'd his back, and in a crack  
Was cleanly out o' sight, man,  
And thought it best : it was nae jest,  
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang  
But twa, and ane was ta'en, man ;  
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,  
And sair he paid the kane, man.  
Four skelps he got, was waur than shot,  
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;  
Frae mony a spout came running out  
His reeking red het gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave  
Like to a hero bright, man ;  
His courage true, like him were few  
That still despised flight, man.  
For king, and laws, and country's cause,  
In honour's bed he lay, man,  
His life, but not his courage, fled,  
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,  
Was brought down to the ground, man ;  
His horse being shot, it was his lot  
For to get mony a wound, man.  
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
Frae whom he called for aid, man,  
But full of dread, lap o'er his head,  
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,  
'Twas little there he saw, man ;  
To Berwick rade, and falsely said  
The Scots were rebels a', man.  
But let that end, for weel 'tis kend  
His use and wont's to lie, man.  
The Teague is naught ; he never faught  
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell, drest, amang the rest,  
With gun and gude claymore, man,  
On gelding gray he rode that day,  
With pistols set before, man.  
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood  
Before that he would yield, man ;  
But the night before he left the core,  
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,  
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;  
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,  
 And mae down wi' him brought, man.  
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,  
 Some standing round in ring, man,  
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,  
 And cried, " God save the king !" man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,  
 Neglecting to pursue, man,  
 About they fac'd, and, in great haste,  
 Upon the booty flew, man.  
 And they, as gain for all their pain,  
 Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man ;  
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nain sel  
 Was ne'er sae praw pefore, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see  
 Be-west the meadow mill, man,  
 There mony slain lay on the plain,  
 The clans pursuing still, man.  
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,  
 I never saw the like, man ;  
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,  
 That fell near Preston dyke, man.

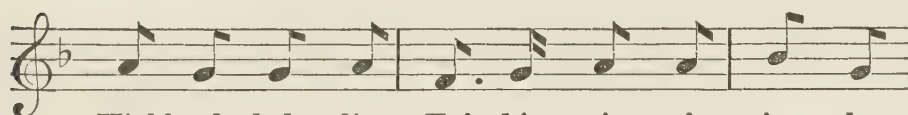
That afternoon, when a' was done,  
 I gade to see the fray, man ;  
 But had I wist what after past,  
 I'd better staid away, man :  
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,  
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;  
 But I wish near to dree sic fear,  
 For a' the sum and mair, man.



## SONG LXIII.

*The Highland Laddie.*

PRINCELY is my lov - er's weed, Bon-ny lad - die,



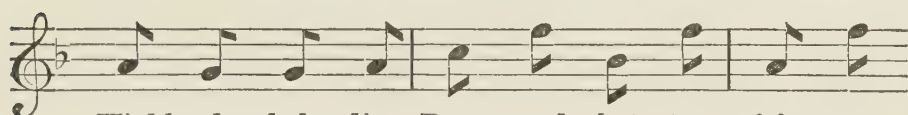
Highland lad - die, Fu' his veins o' prince - ly



blude, My bon - ny lad - die, Highland lad - die.



The gay bon - net cir - cles roun', Bon - ny lad - die,



Highland lad - die, Brows wad bet - ter fa' a



crown, My bon - ny lad - die, Highland lad - die.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Better fa's the butcher's creuks,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the braid sword draws,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
The gowden sceptre seemlier fa's,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

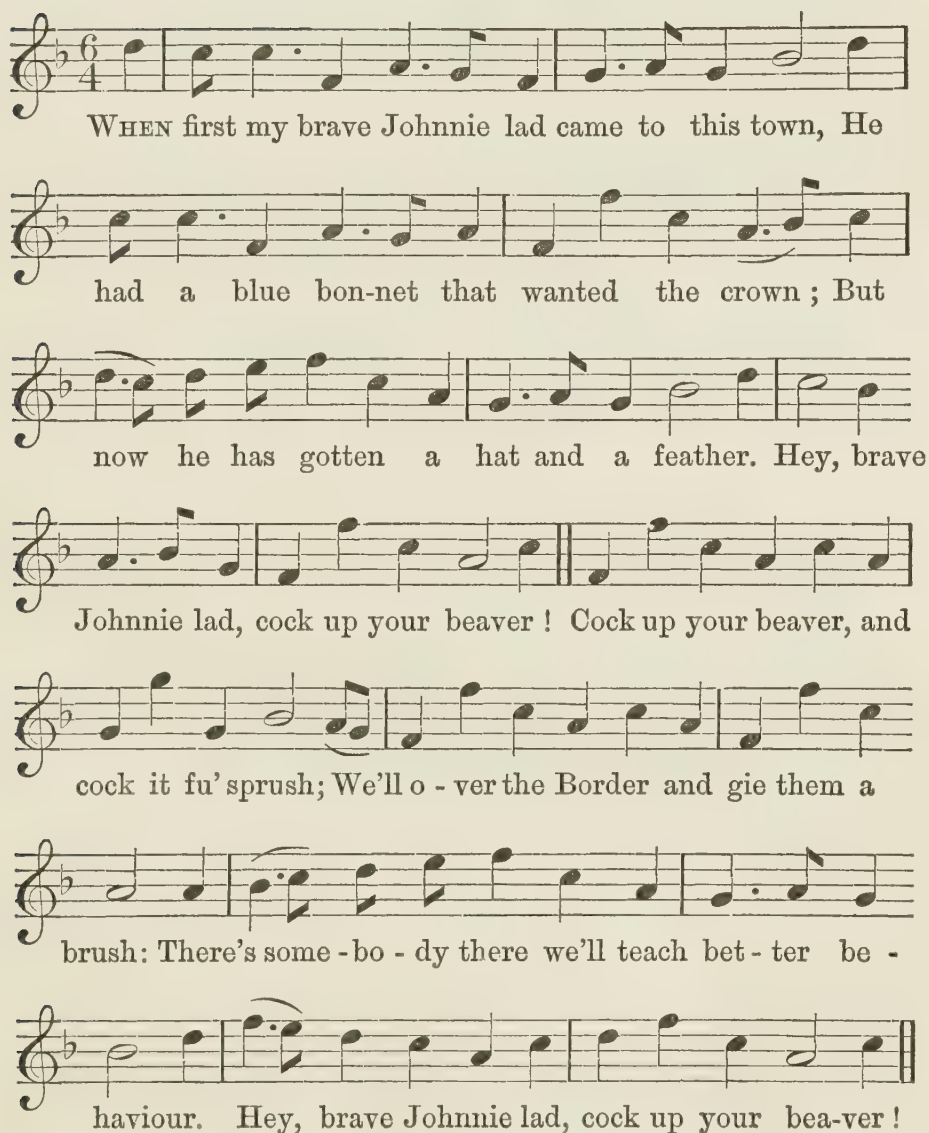
He's the best piper i' the north,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
And has dang a' ayont the Forth,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
Soon at the Tweed he mints to blaw,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
Here's the lad ance far awa,  
The bonny laddie, Highland laddie !

There's nae a Southron fiddler's hum,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Can bide the war-pipe's deadly strum,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie :  
And the targe and braid sword's twang,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
To hastier march will gar them gang,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

And he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
He'll wake the snorers round the throne,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
Till frae his daddie's chair he blaw,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
"To your ain, my true men a',"  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG LXIV.

**Cock up your Beaver.**



WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad came to this town, He  
 had a blue bon-net that wanted the crown ; But  
 now he has gotten a hat and a feather. Hey, brave  
 Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver ! Cock up your beaver, and  
 cock it fu'sprush ; We'll o - ver the Border and gie them a  
 brush : There's some - bo - dy there we'll teach bet - ter be -  
 haviour. Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your bea-ver !

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,  
And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown ;  
Cock it o' the right side, no on the wrang,  
And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang.  
There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry,  
Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry ;  
But somebody's coming will make them to waver.  
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

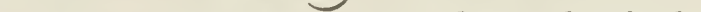
Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs,  
But now he's gaun southward to lather the Whigs,  
And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver.  
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !  
Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,  
But now he's gaun southward to curry good men,  
With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver.  
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,  
A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye,  
But now he's gaun over the border a blink,  
And he's tae get red gowd to bundle and clink.  
There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,  
And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird ;  
These are the lads that will flinch from you never.  
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

SONG LXV.

**To your Arms, my Bonny Highland Lads.**

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads!



To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of the drum!

The bat-tle trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,

For Char-lie, the great prince re- gent, is come.

There is not the man in a' our clan,

That would knuckle to the lad that is five feet ten;

And the tune that we strike on the ta - bor and pipe

Is "The king shall en - joy his own a - gain."

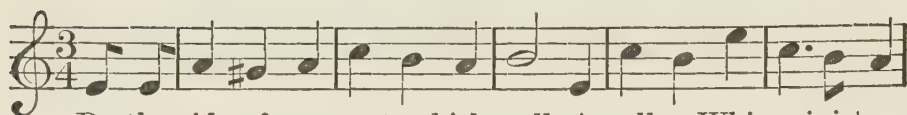


To your arms, to your arms ! Charlie yet shall be our king !  
To your arms, all ye lads that are loyal and true !  
To your arms, to your arms ! His valour nane can ding,  
And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew.  
Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids !  
Success to Charlie an a' his train !  
The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere lang,  
And the king shall enjoy his own again.

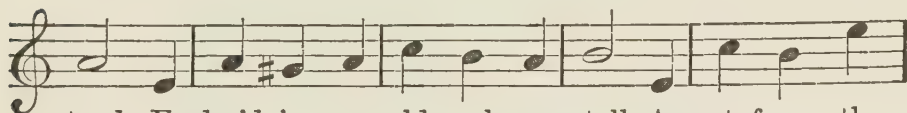
The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,  
And weel do we ken that our young prince wan ;  
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,  
Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran :  
For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,  
Took horse for his life, and left his men ;  
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just  
That the king should enjoy his own again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads !  
We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.  
To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and your plaids !  
And hey for Charlie, and our ain true king !  
Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa,  
The lad whose honour never yet knew stain :  
The wrang shall gae down, the king get the crown,  
And ilka honest man his own again.

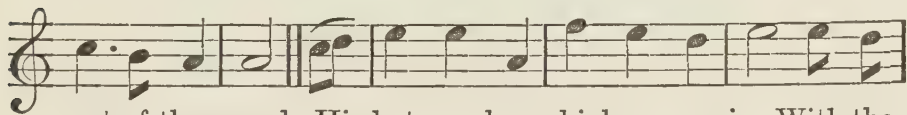
## SONG LXVI.

**By the Side of a Country Kirk Wall.**

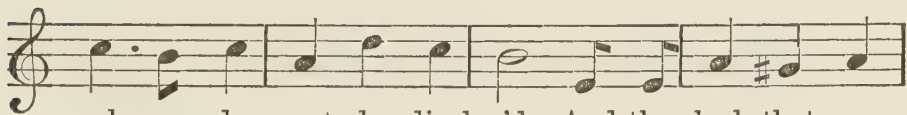
By the side of a country kirk wall, A sullen Whig minister



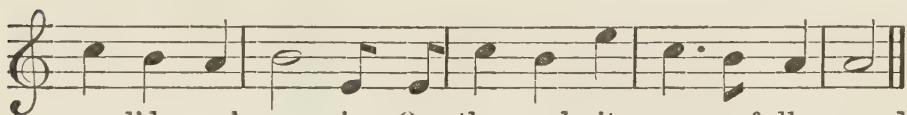
stood, Enclos'd in an old oak - en stall, A-part from the



rest of the crowd. His hat was hung high on a pin, With the



cocks so de - vout - ly display'd ; And the cloak that con-



ceal'd ev' - ry sin On the pul-pit was carefully spread.

In pews and in benches below

The people were variously plac'd ;

Some attentively gaz'd at the show,

Some loll'd like blythe friends at a feast.

With a volley of coughs and of sighs,

A harsh noisy murmur was made,

While Pitney threw up both his eyes,

And thus he began to his trade :

“ My dearly beloved,” quoth he,  
“ Our religion is now at a stand ;  
“ The Pretender’s come over the sea,  
“ And his troops are disturbing our land.  
“ The Papists will sing their old song,  
“ And burn all our Bibles with fire,  
“ And we shall be banish’d ere long ;  
“ ’Tis all that the Tories desire.

“ They’ll tell you he’s Protestant bred,  
“ And he’ll guard your religion and laws ;  
“ But, believe me, whate’er may be said,  
“ He’s a foe to the Whigs and their cause.  
“ May thick darkness, as black as the night,  
“ Surround each rebellious pate !  
“ And confusion to all that will fight  
“ In defence of that bastardly brat !

“ Our kirks, which we’ve long time enjoy’d,  
“ Will be fill’d with dull rogues in their gowns,  
“ And our stipends will then be employ’d  
“ On fellows that treat us like clowns.  
“ Their bishops, their deans, and the rest  
“ Of the Pope’s antichristian crew  
“ Will be then of our livings possest,  
“ And they’ll lord it o’er us and o’er you.

“ Instead of a sleep in your pews,  
“ You’ll be vex’d with repeating the creed ;  
“ You’ll be dunn’d and demur’d with their news,  
“ If this their damn’d project succeed.  
“ Their mass and their set forms of prayer  
“ Will then in our pulpits take place :  
“ We must kneel till our breeches are bare,  
“ And stand at the glore and the grace.

"Let us rise like true Whigs in a band,  
 "As our fathers have oft done before,  
 "And slay all the Tories off hand,  
 "And we shall be quiet once more.  
 "But before he accomplish his hopes,  
 "May the thunder and lightning come down ;  
 "And though Cope could not vanquish his troops,  
 "May the clouds keep him back from the throne !"

Thus when he had ended his task,  
 With the sigh of a heavenly tone,  
 The precentor got up in his desk,  
 And sounded his musical drone.  
 Now the hat is ta'en down from the pin,  
 And the cloak o'er the shoulders is cast ;  
 The people throng out with a din,  
 The devil take him that is last !

## SONG LXVII.

*The Mayor of Carlisle.*

YE war - like men, with tongue and pen, Who  
boast such loud bra - va - does, And swear you'll tame, with  
sword and flame, The High-land des - pe - ra - does,  
At - tend my verse, while I re - hearse, Your  
modern deeds of glo - ry, And tell how Cope, the  
na - tion's hope, Did beat the re - bel To - ry.

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score ends with a double bar line on the sixth staff.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,  
The mountain lads descended ;  
They cut and hack, alack ! alack !  
The battle soon was ended,



And happy he who first could flee :  
Both soldiers and commanders  
Swore, in a fright, they'd rather fight  
In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,  
Some stuck in bogs and ditches ;  
Sir John, aghast, like lightning past,  
Degrading sore his breeches.  
The blue-cap lads, with belted plaids,  
Syne scamper'd o'er the Border,  
And bold Carlisle, in noble style,  
Obey'd their leader's order.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon !  
Thou wonder of a mayor !  
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,  
And bluster'd like a player.  
What hast thou done with sword or gun  
To baffle the Pretender ?  
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,  
Thou much more fit defender !

O front of brass and brain of ass  
With heart of hare compounded !  
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,  
And all thy pride confounded !  
Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave  
Thy kindred or thy favour ;  
Thy wretched race can give no grace,  
No glory thy behaviour.

## SONG LXVIII.

*The Battle of Falkirk Muir.*

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

Up and rin awa, Hawley,  
 Up and rin awa, Hawley ;  
 The philabegs are coming down  
 To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.  
 Young Charlie's face, at Dunipace,  
 Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley ;  
 A blasting sight for bastard wight,  
 The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,  
 For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley,  
 And Highland Geordie's at your tail,  
 Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.  
 Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid  
 An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,  
 Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,  
 Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue  
 Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,  
 A wisp in need did you bestead,  
 Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.  
 And General Husk, that battle-busk,  
 The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,  
 With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,  
 As fast as he could ca', Hawley.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

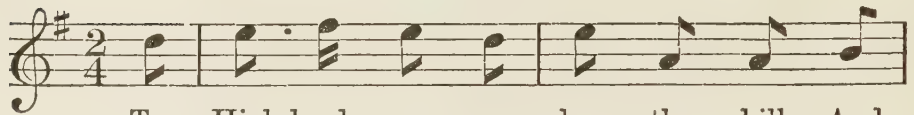
I hae but just ae word to say,  
And ye maun hear it a', Hawley ;  
We came to charge wi' sword and targe,  
And nae to hunt ava, Hawley.  
When we came down aboon the town,  
And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,  
We couldna, sooth ! believe the truth,  
That ye had left us a', Hawley.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,  
Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,  
That bastard brat o' foreign cat  
Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley.  
We didna ken but ye were men  
Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley.  
Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,  
It fits you best of a', Hawley.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

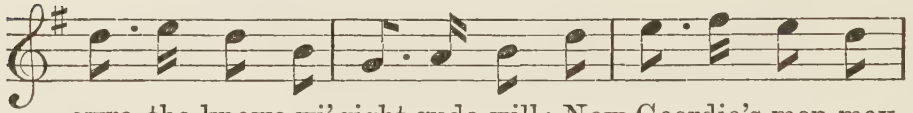
The very frown o' Highland loon,  
It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,  
It happ'd the face of a' disgrace,  
And sicken'd Southron maw, Hawley.  
The very gleam o' Highland flame,  
It pat you in a thaw, Hawley.  
Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss ;  
Ye're nought but cowards a', Hawley.  
Up and scour awa, Hawley,  
Up and scour awa, Hawley ;  
The Highland dirk is at your doup,  
And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

## SONG LXIX.

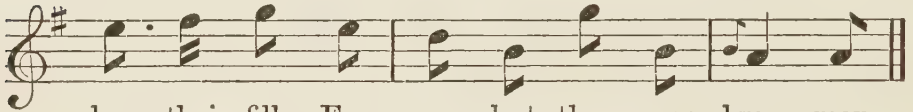
*The Highland men came down the Hill.*



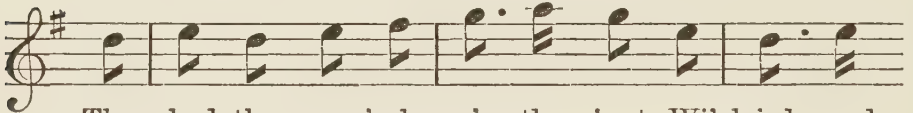
THE High-land - men came down the hill, And



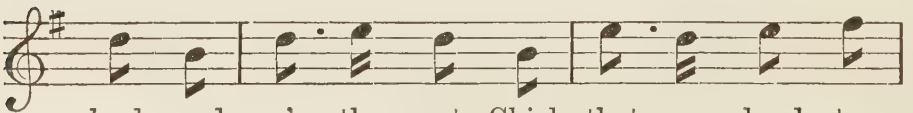
owre the knowe wi' right gude will; Now Geordie's men may



brag their fill, For wow but they were braw, man.



They had three gen'ral's o' the best, Wi' lairds, and



lords, and a' the rest, Chiels that were bred to



stand the test, And couldna rin a - wa, man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,  
 Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns;  
 They canna stand the thunder-stoun's  
 Of heroes bred wi' care, man—

Of men that are their country's stay,  
These Whiggish braggarts of a day.  
The Highlandmen came down the brae,  
The heroes were not there, man.

- Says brave Lochiel, "Pray, have we won?  
"I see no troop, I hear no gun."  
Says Drummond, "Faith, the battle's done,  
"I know not how nor why, man.  
"But, my good lords, this thing I crave,  
"Have we defeat these heroes brave?"  
Says Murray, "I believe we have :  
"If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,  
There was no foe in Falkirk town,  
Nor yet in a' the country roun',  
To break a sword at a', man.  
They were sae bauld at break o' day,  
When tow'rd the west they took their way ;  
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,  
And made the dogs to blaw, man.

A tyke is but a tyke at best,  
A coward ne'er will stand the test,  
And Whigs at morn wha cock'd the crest,  
Or e'en hae got a fa', man.  
O wae befa' these northern lads,  
Wi' their braid swords and white cockades !  
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,  
Our Whigs nae mair can crawl, man.



## SONG LXX.

*Arms and the Man.*

God prosper our king, and the king's no-ble sons! May their  
praises resound from the mouths of their guns, Till re -  
bel-lion and all civ - il dis-cord shall cease, And these  
realms be restor'd to a flour-ish - ing peace. How this  
war first be - gan, and the progress't has made, Has  
ne - ver been sung, tho't has of - ten been said ; Yet great  
deeds to re - cord to great po - ets belongs, As  
Homer and Vir - gil set forth in their songs.

The musical score is written on eight staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below each staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the eighth staff.

The Scots, as the Swiss, making fighting a trade,  
(For ever betraying, for ever betray'd,)  
Like the frogs, sick of Log, chose a king of their own :  
'Twill ne'er out of the flesh what is bred in the bone.  
From Rome a young hero, well known, they invite  
To accept of a crown which he claims as his right :  
In city and town they their monarch proclaim,  
And their old king and new king are one and the same.

When these tidings reach'd England, three chieftains they chose,  
Rebellion to rout, and its progress oppose ;  
But first, second, and third, were all struck with dismay :  
Thrice happy the man who could first run away.  
Now great preparations proclaim their great fears ;  
The militia, the Dutch, the troops rais'd by the dears.  
They associate, subscribe, fast, vote, and address,  
For ye know loyal subjects can do nothing less.

Horse, foot, and dragoons, from lost Flanders they call,  
With Hessians and Danes, and the devil and all,  
The hunters and rangers, led by Oglethorpe,  
And the church, at the a— of the bishop of York.  
And, pray, who so fit to lead forth this parade,  
As the babe of Tangier, my old grandmother Wade ?  
Whose cunning's so quick, but whose motion's so slow,  
That the rebels march'd on, whilst he stuck in the snow.

Poor London, alas, is scar'd out of its wits  
With arms and alarms, as sad soldiers as cits ;  
Sure of dying by inches, whatever cause thrives,  
Since by parting with money they part with their lives.  
But the genius of Britain appears in the duke,  
Their courage to raise, and their fears to rebuke :  
He march'd day and night till he got to the rear,  
And then sent us word, he had nothing to fear.

All night, under arms, the brave duke kept his ground,  
But the devil a rebel was there to be found :  
Then the foot got on horseback, the news give account ;  
But that would not do, so the horsemen dismount.  
A fierce fight then ensu'd by a sort of owl-light,  
Where none got the day, because it was night,  
And so dark, that the truth on't we never shall get,  
Unless 'tis clear'd up by another gazette.

Ancore ! Now let's have th' other touch of the song,  
For singing can ne'er put things in the wrong.  
See, ha ! how the rebels run off from Carlisle !  
Our duke takes a snuff, and must stop for a while.  
Now, that England is free, let the deil take the Scots,  
Who hate great Hanover, and hatch those maim'd plots ;  
The dirty posteriors of this our realm,  
Who deserves to be rump'd by all those at the helm.

Great William posts back to his royal papa,  
And sends them down Hawley to hang them up a'.  
Brave Hawley advances to fight at Falkirk,  
But a Jacobite storm sends him back with a jirk.  
He lost but his cannon, his camp, and his men,  
All which the brave duke can soon get again.  
See, he comes in four days, he never will yield ;  
Should the living run off, yet the dead keep the field.

Now great Hawley led on, with great Husk at his tail,  
And the duke in the centre, this sure cannot fail :  
Horse, foot, and dragoons ; pell-mell, knock them down ;  
But, G—d-zoons, where are they ? G—d damn them, they're gone.  
By a Harlequin trick the vile dogs run away,  
Fifty miles in a morning, to th' other side Tay ;  
Then in their strong holds they laugh us to scorn.  
Such scurvy damn'd usage is not to be borne.

'Tis true th' affair's over, the business is done,  
 But we've miss'd all our hacking and hewing for fun,  
 At least for this bout ; for they'll soon be surrounded ;  
 Then how will the French and the pope be confounded ?  
 We must march then to Stirling, to Perth, Aberdeen,  
 And God knows where next, ere these scoundrels be seen.  
 Then pluck up your courage, brave Englishmen all ;  
 The Scots, as the weakest, must go to the wall.

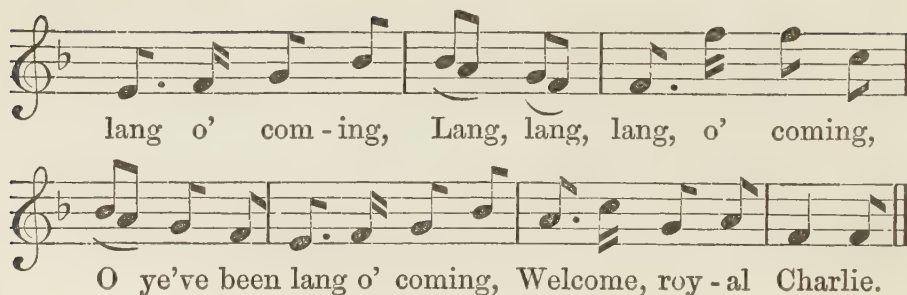
Claymores long adieu, now your edge is unsteel'd ;  
 Ye Camerons, no more you such weapons must wield.  
 The duke says the word, and the clans are undone :  
 When your mountains down tumble, ev'ry soul of you's gone.  
 Then farewell M'Phersons, M'Flegs, and M'Phuns,  
 M'Donalds, M'Drummonds, M'Devils, M'Duns,  
 M'Dotards, M'Wades, and M'Marches, M'Runs,  
 M'Geordies, M'Yeltochs, M'Rumps, and M'Punns.

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 SONG LXXI.

**Welcome, Royal Charlie.**

THE man that should our king hae been, He wore the  
 roy - al red and green ; A brav-er lad ye wad-na  
 seen Than our young roy - al Charlie. O ye've been



When Charlie in the Highland shiel  
 Forgatherit wi' the great Lochiel,  
 O sic kindness did prevail  
 Atween the chief and Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

But at Falkirk and Prestonpans,  
 Supported by our Highland clans,  
 He brak the Hanoverian bands,  
 Our brave young royal Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

We daurna brew a peck o' maut,  
 But Geordie he maun ca't a fau't,  
 And to our kail we scarce get saut,  
 For want o' royal Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

Since our true king was turn'd awa,  
 A doited German rules us a',  
 And we are forc'd against the law,  
 For the right belongs to Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

Since our true king abroad has gone,  
 There's nought but Whelps sit on his throne ;  
 And Whelps, it is denied by none,  
 Are beasts, compared wi' Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.



O an Charlie he were back,  
 We wadna heed the German's crack,  
 Wi' a' his thievish hungry pack,  
 For the right belongs to Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

Then, Charlie, come and lead the way,  
 And Whelps nae mair shall bear the sway :  
 Though every dog maun hae its day,  
 The right belongs to Charlie.  
 O ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Lang, lang, lang o' coming,  
 O ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Welcome, royal Charlie !

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SONG LXXII.

*Second Set.*

To the foregoing Air.

AROUSE, arouse, ilk kilted clan !  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 Forward wi' her dirk in han',  
 To fight for royal Charlie.  
 Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,  
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain ;  
 Welcome to our isle again,  
 Welcome, royal Charlie !

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills,  
 Can nobly brave the face o' ills ;  
 For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,  
 At sight o' royal Charlie.  
 Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,  
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,  
To hear the oath and sacred vow,  
    " We'll live or die wi' Charlie !"  
    Welcome, Charlie o'er the main, &c.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed  
Shall trample on her hardy seed,  
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,  
    Or fix his throne right fairly.  
    Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,  
Breathes there a base degenerate son,  
Wha wadna to his standard run,  
    And rally round Prince Charlie ?  
    Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Then let the flowing quech go round,  
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,  
Till every glen and rock resound  
    The name o' royal Charlie.  
    Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,  
    Our Highland hills are a' your ain ;  
    Welcome to our isle again,  
    Welcome, royal Charlie !

## SONG LXXIII.

**Kane to the King.**

FROM THE GAELIC.

HARK the horn! Up i' the morn, Bon-ny lad,  
 come to the march to - mor - row. Down the glen,  
 Grant and his men, They shall pay kane to the  
 king the morn. Down by Knock-has-pie, Down by Gil -  
 les - pie, Mo - ny a red runt nods the horn.  
 Wak - en not Cal - lum, Rouk-y, nor Al - lan;  
 They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock,  
Down by the knock,  
Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,  
Brodie, and Balloch,  
And Ballindalloch,  
They shall pay kane to the king belyve.  
Let bark and brevin  
Blaze o'er Strathaven,  
When the red bullock is over the bourn ;  
Then shall the maiden dread,  
Low on her pillow laid,  
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen,  
True Highlandmen,  
Ronald, and Donald, and ranting Roy,  
Gather and drive,  
Spare not Glentrive,  
But gently deal with the lady of Moy.  
Appin can carry through,  
So can Glengary too,  
And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn ;  
But Keppoch and Dunain too,  
They must be looked unto,  
Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer,  
Out of his lair,  
Keep his red nose to the west away ;  
Mark for the seven,  
Or sword of heaven ;  
And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.  
When the brown cock crows day,  
Upon the mottled brae,  
Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn  
That tells both to wood and cleuch,  
Over all Badenoch,  
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

## SONG LXXIV.

**Culloden Day.**

FROM THE GAELIC.



FAIR la - dy, mourn the me - mo - ry Of all our



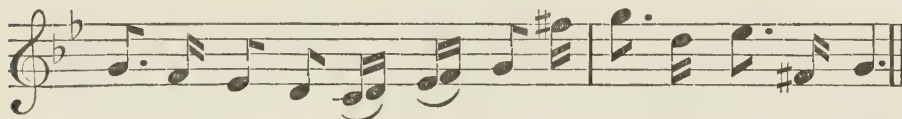
Scottish fame ! Fair la - dy, mourn the me - mo - ry Ev'n



of the Scot - tish name ! How proud were we of



our young prince, And of his na - tive sway ! But



all our hopes are past and gone, Up - on Cul - lo - den day.

There was no lack of bravery there,  
 No spare of blood or breath,  
 For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,  
 For freedom or for death.  
 The bitterness of grief is past,  
 Of terror and dismay :  
 The die was risk'd, and foully cast,  
 Upon Culloden day.



And must thou seek a foreign clime,  
In poverty to pine,  
No friend or clansman by thy side,  
No vassal that is thine ?  
Leading thy young son by the hand,  
And trembling for his life,  
As at the name of Cumberland  
He grasps his father's knife.

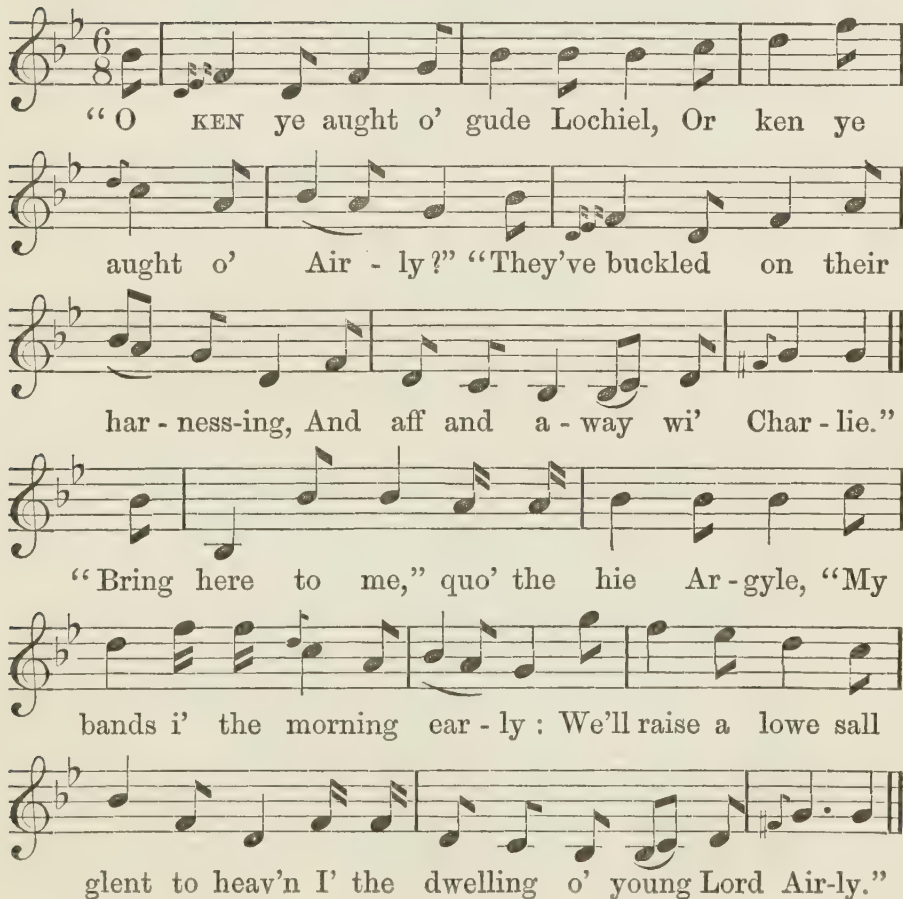
I cannot see thee, lady fair,  
Turn'd out on the world wide ;  
I cannot see thee, lady fair,  
Weep on the bleak hill side.  
Before such noble stem should bend  
To Tyrant's treachery,  
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,  
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,  
Where honour still bears sway ;  
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,  
By islet and by bay :  
And ere thy honour shall be stain'd,  
This sword avenge shall thee,  
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,  
Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,  
To us can pleasure give ?  
What is there now in thee, Scotland,  
For which we ought to live ?  
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,  
For all that we held dear,  
Still have we left a sacrifice  
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway  
 Our Southron foe may gall ;  
 The cup is fill'd, they yet shall drink,  
 And they deserve it all.  
 But there is nought for us or ours,  
 In which to hope or trust,  
 But hide us in our fathers' graves,  
 Amid our fathers' dust.

## SONG LXXV.

**Young Airly.**


“O KEN ye aught o’ gude Lochiel, Or ken ye  
 aught o’ Air - ly?” “They’ve buckled on their  
 har - ness-ing, And aff and a - way wi’ Char - lie.”  
 “Bring here to me,” quo’ the hie Ar - gyle, “My  
 bands i’ the morning ear - ly : We’ll raise a lowe sall  
 glent to heav’n I’ the dwelling o’ young Lord Air-ly.”

"What lowe is yon," quo' the gude Lochiel,  
 "Whilk rises wi' the sun sae early?"  
 "By the God o' my kin," quo' the young Ogilvie,  
 "It's my ain bonny hame o' Airly!"  
 "Put up your sword," quo' the gude Lochiel,  
 And "Put it up," quo' Charlie:  
 "We'll raise sic a lowe round the fause Argyle,  
 "And light it wi' a spunk frae Airly."

"It's nae my ha', nor my lands a' reft,  
 "That reddens my cheeks sae sairly;  
 "But mither and twa sweet babies I left,  
 "To smoor i' the reek o' Airly."  
 O dule to thee, thou fause Argyle!  
 For this it rues me sairly:  
 Thou'st been thy king and country's foe,  
 From Lochy's day to Airly.

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## SONG LXXVI.

### Another Set.

To the foregoing Air.

It was upon a day, and a bonny simmer day,  
 When the flowers were blooming rarely,  
 That there fell out a great dispute  
 Between Argyle and Airly.  
 Argyle has rais'd an hundred men,  
 An hundred men and mairly,  
 And he's away down by the back o' Dunkel',  
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window,  
 And O but she sigh'd sairly,

When she espied the great Argyle  
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly !  
"Come down, come down now, Lady Ogilvie,  
"Come down and kiss me fairly."  
"No, I winna kiss thee, fause Argyle,  
"Though ye sudena leave a stannin stane o' Airly."

He took her by the middle sae sma',  
"Lady, where is your dowry ?"  
"It's up and down by the bonny burn side,  
"Amang the plantings o' Airly."  
They sought it up, they sought it down,  
They sought it late and early,  
And they fand it under the bonny palm tree  
That stands i' the bowling-green o' Airly.

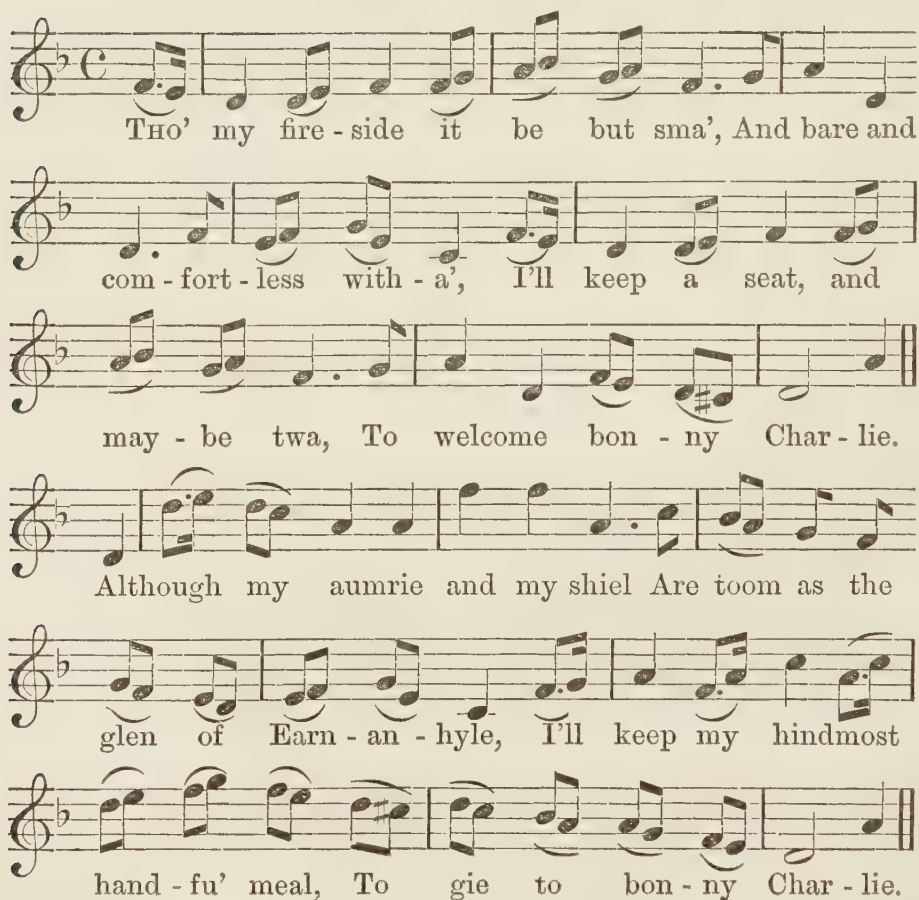
"A favour I ask of thee, Argyle,  
"If ye will grant it fairly ;  
"O dinna turn me wi' my face  
"To see the destruction o' Airly."  
He has ta'en her by the shouther-blade,  
And thrust her down afore him,  
Syne set her on a bonny knowe tap,  
Bade her look at Airly fa'ing.

"Haste, bring to me a cup o' gude wine,  
"As red as ony cherry ;  
"I'll tak the cup and sip it up ;  
"Here's a health to bonny Prince Charlie !  
"O I hae born me eleven braw sons,  
"The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,  
"And if I had to bear them again,  
"They a' should gang wi' Charlie.

"But if my gude lord were here this night,  
"As he's awa wi' Charlie,

"The great Argyle and a' his men  
 "Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airly.  
 "Were my gude lord but here this day,  
 "As he's awa wi' Charlie,  
 "The dearest blude o' a' thy kin  
 "Wad sloken the lowe o' Airly."

## SONG LXXVII.

**Bonny Charlie.**


Tho' my fire-side it be but sma', And bare and  
 com-fort-less with-a', I'll keep a seat, and  
 may-be twa, To welcome bon-ny Char-lie.  
 Although my aumrie and my shiel Are toom as the  
 glen of Earn-an-hyle, I'll keep my hindmost  
 hand-fu' meal, To gie to bon-ny Char-lie.



Although my lands are fair and wide,  
 It's there nae langer I maun bide ;  
 Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,  
     I'll gie to bonny Charlie.  
 Although my heart is unco sair,  
 And lies fu' lowly in its lair,  
 Yet the last drap o' blude that's there  
     I'll gie for bonny Charlie.

## SONG LXXVIII.

*Callum-a-Glen.*

FROM THE GAELIC.

WAS e - ver old warrior of suff'ring so weary?

Was e - ver the wild beast so bay'd in his den?

The Southron bloodhounds lie in ken - nel so near me,

That death would be free-dom to Cal - lum - a - Glen.

My sons are a' slain, and my daughters have left me ;

No child to pro - tect me, where once there were ten :

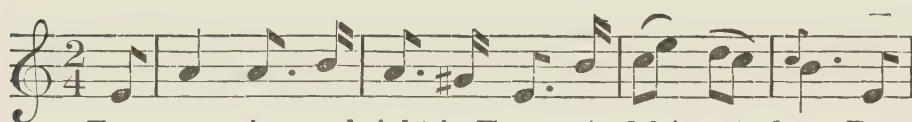
My chief they have slain, and of stay have be - reft me,

And woe to the gray hairs of Cal - lum - a - Glen!

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,  
 The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view ;  
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,  
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :  
 For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,  
 It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.  
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever !  
 Death hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen ?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,  
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea :  
 O, is there no day-spring for Scotland ? no morrow  
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free ?  
 Yes : one above all has beheld our devotion ;  
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.  
 The day is abiding of stern retribution  
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

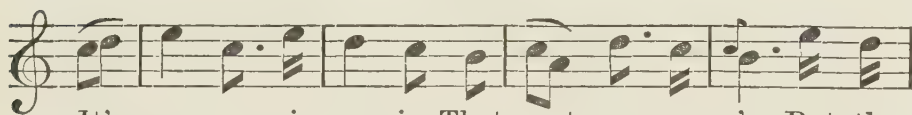
## SONG LXXIX.

*The Sun rises bright in France.*

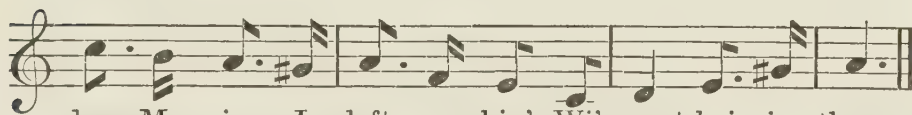
THE sun ri - ses bright in France, And fair sets he ; But



he has tint the blink he had In my ain countrie.



It's nae my ain ru - in That weets aye my e'e, But the



dear Ma - rie I left a - hin', Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,  
 And smil'd my ain Marie !  
 O I've left a' my heart behind,  
 In my ain countrie !  
 O I'm leal to high Heaven,  
 Which aye was leal to me ;  
 And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,  
 Frae my ain countrie.

## SONG LXXX.

*The Old Man's Lament.*

I HAD three sons, a' young, stout, and bauld, And  
they lie at i - ther's sides blood - y and cauld ; I  
had a hame, wi' a sweet wi - fie there, And twa bonny  
grandbairns my smiling to share ; I had a steer o' gude  
ow - sen to ca' : But the bloody Duke o' Cumberland has  
ru-in'd them a'. I had a steer o' gude owsen to ca' :  
But the bloody Duke o' Cumberland has ru-in'd them a'.

Revenge and despair aye by turns weet my e'e ;  
 The fa' o' the spoiler I lang for to see.  
 Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,  
 I've nane but kind heaven to tell o' my wrang.  
 "Thy auld arm," quo' Heaven, "canna strike down the proud :  
 "I will keep to mysel the avenging thy blood."

## SONG LXXXI.

**Now Charles asserts his Father's Right.**

Now Charles as - serts his fa - ther's right, And thus e -

sta - blish - es his own, Brav - ing the dan - gers

of the fight, To cleave a pass - age to the throne.

The Scots re - gain their ancient fame, And well their

faith and va - lour show, Sup - port - ing their young

he - ro's claim Against a pow'r - ful re - bel foe.

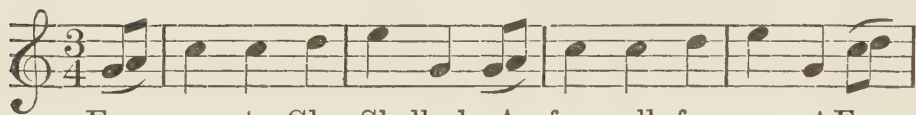


The God of battle shakes his arm,  
 And makes the doubtful victory shine ;  
 A panic dread their foes disarm :  
 Who can oppose the will divine ?  
 The rebels shall at length confess  
 Th' undoubted justice of the claim,  
 When lisping babes shall learn to bless  
 The long-forgotten Stuart's name.

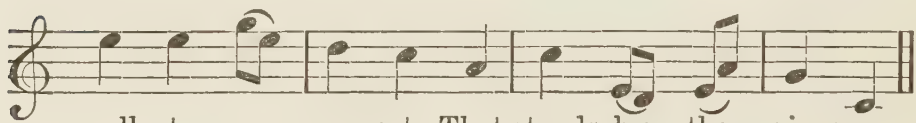
## SONG LXXXII.

*Farewell to Glen-Shalloch.*

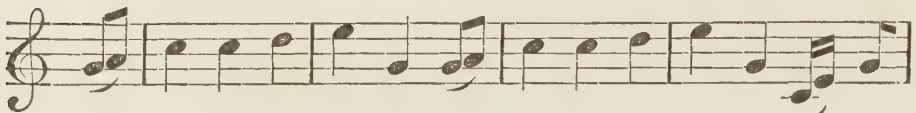
FROM THE GAELIC.



FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch, A farewell for e - ver! Fare -



well to my wee cot, That stands by the ri - ver.



The fall is loud sounding In voices that va - ry, And the



e-choes sur-round-ing La - ment with my Ma - ry.

I saw her last night,  
    'Mid the rocks that enclose them,  
With a babe at her knee  
    And a babe at her bosom :  
I heard her sweet voice  
    In the depth of my slumber,  
And the song that she sung  
    Was of sorrow and cumber.

“ Sleep sound, my sweet babe,  
    “ There is naught to alarm thee ;  
“ The sons of the valley  
    “ No power have to harm thee.  
“ I'll sing thee to rest  
    “ In the balloch untrodden,  
“ With a coronach sad  
    “ For the slain of Culloden.

“ The brave were betray'd,  
    “ And the tyrant is daring  
“ To trample and waste us,  
    “ Unpitying, unsparing.  
“ Thy mother no voice has,  
    “ No feeling that changes,  
“ No word, sign, or song,  
    “ But the lesson of vengeance.

“ I'll tell thee, my son,  
    “ How our laurels are withering ;  
“ I'll gird on thy sword  
    “ When the clansmen are gathering ;  
“ I'll bid thee go forth  
    “ In the cause of true honour,  
“ And never return  
    “ Till thy country hath won her.

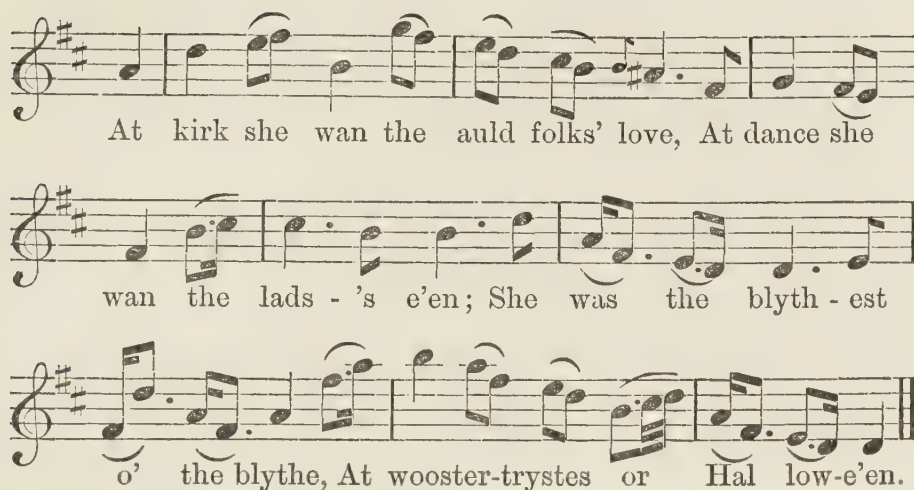
" Our tower of devotion  
 " Is the home of the reaver ;  
 " The pride of the ocean  
 " Is fallen for ever ;  
 " The pine of the forest,  
 " That time could not weaken,  
 " Is trode in the dust,  
 " And its honours are shaken.

" Rise, spirits of yore,  
 " Ever dauntless in danger ;  
 " For the land that was yours  
 " Is the land of the stranger.  
 " O come from your caverns,  
 " All bloodless and hoary,  
 " And these fiends of the valley  
 " Shall tremble before ye !"

## SONG LXXXIII.

*The Lovely Lass of Inverness.*

THERE liv'd a lass in In-ver-ness, She was the  
 pride of a' the town, Blythe as the lark on  
 gow-an tap, When frae the nest it's new-ly flown.



As I came in by Inverness,  
 The simmer sun was sinking down ;  
 O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,  
 And she was greeting through the town.  
 The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,  
 The auld dames crying, (sad to see !)  
 "The flower o' the lads o' Inverness  
 "Lie bluidy on Culloden lee !"

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,  
 And dighted aye her comely e'e :  
 "My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,  
 "At Preston sleep my brethren three !  
 "I thought my heart could haud nae mair,  
 "Mae tears could never blind my e'e ;  
 "But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,  
 "A dearer ane there ne'er could be.

"He trysted me o' love yestreen,  
 "O' love-tokens he gave me three ;  
 "But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,  
 "O, ne'er again to think o' me !

“ The forest flowers shall be my bed,  
“ My food shall be the wild berrie,  
“ The fa’ing leaves shall hap me owre,  
“ And wauken’d again I winna be.

“ O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames !  
“ Weep till ye blind a mither’s e’e !  
“ Nae reeking ha’ in fifty miles,  
“ But naked corses, sad to see !  
“ O spring is blythesome to the year ;  
“ Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie ;  
“ But O what spring can raise them up,  
“ Whose bluidy weir has seal’d the e’e ?

“ The hand o’ God hung heavy here,  
“ And lightly touch’d foul tyrannie ;  
“ It strack the righteous to the ground,  
“ And lifted the destroyer hie.  
“ But there’s a day’, quo’ my God in prayer,  
“ ‘ When righteousness shall bear the gree :  
“ ‘ I’ll rake the wicked low i’ the dust,  
“ ‘ And wauken, in bliss, the gude man’s e’e.’ ”



## SONG LXXXIV.

**Modern Set.**

To the foregoing Air.

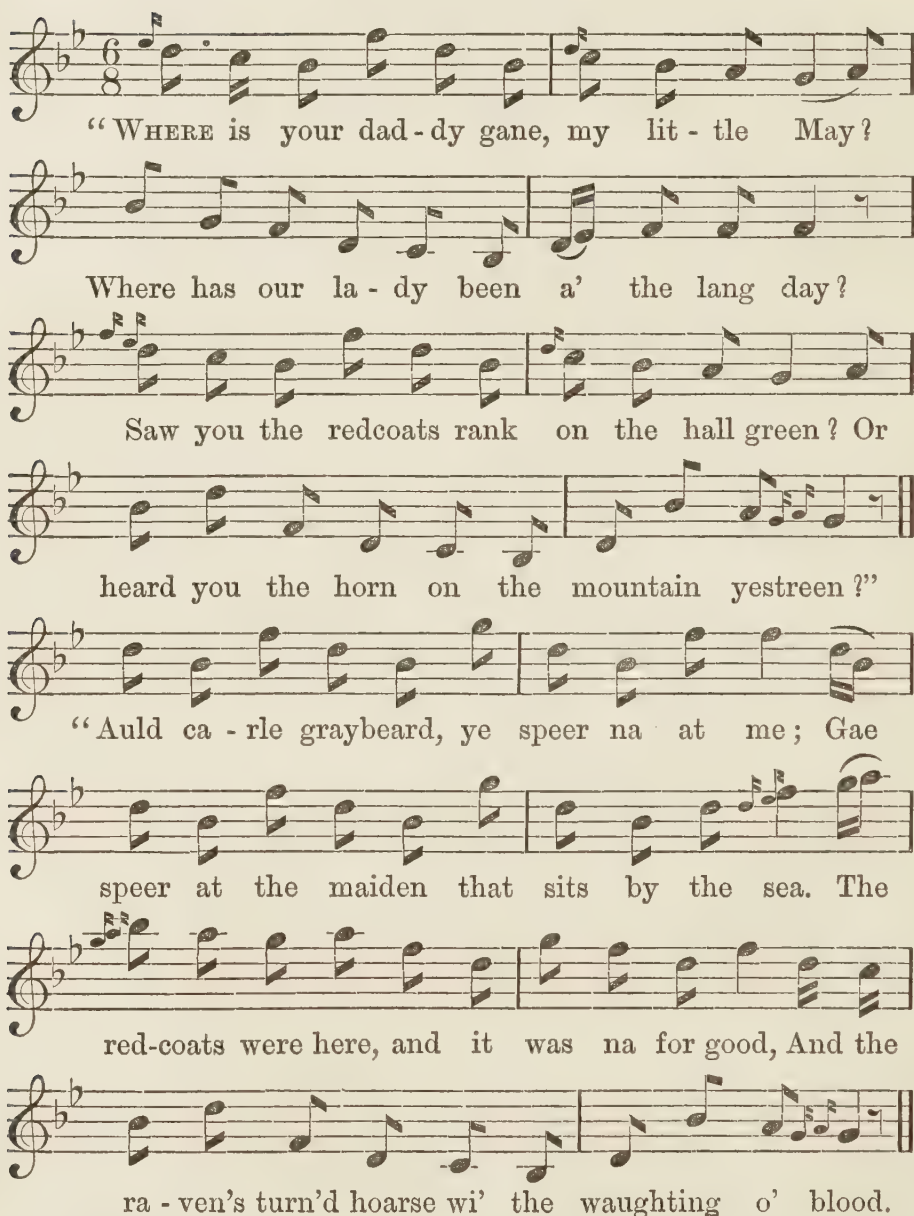
THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure she can see ;  
For e'en and morn she cries, " Alas !"  
And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.  
" Drum Mossie moor ! Drum Mossie day !  
" A waefu' day it was to me ;  
" For there I lost my father dear,  
" My father dear, and brethren three.

" Their winding-sheet's the bluidy clay,  
" Their graves are growing green to see ;  
" And by them lies the dearest lad  
" That ever blest a woman's e'e.  
" Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord !  
" A bluidy man I trow thou be ;  
" For mony a heart thou hast made sair,  
" That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

## SONG LXXXV.

*The Frasers in the Correi.*

FROM THE GAELIC.



“WHERE is your dad - dy gane, my lit - tle May?

Where has our la - dy been a’ the lang day?

Saw you the redcoats rank on the hall green? Or

heard you the horn on the mountain yestreen?”

“Auld ca - rle graybeard, ye speer na at me; Gae

speer at the maiden that sits by the sea. The

red-coats were here, and it was na for good, And the

ra - ven’s turn’d hoarse wi’ the waughting o’ blood.

“ O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note !  
“ The blood of the Fraser’s too hot for his throat.  
“ I trow the black traitor’s of Sassenach breed ;  
“ They prey on the living, and he on the dead.  
“ When I was a baby, we ca’d him, in joke,  
“ The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock ;  
“ But now he’s our mountain companion no more,  
“ The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“ Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death ?  
“ The raven’s our friend, and he’s croaking in wrath :  
“ He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,  
“ Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that’s clad,  
“ But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,  
“ Where Foyers, Culduthil, and Gorthaly hides.  
“ There’s danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,  
“ And seek them alone by the light of the moon.”

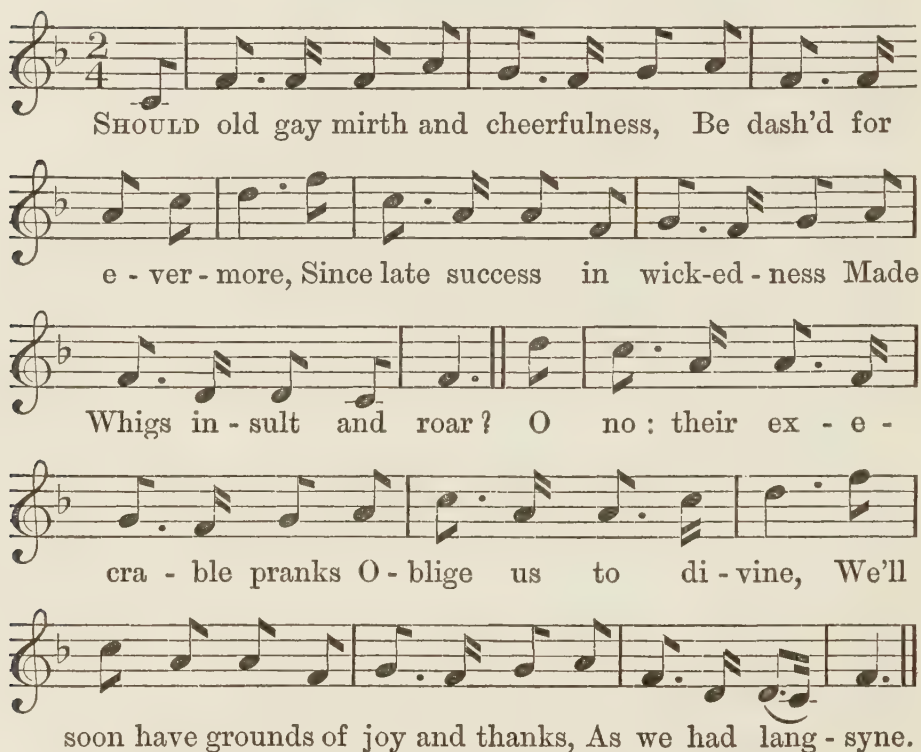
“ Auld carle graybeard, a friend you should be,  
“ For the truth’s on your lip, and the tear in your e’e ;  
“ Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,  
“ And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.  
“ I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,  
“ And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear :  
“ There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,  
“ They pray’d for their prince, kneel’d, and slept on the rock.

“ O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate  
“ Of those who are killing the gallant and great ?  
“ Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,  
“ And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe ?”  
“ My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun  
“ Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are done :  
“ Their crimes on the tyrants one day he’ll repay,  
“ And the names of the brave shall not perish for aye.”

## SONG LXXXVI.

A Ballad for those whose Honour is sound,  
Who cannot be named, and must not be found.

Written by a Sculpter in the Year 1746.



SHOULD old gay mirth and cheerfulness, Be dash'd for  
e - ver - more, Since late success in wick-ed - ness Made  
Whigs in - sult and roar? O no : their ex - e -  
cra - ble pranks O - blige us to di - vine, We'll  
soon have grounds of joy and thanks, As we had lang - syne.

Though our dear native prince be toss'd  
From this oppressive land,  
And foreign tyrants rule the roast,  
With high and barbarous hand ;  
Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,  
To save old Jacob's line,  
Our Charles will visit in the bush,  
Like Moses lang syne.

Though God spares long the raging set  
Which on rebellion doat,  
Yet his perfection ne'er will let  
His justice be forgot.  
If we, with patient faith, our cause  
To 's providence resign,  
He'll sure restore our king and laws,  
As he did lang syne.

Our valiant prince will shortly land,  
With twenty thousand stout,  
And these, join'd by each loyal clan,  
Shall kick the German out.  
Then upright men, whom rogues attaint,  
Shall bruik their own again,  
And we'll have a free parliament,  
As we had lang syne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,  
Who will for justice stand,  
And would give Cæsar his true right,  
As Jesus did command ;  
While terror must all those annoy  
Who horridly combine  
The vineyard's true heir to destroy,  
Like Judas lang syne.

A health to those fam'd Gladsmuir gain'd,  
And circled Derby's cross ;  
Who won Falkirk, and boldly strain'd  
To win Culloden moss.  
Health to all those who'll do't again,  
And no just cause decline.  
May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,  
As they did lang syne.



## SONG LXXXVII.

*The Highlander's Lament.*

A SOLDIER, for gal-lant achievements renown'd,  
Re - volv'd in de-spair the campaigns of his youth;  
Then beat-ing his bo - som, and sigh - ing profound,  
That ma - lice it - self might have melt - ed to ruth,  
“Are these,” he exclaim'd, “the re - sults of my toil,  
In want and ob - scu - ri - ty thus to re - tire?  
For this did com-pas-sion re-strain me from spoil,  
When earth was all carnage, and heav'n was on fire.

The musical score is written on eight staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and expressive, with lyrics written below each staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the eighth staff.

“ My country is ravag’d, my kinsmen are slain,  
“ My prince is in exile, and treated with scorn,  
“ My chief is no more—he hath suffer’d in vain—  
“ And why should I live on the mountain forlorn ?  
“ O woe to Macconal, the selfish, the proud,  
“ Disgrace of a name for its loyalty fam’d !  
“ The curses of heaven shall fall on the head  
“ Of Callum and Torquil, no more to be nam’d.

“ For had they but join’d with the just and the brave,  
“ The Campbell had fallen, and Scotland been free ;  
“ That traitor, of vile usurpation the slave,  
“ The foe of the Highlands, of mine, and of me.  
“ The great they are gone, the destroyer is come,  
“ The smoke of Lochaber has redden’d the sky :  
“ The war-note of freedom for ever is dumb ;  
“ For that I have stood, and with that I will die.

“ The sun’s bright effulgence, the fragrance of air,  
“ The varied horizon, henceforth I abhor.  
“ Give me death, the sole boon of a wretch in despair,  
“ Which fortune can offer, or nature implore.”  
To madness impell’d by his griefs as he spoke,  
And darting around him a look of disdain,  
Down headlong he leapt from a heaven-towering rock,  
And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to  
Sky.

SAID TO BE FROM THE GAELIC.

TERE are two pon-ny may-tens, And tree pon-ny  
 maytens, Come o - ver te Minch, And come o - ver te  
 main, Wit te wind for teir way, And te cor-rei for teir  
 hame : Let us welcome tem pravely Un-to Skhee a - kain.  
 Come a - long, come a - long, Wit your poatie and your song,  
 You two pon-ny maytens, And tree pon-ny maytens;  
 For te night it is tark, And te red-coat is gane,  
 And you're prave-ly wel-come to Skhee a - kain.

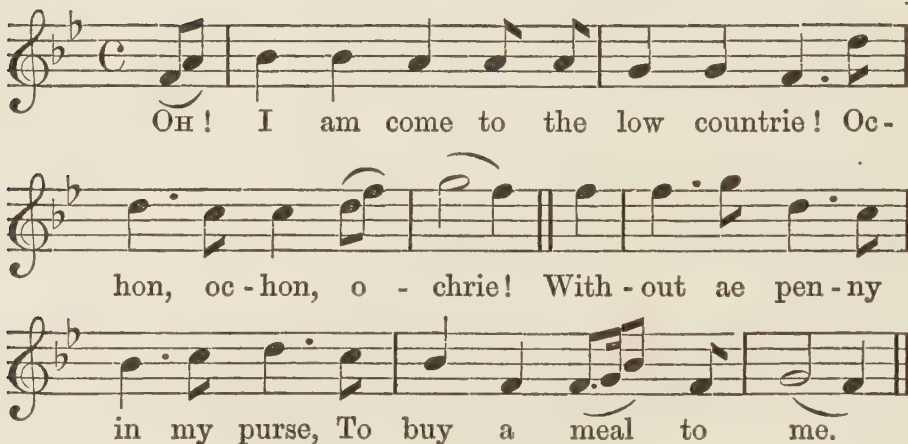
Tere is Flora, my honey,  
So tear and so ponny,  
And one tat is tall,  
And comely witall ;  
Put te one as my khing,  
And te oter as my quhain,  
Tey're welcome unto  
Te Isle of Skhee akain.  
Come along, come along,  
Wit your poatie and your song,  
You two ponny maytens,  
And tree ponny maytens ;  
For te lady of Macoulain  
She lieth her lane,  
And you're pravely welcome  
To Skhee akain.

Her arm it is strang,  
And her petticoat is lang,  
My one ponny maytens,  
And two ponny maytens ;  
Put teir ped shall pe clain,  
On te heather most crain ;  
And tey're welcome unto  
Te Isle of Skhee akain.  
Come along, come along,  
Wit your poatie and your song,  
You one ponny mayten,  
And two ponny mayten.  
Py te sea-moullit's nest  
I will watch o'er te mhain ;  
And you're tearly welcome  
To Skhee akain.

Tere's a wind on te tree,  
And a ship on te sea,

My two ponny maytens,  
 And tree ponny maytens :  
 On te lee of te rock  
 Shall your cradle pe rock ;  
 And you're welcome unto  
 Te Isle of Skhee akain.  
 Come along, come along,  
 Wit your poatie and your song,  
 My two ponny maytens,  
 And tree ponny maytens ;  
 More sound shall you sleep,  
 When you rock on te deep ;  
 And you's aye pe welcome  
 To Skhee akain.

## SONG LXXXIX.

*The Highland Widow's Lament.*


OH ! I am come to the low countrie ! Oc-  
 hon, oc-hon, o - chrie ! With - out ae pen - ny  
 in my purse, To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
 Nae woman in the country wide  
 Sae happy was as me :



For then I had a score of kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Feeding on yon hill so high,  
And giving milk to me :

And there I had three score o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Skipping on yon bonny knowes,  
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan :  
Sair, sair may I repine ;  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came o'er at last,  
Sae far, to set us free :  
My Donald's arm it wanted was  
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?  
Right to the wrang did yield ;  
My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloden field.

I hae nocht left me ava,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
But bonny orphan lad-weans twa,  
To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher-band,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
My winsome Donald's durk and brand,  
Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,  
To lighten my auld e'e ;

To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns  
To them gart Donald die.

Ochon, ochon ! oh, Donald, oh !  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !  
Nae woman in the warld wide  
Sae wretched now as me !

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SONG XC.

**Here's his Health in Water.**

ALTHO' his back be at the wa', An - o - ther was the  
fau't - or; Al - tho' his back be at the wa', Yet  
here's his health in wa-ter. He gat the skaith, he gat the  
scorn, I lo'e him yet the bet - ter; Tho' in the muir I  
hide forlorn, I'll drink his health in water. Al - tho' his  
back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa - ter.

I'll maybe live to see the day  
 That hunds shall get the halter,  
 And drink his health in usquebae,  
 As I do now in water.  
 I yet may stand as I hae stood,  
 Wi' him through rout and slaughter,  
 And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,  
 As I do now in water,  
 Although his back be at the wa',  
 Yet here's his health in water.

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## SONG XCI.

**Up and rin awa, Willie.**

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

UP and rin awa, Willie,  
 Up and rin awa, Willie ;  
 The Highland clans will rise again,  
 And chase you far awa, Willie.  
 Prince Charlie he'll be down again,  
 With clans both great and sma', Willie,  
 To play your king a bonny spring,  
 And make you pay for a', Willie.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Therefore give o'er to burn and slay,  
 And ruin send on a', Willie,  
 Or you may get your butcher horns  
 Your own dirge for to blaw, Willie.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

For had the clans been in your way,  
 As they were far awa, Willie,

They'd chas'd you faster aff the field  
Than ever wind did blaw, Willie.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

You may thank God for evermore,  
That deil a clan you saw, Willie,  
Wi' pistol, durk, or edge claymore,  
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

Then take my last and best advice :  
Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,  
To Hanover, if you be wise,  
Take Feck and George and a', Willie.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

There's one thing I'd almost forgot,  
Perhaps there may be twa, Willie :  
Be sure to write us back again,  
How they receiv'd you a', Willie.  
Up and rin awa, Willie,  
Up and rin awa, Willie ;  
The Highland clans will rise again,  
And chase you far awa, Willie.

## SONG XCII.

*The Lament of Flora Macdonald.*

FROM THE GAELIC.

Musical score for the song "The Lament of Flora Macdonald". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written on the upper staff of each pair, and the lyrics are written below. The lyrics are: FAR o - ver yon hills of the heather so green, And down by the cor - rei that sings to the sea, The bonny young Flo - ra sat sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung A - way on the wave, like a bird of the main; And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung, "Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain! Fareweel to my he - ro, the gallant and young! Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

FAR o - ver yon hills of the heather so green, And  
down by the cor - rei that sings to the sea, The bonny young  
Flo - ra sat sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid, and the  
tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat with the  
breezes that swung A - way on the wave, like a  
bird of the main; And aye as it lessen'd, she  
sigh'd and she sung, "Fareweel to the lad I shall  
ne'er see a - gain! Fareweel to my he - ro, the gallant and  
young! Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.



"The moorcock that crows on the brow of Ben-Connal,  
 "He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame,  
 "The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,  
 "Unaw'd and unhunted, his eiry can claim,  
 "The solan can sleep on his shelf of the shore,  
 "The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea :  
 "But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore ;  
 "Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.  
 "The conflict is past, and our name is no more :  
 "There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,  
 "The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 "The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,  
 "But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;  
 "The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
 "Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.  
 "Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,  
 "When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?  
 "Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !  
 "The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

---

 SONG XCIII.

*The Tears of Scotland.*

The musical notation is written on two staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and plaintive. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words grouped by slurs. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' over it.

MOURN, hap - less Ca - le - do - ni - a, mourn Thy  
 banish'd peace, thy lau - rels torn ! Thy sons, for

va - lour long re-nown'd, Lie slaughter'd on their  
na - tive ground. Thy hos - pi - ta - ble roofs no  
more In - vite the stran - ger to the door; In  
smoky ru - ins sunk they lie, The mon - u - ments of  
cru - el - ty, The mon - u - ments of cru - el - ty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war,  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,  
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?

Thy towering spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day ;  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night :  
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,  
And nought is heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
The sons against their fathers stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood :  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat ;

And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathizing verse shall flow.  
 Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !

## SONG XCIV.

**You're welcome, Charlie Stuart.**

You'RE welcome, Char-lie Stu-art, You're welcome, Charlie  
 Stu - art, You're welcome, Char - lie Stu - art, There's  
 none so right as thou art. Had I the pow - er  
 to my will, Thy foes to scatter, take, and kill, I'd  
 make thee famous by my quill, From Billingsgate to Duart.

Thy sympathising complaisance  
 Made thee believe intriguing France ;  
 But woe is me for thy mischance,  
 That saddens every true heart !  
 You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden's battle won,  
Poor Scotland had not been undone,  
Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun,  
By Lockhart and such cowards.  
You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,  
A lovely maid, did timely send,  
To save thee from a fearful end,  
Thou royal Charlie Stuart.  
You're welcome, &c.

Illustrious prince, we firmly pray,  
That she and we may see the day  
When Britons with one voice shall say,  
"You're welcome, Charlie Stuart."  
You're welcome, &c.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,  
I drink confusion to the swine,  
But health to him that will combine  
To fight for Charlie Stuart.  
You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,  
Doth thirst and hunger for thy blood,  
Just Heaven will preserve the good,  
The gallant Charlie Stuart.  
You're welcome, &c.

The ministry may Scotland maul,  
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall.  
We'll fight like Britons, one and all,  
For liberty and Stuart.  
You're welcome, &c.

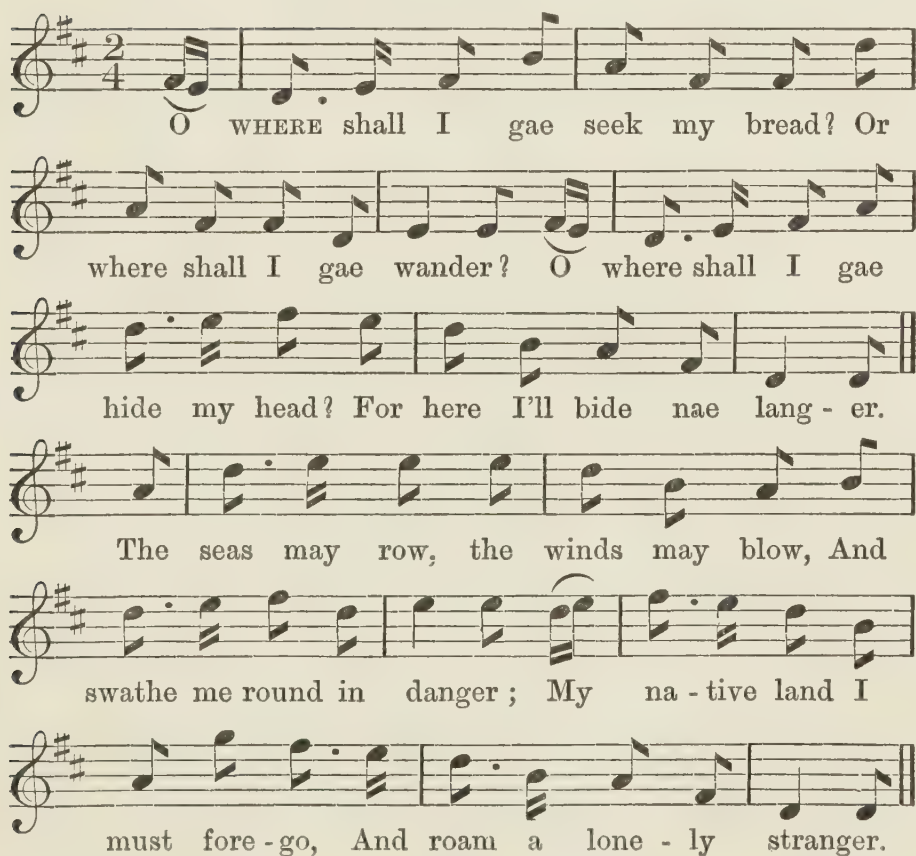


Then haste ye Britons, to set on  
 Your lawful king upon his throne,  
 And to Hanover drive each one  
 Who will not fight for Stuart.  
 You're welcome, &c.

## SONG XCV.

*The Highlander's Farewell.*

FROM THE GAELIC.



O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread? Or  
 where shall I gae wander? O where shall I gae  
 hide my head? For here I'll bide nae lang - er.  
 The seas may row, the winds may blow, And  
 swathe me round in danger; My na - tive land I  
 must fore - go, And roam a lone - ly stranger.

The glen that was my father's own  
Must be by his forsaken ;  
The house that was my father's home  
Is levell'd with the bracken.  
Ochon ! ochon ! our glory's o'er,  
Stole by a mean deceiver !  
Our hands are on the broad claymore,  
But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,  
Thy people have disown'd thee,  
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,  
With ruin'd chiefs around thee,  
Though hard beset, when I forget  
Thy fate, young helpless rover,  
This broken heart shall cease to beat,  
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,  
Land of the Gael no longer !  
A stranger fills thy ancient throne,  
In guile and treachery stronger.  
Thy brave and just fall in the dust,  
On ruin's brink they quiver :  
Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,  
Adieu ! adieu for ever !

## SONG XCVI.

**Towly's Ghost.**

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost, And  
all was fast a - sleep, In glid - ed murder'd  
Tow - ly's ghost, And stood at William's feet.

“Awake, infernal wretch !” he cried,  
“And view this mangled shade,  
“That in thy perjur’d faith relied,  
“And basely was betray’d.

“Imbrued in bliss, imbath’d in ease,  
“Though now thou seem’st to lie,  
“My injur’d form shall gall thy peace,  
“And make thee wish to die.

“Fancy no more in pleasant dreams  
“Shall frisk before thy sight,  
“But horrid thoughts and dismal screams  
“Attend thee all the night.

“ Think on the hellish acts thou’st done,  
“ The thousands thou’st betray’d :  
“ Nero himself would blush to own  
“ The slaughter thou hast made.

“ Nor infants’ cries nor parents’ tears  
“ Could stay thy bloody hand,  
“ Nor could the ravish’d virgin’s fears  
“ Appease thy dire command.

“ But ah ! what pangs are set apart  
“ In hell thou’lt quickly see,  
“ Where ev’n the damn’d themselves shall start  
“ To view a fiend like thee.”

In heart affrighted, Willie rose,  
And trembling stood and pale ;  
Then to his cruel sire he goes,  
And tells the dreadful tale.

“ Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,”  
The bold usurper said,  
“ And ne’er repent of what thou’st done,  
“ Nor be at all afraid.

“ If we in Scotland’s throne can dwell,  
“ And reign securely here,  
“ Your uncle Satan’s king in hell,  
“ And he’ll secure us there.”

## SONG XCVII.

*Lenachan's Farewell.*

FROM THE GAELIC.

FARE thee weel, my na - tive cot, Bo - thy  
o' the birk - en tree! Sair the heart and  
hard the lot O' the lad that parts wi' thee.  
My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd. Then thy  
wick - er - work was full : Mo - ny a Campbell's  
glen he clear'd, Hit the buck and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook  
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes ;  
In thy bein and weirdly nook  
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.



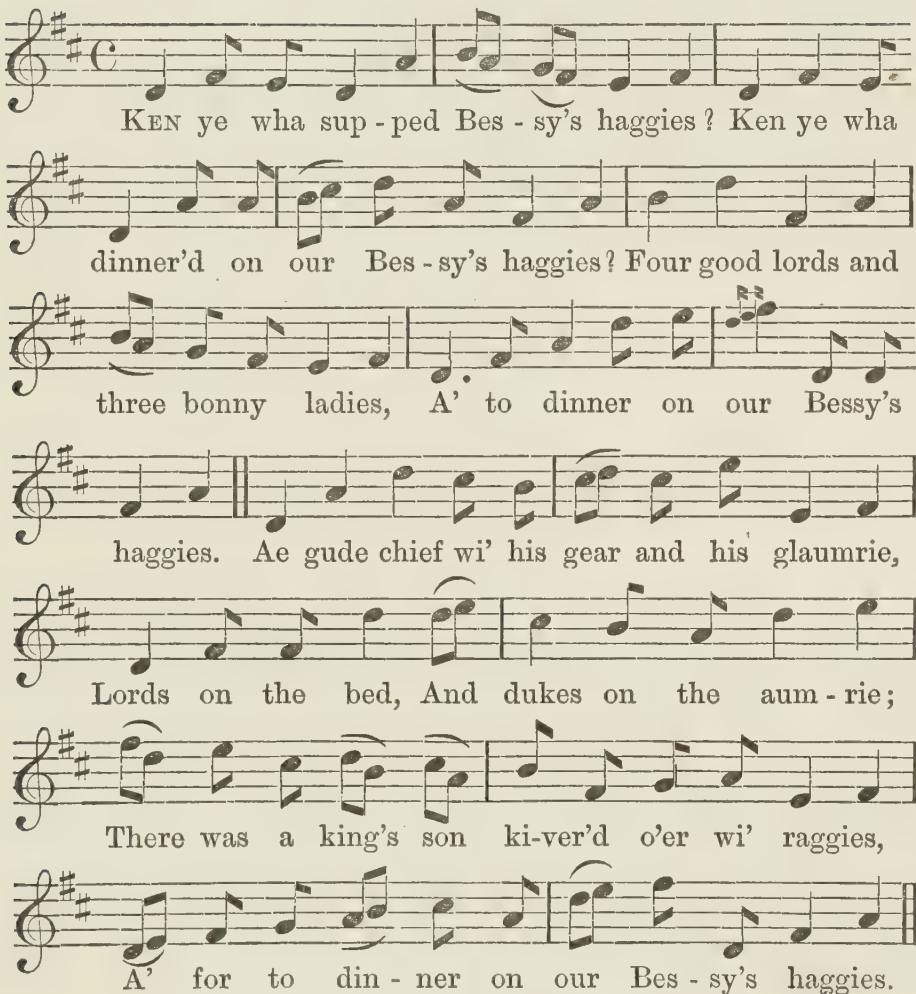
Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame,  
 Routh and welcome was his fare ;  
 But if serf or Saxon came,  
 He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred  
 Kendna how the sword to wield ;  
 Never heart of thine had dread  
 Of the foray or the field :  
 Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,  
 Son of thine lay down to die ;  
 Every lad within the bred  
 Died beneath heaven's open e'e.

Charlie Stuart he came here,  
 For our king, as right became :  
 Wha could shun the Bruce's heir ?  
 Wha could tine our royal name ?  
 Firm to stand, and free to fa',  
 Forth we march'd right valiantly.  
 Gane is Scotland's king and law !  
 Woe to the Highlands and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret.  
 Here nae langer I maun stay ;  
 But when I my hame forget,  
 May my heart forget to play !  
 Fare thee weel, my father's cot,  
 Bothy o' the birken tree !  
 Sair the heart and hard the lot,  
 O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

## SONG XCVIII.

**Bessy's Haggies.**


KEN ye wha sup - ped Bes - sy's haggies? Ken ye wha  
dinner'd on our Bes - sy's haggies? Four good lords and  
three bonny ladies, A' to dinner on our Bessy's  
haggies. Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie,  
Lords on the bed, And dukes on the aum - rie;  
There was a king's son ki-ver'd o'er wi' raggies,  
A' for to din - ner on our Bes - sy's haggies.

The horn it is short, gudewife, can ye mend it?  
'Tis nearer the lift, kind sir, gin ye kend it.  
In and out, out and in, hey for the baggies!  
Fient a crumb is o' Bessy's haggies.

Gudewife, 'gin ye laugh, ye may laugh right fairly ;  
 Gudewife, gin ye greet, ye may greet for Charlie ;  
 He'll lie nae mair 'mang your woods and your craggies,  
 You'll never mair see him nor your haggies.

Leeze me on him that can thole alteration,  
 A' for his friends and the rights o' the nation !  
 Leeze me on his bare houghs, his broad sword, and plaidie !  
 He shall be king in the right o' his daddie.  
 Foul fa' the feiroch that hings by his bonnet !  
 The rump-rotten rebald, fih ! fie upon it !  
 He may grunch in his swine-trough up to the laggies,  
 Never to be blest wi' a gudewife's haggies.

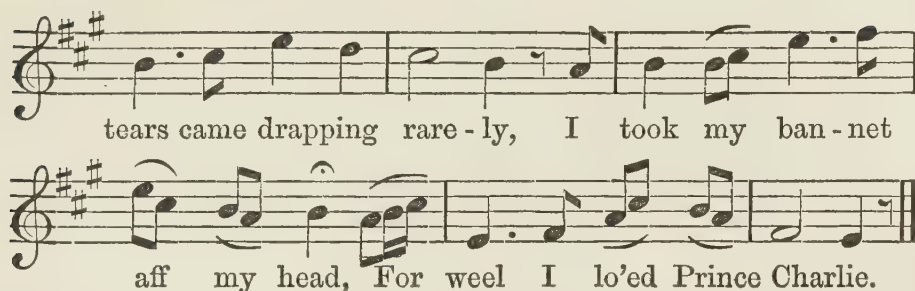
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 SONG XCIX.

**Wae's me for Prince Charlie.**

MODERN.

A wee bird came to our ha' door, He  
 warbled sweet and clear-ly, And aye the o'ercome  
 o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Char-lie !"  
 Oh! when I heard the bon-ny bon-ny bird, The



Quo' I, "My bird, my bonny bonny bird,

"Is that a tale ye borrow ?

"Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,

"Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow ?"

"Oh ! no, no, no !" the wee bird sang,

"I've flown sin' morning early ;

"But sic a day o' wind and rain !

"Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

"On hills that are by right his ain,

"He roams a lonely stranger ;

"On ilka hand he's press'd by want,

"On ilka side by danger.

"Yestreen I met him in a glen,

"My heart near bursted fairly,

"For sadly changed indeed was he.

"Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

"Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd

"Out-owre the hills and valleys ;

"And whare was't that your prince lay down,

"Whase hame should been a palace ?

"He row'd him in a Highland plaid,

"Which cover'd him but sparely,

"And slept beneath a bush o' broom.

"Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

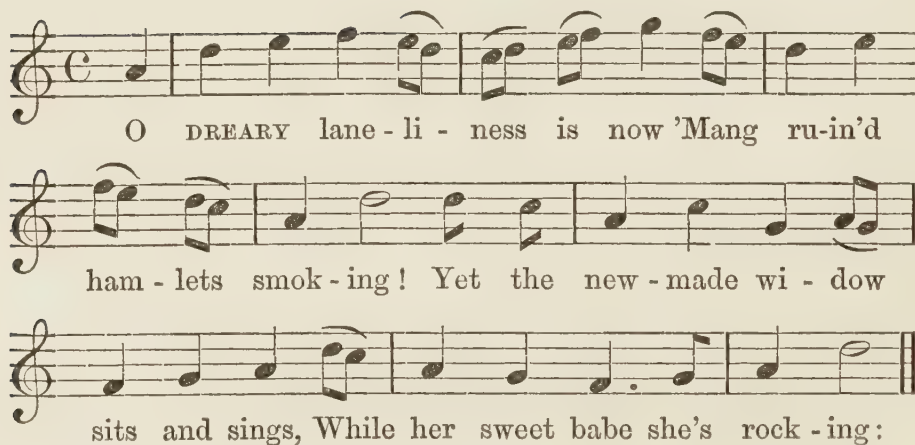
But now the bird saw some redcoats,

And he shook his wings wi' anger :

" O this is no a land for me,  
 " I'll tarry here nae langer."  
 A while he hover'd on the wing,  
 Ere he departed fairly :  
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain ;  
 'Twas " Wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

## SONG C.

## Charlie Stuart.



O DREARY lane - li - ness is now 'Mang ru-in'd  
 ham - lets smok - ing ! Yet the new - made wi - dow  
 sits and sings, While her sweet babe she's rock - ing :

" On Darien think, on dowie Glencoe,  
 " On Murray, traitor ! coward !  
 " On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,  
 " And think on Charlie Stuart."



## SONG CI.

**Will he no come back again.**

For the air, see Song XXXI. of this Volume.

ROYAL Charlie's now awa,  
Safely owre the friendly main ;  
Mony a heart will break in twa,  
Should he ne'er come back again.  
Will you no come back again ?  
Will you no come back again ?  
Better lo'ed you'll never be,  
And will you no come back again.

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles  
Brak the band o' nature's law ;  
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,  
Sought to wear his life awa.  
Will he no come back again ?  
Will he no come back again ?  
Better lo'ed he'll never be,  
And will he no come back again ?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,  
And bed beneath the birken tree ;  
The bush that hid him on the plain,  
There's none on earth can claim but he.  
Will he no come back again, &c.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,  
Unto the e'ening sinking down,  
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,  
To me they hae nae ither soun',  
Than, Will he no come back again, &c.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,  
 Mony a gallant chief did fa' ;  
 Death itself were dearly bought,  
 A' for Scotland's king and law.  
 Will he no come back again, &c.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,  
 Liltin' wildly up the glen ;  
 And aye the o'erword o' the sang  
 Is " Will he no come back again ? "  
 Will he no come back again, &c.

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## SONG CII.

### *The Battle of Val.*

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

UP and rin awa, Willie,  
 Up and rin awa, Willie ;  
 Culloden's laurels you have lost,  
 Your puff'd-up looks, and a', Willie.  
 This check o' conscience for your sins,  
 It stings you to the saul, Willie,  
 And breaks your measures this campaign,  
 As much as Lowendahl, Willie.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er great Saxe your troops attack'd,  
 About the village Val, Willie,  
 To scour awa you was not slack,  
 For fear you got a ball, Willie.  
 Up and rin awa, &c.

In just reward for their misdeeds,  
Your butchers gat a fa', Willie ;  
And a' that liv'd ran aff wi' speed  
To Maestricht's strang wa', Willie.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

Baith Scott and Lockhart's sent to hell,  
For to acquaint mamma, Willie,  
That shortly you'll be there yoursel,  
To toast ayont them a', Willie.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

The Maese you cross'd just like a thief,  
To feed on turnips raw, Willie,  
In place of our good Highland beef,  
With which you gorg'd your maw, Willie.  
Up and rin awa, &c.

To Hanover I pray begone,  
Your daddie's dirty sta', Willie,  
And look on that as your ain hame,  
And come na here at a', Willie.  
It's best to bide awa, Willie,  
It's best to bide awa, Willie ;  
For our brave prince will soon be back,  
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.

## SONG CIII.

**Carlisle Yetts.**

For the Air, see Vol. I. Song XXVII.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,  
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie ;  
 His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' luvie,  
 O it was aye in battle readie!  
 His lang lang hair, in yellow hanks,  
 Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie ;  
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts,  
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,  
 My brother's in that harebell's blossom ;  
 This white rose was steeped in my luvie's blood,  
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I came first by merrie Carlisle,  
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;  
 The white rose flaunted owre the wall,  
 The thristled banners far were streaming.  
 When I came next by merrie Carlisle,  
 O sad sad seem'd the town, and eerie !  
 The auld auld men came out and wept :  
 "O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie ?"

\* \* \* \* \*

There's ae drap o' blood atween my breasts,  
 And twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;  
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,  
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.  
 Wae, wae, upon that cruel heart,  
 Wae, wae, upon that hand sae bloodie,  
 Which feasts on our richest Scottish blood,  
 And makes sae mony a dolefu' widow !

## SONG CIV.

**Cumberland and Murray's Descent into Hell.**

KEN ye whare Clee-kie Mur-ray's gane? He's  
 gane to dwell in his lang hame. The bed-dle  
 clapt him on the doup, "O hard I've earn-ed  
 my gray groat. Lie thou there, and sleep thou soun';  
 God win-na wauk-en sic a loon."

Whare's his gowd, and whare's his gain,  
 He rakit out 'neath Satan's wame ?



He hasna what'll pay his shot,  
Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.  
Be there gowd whare he's to beek,  
He'll rake it out o' brunstane smeeck.

He's in a' Satan's frything-pans,  
Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's ;  
He's washing them in brunstane lowe ;  
His kintra's blude it winna thow :  
The hettest soap-suds o' perdition  
Canna out thae stains be washing.

Ae devil roar'd, till hearse and roopit,  
"He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit !"  
Anither roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,  
"He's howking the keystane out o' hell,  
"To damn us mair wi' God's day-light !"  
And he doukit i' the caudrons out o' sight.

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,  
Till his waukit loofs were in a blister ;  
He stole his Whig spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,  
And stole his scalping-whittle's whunstane ;  
And out o' its red-hot kist he stole  
The very charter-rights o' hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain ;  
He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.  
Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,  
With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,  
He'll wile them aff your cloven cloots,  
And wade through hell fire in your boots.

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,  
And stappit him i' the dub o' hell.  
The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,  
The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,

Till the bluidy duke came trysting hither,  
And the ae fat butcher tried the tither.

Ae deevil sat splitting brunstane matches ;  
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches ;  
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,  
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.  
A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,  
And hell's grim hangman stopt and glowr'd.

"Fy, gar bake a pie in haste,  
"Knead it of infernal paste,"  
Quo' Satan ; and in his mitten'd hand  
He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,  
And whittled him down like bow-kail castock,  
And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black tableclaith was spread,  
Th' infernal grace was reverend said ;  
Yap stood the hungry fiends a' owre it,  
Their grim jaws gasping to devour it,  
When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,  
"Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner !"

Hell's black bitch mastiff lapt the broo,  
And slipt her collar and gat gae,  
And, maddening wi' perdition's porridge,  
Gamph'd to and fro for wholesome forage.  
Unguarded was the hallan gate,  
And Whigs pour'd in like Nith in spate.

The worm of hell, which never dies,  
In wintled coil writhes up and fries.  
Whilst the porter bitch the broo did lap,  
Her blind whalps bursted at the pap.  
Even hell's grim sultan, red wud glowrin',  
Dreaded that Whigs would usurp o'er him.

## SONG CV.

**Geordie sits in Charlie's Chair.**

For the Air, see Song LXIII. of this Volume.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
Deil cock him gin he sit there,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie !  
Charlie yet shall mount the throne,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
Weel ye ken it is his own,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Whae took frae him the British crown,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
But weel's me on the kilted clans,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
That fought for him at Prestonpans,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Cumberland's awa to hell,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
When he came to the Stygian shore,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
The deil himsel wi' fright did roar,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Then Charon grim came out to him,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
“Ye’re welcome here, ye devil’s limb !”  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
They pat on him a philabeg,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
And in his doup they ca’d a peg,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !  
The deils ne’er saw sic sport before,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
They took him neist to Satan’s ha’,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
To lilt it wi’ his grandpapa,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin in the neuk,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Riving sticks to roast the Duke,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
They pat him neist upon a spit,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
And roasted him baith head and feet,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi’ scalded brunstane and wi’ fat,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
They flamm’d his carcass weel wi’ that,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
And that’s the gate they serv’d the Duke,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

## SONG CVI.

**Lawland Lassie.**

To the foregoing Air.

HE. THE pipers play, the trumpets sound,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
And a' the hills a name resound,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
That maun every heart invite,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
For freedom and our prince to fight,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.

SHE. In vain you strive to soothe my pain,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
With that much lov'd and glorious name,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
With which you now so freely part,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

HE. No passion could with me prevail,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
When king and country's in the scale,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.  
Yet a conflict in my soul,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
Tells me love will not control,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.



SHE. A high pretext ! I'll sooner die,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Than see you thus inconstant fly,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
And leave me to th' insulting crew,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Of Whigs to mock for trusting you,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

HE. Dear Jenny, I my leave maun take,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
Yet never will my love forsake,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
Then why should my dear lass repine,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie ?  
For Charles shall reign, and she's be mine,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.

SHE. My fondness never shall control,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
The gen'rous ardour of your soul,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
Then let the sun turn east away,  
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
Ere aught your manly courage stay,  
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

HE. Your charms, your sense, your noble mind,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
Wad make the heart o' savage kind,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.  
For me, my sole delight shall be,  
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,  
My prince's right and love of thee,  
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.

SHE. Go, for yourself, procure renown,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 And for your lawful king his crown,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie :  
 And only then hope you to find,  
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Your Jenny constant to your mind,  
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

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## SONG CVII.

*Highland Laddie.*

MODERN.

To the foregoing Air.

“ WERE ye at Drummossie muir,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 “ Saw ye the duke the clans o’erpower,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?”  
 “ My heart bleeds, as well it may,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie :  
 “ Lang may Scotland rue the day,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Many a lord of high degree,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 “ Shall never more his mountains see,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 “ Many a chief of birth and fame,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 “ Is hunted down like savage game,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Few, but brave, the clansmen were,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 “ But heavenly mercy was not there,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.  
 “ Posterity will ne’er us blame,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 “ But brand with blood the Brunswick name,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Can it prove for Scotland’s good,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 “ Thus to drench our glens with blood,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?  
 “ Duke William named, or yonder muir,  
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,  
 “ Will fire our blood for evermore,  
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.’

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SONG CVIII.

**On the Restoration of the Forfeited Estates, 1784.**

For the Air, see Song LXIX. of this Volume.

As o’er the Highland hills I hied,  
 The Camerons in array I spied,  
 Lochiel’s proud standard waving wide,  
 In all its ancient glory.  
 The martial pipe loud pierc’d the sky,  
 The song arose, resounding high  
 Their valour, faith, and loyalty,  
 That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,  
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,  
But every hero's bosom warms  
    With songs of exultation ;  
While brave Lochiel at length regains,  
Through toils of war, his native plains,  
And, won by glorious wounds, attains  
    His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,  
And echo wide from hill to vale.  
Ye warlike clans, arise, and hail  
    Your laurell'd chiefs returning.  
O'er every mountain, every isle,  
Let peace in all her lustre smile,  
And discord ne'er her day defile  
    With sullen shades of mourning.

Macleod, Macdonald, join the strain ;  
Macpherson, Fraser, and Maclean ;  
Through all your bounds let gladness reign,  
    Both prince and patriot praising,  
Whose generous bounty richly pours  
The streams of plenty round your shores,  
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,  
    Her faded honours raising.

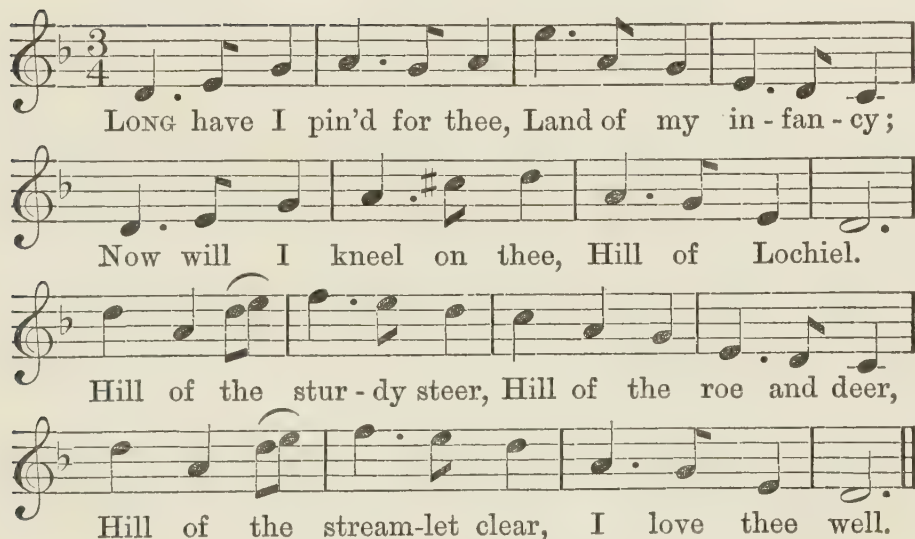
Let all the joyous banquet share,  
Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare  
With scowling brow to overbear,  
    A vassal's rights invading.  
Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain  
To crowd his fawning timid train,  
Nor even own his haughty reign,  
    Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,  
 Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock ;  
 Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke  
     With servile base prostration ;  
 Let each now train his trusty band,  
 'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand  
 With undivided heart and hand,  
     For freedom, king, and nation.

## SONG CIX.

*The Hill of Lochiel.*

FROM THE GAELIC.



LONG have I pin'd for thee, Land of my in - fan - cy ;  
 Now will I kneel on thee, Hill of Lochiel.  
 Hill of the stur - dy steer, Hill of the roe and deer,  
 Hill of the stream-let clear, I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,  
 Correi and crag to climb,  
 Or towering cliff sublime,  
     Was my delight ;



Scaling the eagle's nest,  
Wounding the raven's breast,  
Skimming the mountain's crest,  
    Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,  
Proud o'er thy temples borne,  
Kythed the red-deer's horn,  
    How my heart beat !  
Then, when with stunned leap  
Roll'd he adown the steep,  
Never did hero reap  
    Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game.  
Young Charlie Stuart came ;  
Cameron, that loyal name,  
    Foremost must be.  
Hard then our warrior meed,  
Glorious our warrior deed,  
Till we were doom'd to bleed  
    By treachery.

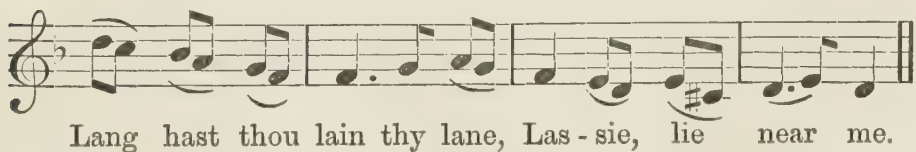
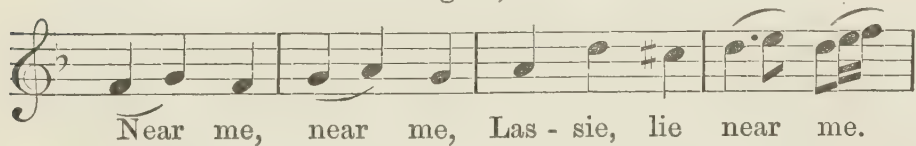
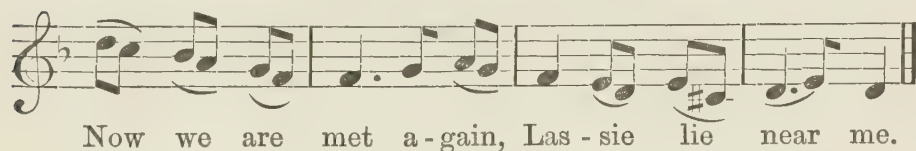
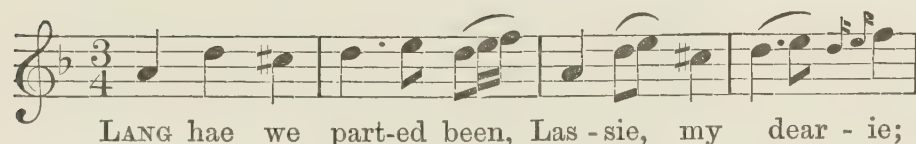
Then did the red-blood stream ;  
Then was the broad sword's gleam  
Quench'd, in fair freedom's beam,  
    No more to shine ;  
Then was the morning's brow  
Red with the fiery glow ;  
Fell hall and hamlet low,  
    All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,  
First aye in battle strong,  
Fir'd at her prince's wrong,  
    Forc'd to give way :

Broke was the golden cup,  
Gone Caledonia's hope ;  
Faithful and true men drop  
Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,  
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,  
Oft has the tear-drop bland  
Scorch'd as it fell.  
Once was I spurn'd from thee,  
Long have I mourn'd for thee,  
Now I'm return'd to thee,  
Hill of Lochiel.

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SONG CX.**Lassie, lie near me.**

Frae dread Culloden's field,  
Bloody and dreary,  
Mourning my country's fate,  
Lanely and weary ;  
Weary, weary,  
Lanely and weary ;  
Become a sad banish'd wight,  
Far frae my dearie.

Loud loud the wind did roar,  
Stormy and eerie,  
Far frae my native shore,  
Far frae my dearie.  
Near me, near me,  
Dangers stood near me :  
Now I've escaped them a' ;  
Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,  
Lassie, my dearie,  
Here in thine arms is cured :  
Lassie, lie near me.  
Near me, near me,  
Lassie, lie near me ;  
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,  
Lassie, lie near me.

## NOTES.

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BEFORE entering on the illustration of all the quaint allusions contained in this second part of the Jacobite Relics of our country, it will be necessary not only to take a short retrospective view of the events that led to the two last risings in Scotland in behalf of the house of Stuart, but also to give a connected detail of the circumstances, as they led to and followed on each other during the time of these two intrepid but ruinous campaigns. The songs are in themselves so diffuse, and so badly got up with regard to time and place, that the particular notes on each passage must necessarily be the same ; therefore, be they amusing as they will, they can only form a chaos of party anecdote, and one may wade through them without knowing to what period they refer, or what characters they either asperse or applaud. To remedy this, I propose carrying on a connected sketch of the proceedings of the adherents to the house of Stuart, and always, between hands, to illustrate the allusions contained in the songs, in treating of the times at which they were composed, and the persons in whose praise or of whose obloquy the bards of former days have sung.

The Revolution was brought about so suddenly, that men had not leisure, and scarcely power, as it would have seemed, to judge for themselves. It was effected by a coalition of parties, united from a sense of common danger ; but the stormy cloud that threatened to burst and overwhelm the land was no sooner blown over, than the uncongenial mass again flew asunder, and each resumed its original bias. Their mutual jealousies and rancour revived, and were heated, by continued disputes, into intemperate zeal and enthusiasm. The settlement had been finished with much precipitation, and palpably before the plan had been properly digested and matured ; and even those who surveyed the new state of affairs with most calmness were obliged to admit, that the monarch was left with the old regal power in his hand, even in its fullest extent, and remained master of all the instruments of corruption and violence, without any other restraint than his own moderation, of which many had no very high opinion. These reflections tended instantly to sour the minds of a

large proportion of the community, who saw that the fairest opportunity that ever occurred to retrench those prerogatives of the crown, to which they imputed all the late and former calamities of the kingdom, had been neglected in the parliament's zeal for the establishment of this popular monarch. And the consequence of all this was, that king William soon found himself no more in Britain than the head of a faction.

In Scotland this faction was more particularly hard pressed. The meeting of the Convention of the Estates had been previously fixed for the 14th of March, and both parties employed all their interest to influence the election of members. The Duke of Hamilton and all the Presbyterians declared for William; but, on the other hand, the Duke of Gordon declared for his old master, and maintained the castle of Edinburgh for him. This was a strong preponderance in the city; but unfortunately he had neglected to lay in a store of provisions, with the usual improvidence of all the adherents of James, in whose counsels a fatality seemed to preside; and by these means solely were Gordon's intentions in behalf of his master frustrated. Dundee and Balcarras were exerting themselves in the country, on the same side; but the superior policy of the Duke of Hamilton preponderated, and he got himself elected president. From that time forth the power of the Whigs predominated in the counsels of Scotland, and ultimately in the field, though the spirit of chivalry has been wholly displayed on the other side.

The progress of the campaign headed by Dundee and his successors has been minutely detailed in the preceding part of this work; and it is only meant here to mention the various movements of the Jacobite party toward a restoration of the exiled family, of which they never seem for a moment to have lost view.

After the death of Queen Mary, in 1695, the friends of King James made another premature attempt toward his restoration, judging, that by the death of Mary Stuart, in whose right William held the government of the realm, his interest in the affections of his subjects was materially weakened. But the event showed that the zeal of James' friends had overshot their discretion. The design was in itself futile, and the plot managed without subordination. It was no less than to seize the person of King William, and convey him to France, or put him to death in case of resistance; and they sent commissaries to the court of St. Germain's to demand a commission for this purpose, which was refused. The Earl of Aylesbury, Lord Montgomery, Sir John Fenwick, Sir John Friend, Captain Charnock, Captain Porter, and one Mr. Goodman, were the first contrivers of this project. Charnock was detached with a proposal to James, that he should procure a body of horse and foot from France to make a descent in Britain, and they would engage not only to join him at his



landing, but even to replace him on the throne of the kingdom. These offers being declined by James, on several pretences, the Earl of Aylesbury went over in person, and was admitted to a conference with the King of France, in which the scheme of a powerful invasion was actually concerted. In the beginning of February the Duke of Berwick repaired privately to England, where he conferred with the English Jacobites, assured them that King James was ready to make a descent with a considerable number of French forces, distributed commissions, and gave directions for providing men, arms, and horses, to join him at his arrival. When he returned to France, he found everything in readiness for the expedition. The troops were drawn down to the sea side; a great number of transports were assembled at Dunkirk. Monsieur Gabaret had advanced as far as Calais with a squadron of ships, which, when joined by those at Dunkirk, was judged a sufficient convoy; and James had come as far as Calais, on his way to embark. Meanwhile the English Jacobites were assiduously employed in pushing a general revolt. Sir John Friend had very nearly completed a regiment of horse. Considerable progress was made in levying another by Sir William Perkins. Sir John Fenwick had enlisted four troops. Colonel Tempest had undertaken for one regiment of dragoons. Colonel Parker was preferred to the command of another. Mr. Curzon was commissioned for a third; and the malcontents intended to raise a fourth in Suffolk, where their interest chiefly prevailed.

When matters were at this pitch, one Sir George Barclay, a Scotsman, came to the English court, to put in practice a desperate attempt of assassination against King William. He had served as an officer in the army of James, was a man of undaunted courage, a furious bigot in the religion of Rome, yet close, circumspect, and determined. He was landed, with other officers, in Romney-marsh, by one Captain Gill, about the beginning of January, and is said to have undertaken the task of seizing or assassinating King William. He imparted his design to several of the conspirators, by whom it was approved; and after various consultations, they resolved to attack the king on his return from Richmond, where he commonly hunted on Saturdays. When all had been settled, and the party made up, the design was frustrated by three of the party, all unknown to one another, going and lodging information of the plot, two to the Earl of Portland, and a third to Brigadier Levison. It had been settled, that the attack was to be made on Saturday, the 15th day of February. On Tuesday, one Fisher mentioned the scheme to the Earl of Portland; but that was the age of plots and counterplots, real or pretended. The man's account was confused and imperfect, and created no alarm. But the next day the Earl was accosted by an Irishman named Pendergrass, who came up and informed him

bluntly, that he had just come down from Hampshire, to assist in killing the King. The Earl, as well may be supposed, was astonished at this confession; and, though rather disposed to laugh at the man, stopped to question him with regard to some particulars. He confessed that he had, along with others, taken the thing in hand; but now that he had got leisure to think of it, he found that he detested it in his heart, and took this first opportunity of revealing the secret, which might prove of such consequence to the country. He moreover owned himself to be a Roman Catholic, but declared that he did not think any religion could justify such a treacherous purpose. At the same time he refused to tell the names of the conspirators, as he lay under deep obligation to some of them; but assured the Earl of the truth of his statement, and advised that the King should take care of himself.

The King still disbelieved it entirely, till at length, on the very same day, a third conspirator, a Frenchman, communicated the same particulars; and by these means the whole plot was blown up, and the projected invasion rendered abortive. William examined Pendergrass the Irishman himself, commended him highly for his probity and candour, and afterwards rewarded him. Sir George Barclay escaped, though great diligence was used to apprehend him; and every one of his associates began without delay to provide for his own safety. King James, after having tarried some weeks at Calais, returned to St. Germain. The forces were sent back to the garrisons from which they had been drafted; and the people of France exclaimed, that the malignant star which ruled the destiny of James had blasted this and every other project formed for his restoration.

From the time of James' final discomfiture in Ireland, this seems to have been the only personal movement he made toward the recovery of his rights; and the effort having been so feeble, it had the effect of preventing any general rising in his favour at home. Therefore, during the remainder of this reign, and the next, the attempts of the Stuart party were exerted in plots and cabals, and in struggling for the mastery with the Whigs, their opponents in all matters of national import.

It was during this period that a great part of the songs contained in the preceding volume had been written and sung, apparently with the view of influencing the popular feeling; and in England these lampoons were innumerable, as well as the violence of opposition to the reigning dynasties. Nevertheless it was mostly all in words, as the great threats of Englishmen generally are. When matters came to the test, it was again and again proved whose promises were most to be relied on.

Patten, in his history of the transactions of 1715, says, "The High-church party are never right hearty for the cause till they are mellow over a bottle; and then they do not care for venturing

their carcasses further than the tavern. There, indeed, with High-church and Ormond, they would make men believe, who do not know them, that they would encounter the greatest opposition in the world ; but after having consulted their pillows, and the fume a little evaporated, it is to be observed of them, that they generally become mighty tame, and, like the snail, if you touch their houses, they hide their heads, shrink back, and pull in their horns. Upon the whole, it may be said of English Jacobites, no people in the universe know better the difference between drinking and fighting ; it is true, the latter they know not practically ; and I believe they are so well satisfied of the truth of what they have by relation, that they never will.— Would toasting healths, “Down with the Rump,” &c. reduce kingdoms, mighty feats would have been performed by the power of the bottle and the glass ; and if the French monarch had a large body of these men in his service, he would bid fair, if blusterings would do it, of succeeding in his favourite scheme of universal monarchy.”

In 1703, a plot was set on foot in Scotland for the restoration of the Chevalier de St. George, the son of the late abdicated monarch, and now recognised as King of Great Britain by the court of France. But the plot being conducted by Fraser of Lovat, a selfish and interested person, on whose probity no perfect reliance could be upheld, either by the friends of the Stuarts abroad or at home, it came to nothing, terminating merely in the condemnation of two insignificant individuals, Mr. James Bouchard and Mr. William Greg.

All the true friends of the Chevalier in Scotland were grieved at these futile and feeble attempts in his favour. They said not much, save among themselves, but they were all in readiness to rise and risk fortune and life for the line of Stuart ; and from all that has yet appeared, their sentiments of loyalty to that house seem to have been founded on the principle of justice and right. In the year 1708, Smollett says 1707, the Chevalier set out himself with a fleet from Dunkirk, to join his friends in Scotland. He sailed on the 17th of March, but, owing to contrary winds, was obliged to put back and lie at anchor in the Downs of Newport for two days, which gave the British fleet, under the command of Sir George Byng, the start of them ; so that, on the arrival of the French fleet in the Frith of Forth, they found the English squadron there before them ; on which they turned and bore away out to sea. The English admiral gave chase, and the Salisbury, one of the French ships, was boarded and taken. James wished but to be set down on Scottish ground, as judging himself then to be among friends, and rejoiced when the French admiral was prevailed on to land him at Inverness. This he



attempted ; but the wind turning against them, they returned to Dunkirk, after a month's cruise to no manner of purpose.

One cannot read over the shortest sketch of these transactions, without marvelling at the misfortunes of that royal but hapless house. Not only the counsels of men, but the elements, seemed to combine in opposition to them, so that the song of the prophetess of old might well be applied to them, that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Never was an overruling providence exerting itself over the affairs of men more apparent than in the fatality attending all the acts and counsels of the Stuarts and their adherents ; thus giving good ground for the opinion still cherished by the Covenanters, that the curse of heaven hung over them, and that the anathemas of the sufferers in the cause of religion, and their prayers to heaven in bitterness of soul, were not spent on the desert air.

Surely there is one that ruleth over the hearts of the children of men, and as the rivers of water turneth them whithersoever he pleaseth, or certainly it would never have been the prudent measures adopted by Government that saved the nation at that time. Had the Chevalier's fleet arrived in the Road of Leith but twenty-four hours sooner, which it might and would have done, had they not been detained for two days and two nights at the Pits of Newport by contrary winds, they might have landed their men without opposition ; and the state of the kingdom was at that time so defenceless, that it must have inevitably been lost. It appeared by the papers laid before the House of Peers relating to that invasion, that the number of men then in Scotland was less by 3500 than were allowed and provided for by the establishment ; that the castle of Edinburgh was in no posture of defence, either for repairs of the work, provisions, or ammunition ; and the rest of the forts of the kingdom were still in a worse state. The Earl of Leven, in a letter to the Earl of Mar, laid before the house, acquainted him, that he had not money for the subsistence of the troops, and that he should be obliged to return southward, at least as far as Berwick, with all Her Majesty's forces, if the French landed. That the privy-council had not one shilling to defray the ordinary contingencies of the State ; nor had they so much as received the necessary commissions to put the kingdom in a posture of defence. It is therefore but too evident, that if the French had effected their landing on any part on the eastern coast of Scotland, or had they been but enabled to have set James Stuart down in that kingdom, imbecile as he was, the kingdom would infallibly have revolted from the reigning dynasty, so obnoxious were the measures of the new-established form of government to all ranks in the nation.

It so happened, however, that matters were not put to the test : and though the Duke of Athol in the north, and the Duke of

Hamilton in the south, and a great part of the nobility and gentry of the realm, were then warmly engaged in the cause of the exiled family, and though several of them were jealous of one another, yet so closely did they keep their measures among themselves, that no one suffered either in his life or estate on account of the measures taken for furthering that invasion.

Parties still continued to run very high, and some of them united with very different views. The majority of the country party were friends to the Revolution principles, but they wanted redress of the grievances which the nation had of late sustained. The Anti-revolutioners considered the accession and government of King William as an extraordinary event which they were willing to forget, believing that all parties were safe under the general amnesty of Her Majesty. The Jacobites submitted to the Queen as tutrix or regent of her brother, whom they firmly believed she intended to establish on the throne ; and, before her death, they talked of his succession publicly, and drank his health as King James the Third.

But now another of these galling reverses which thwarted all their measures befel them in the sudden death of the Queen. At that period their hopes had been raised to the highest pitch, certainly not without strong foundation ; for an emissary and minister of the Chevalier's remained some months about the court, and had a private audience of Her Majesty. The Duke d'Aumont had also a private interview ; and it was reported, and currently believed, that the Chevalier himself was twice closeted with the Queen before her last sickness, having come over in the retinue of the above-mentioned nobleman. And a very few days before the Queen's death, the Tory ministry had gained their point for an entire purging the court, army, and navy, and in general all trusts, of what kind soever, of the very name or appearance of a Whig.

It is very well known, that the ministry had resolved to have every thing ready, that, whenever the Queen's death should happen, they might be in no confusion. They weened they had arranged matters so, that they could set the Chevalier on the throne without opposition : and after the famous consultation held at Somerset-house during the time of the masquerades, things had come to so nice a crisis, that if the Queen had been seized with a lingering illness, and not, as she was, in a moment rendered incapable of transacting all business, nothing short of a miracle could have kept the House of Stuart out of their throne. It was most certain, that, in a very few days, the power of the nation would have been put into such hands, and all their designs so much in their power, that really one can scarce charge them with arrogance in saying, as they did to one of their friends, "That the devil himself was not able to hinder their schemes



from taking place, whenever they thought fit to begin their purpose."

But on the 29th of July 1714, to the great amazement of our loyalists, and to the utter confounding of all their elevated hopes for the present, the Queen was taken suddenly ill, and in a surprising manner struck with death ; for though she lingered out two days before she died, yet, from the moment she was seized, she was like one more dead than alive.

The first alarm of this unfortunate event brought all the party together to court, as well the great officers of State as their privy-councillors of the other sex, always the most forward and violent in the cause in which they engage. They being all met in a certain lady's apartment, where business of the nicest nature used to be familiarly discussed, they found that my lady was with the Queen ; and that the Countess of ———, who had been with Her Majesty for several hours, had retired for a little rest: whereupon they sent for the countess, who came into the room sick and all bathed in tears. Thereafter they sent for the lady of the house, who came presently, but in the utmost disorder ; and, as soon as she entered, without staying for the question, she cried out in wild despair, "Oh, my lords, we are all undone, entirely ruined ! The Queen's a dead woman, and all the world cannot save her !"

One of the lords then asked if the Queen had her senses, and if the lady thought she would be able to speak to them. "Oh, no!" said she, "the thing is impossible. Her pain deprives her of all sense, and in the intervals of that she dozes, and can speak to no one." "That is hard indeed," said another of the lords. "If she could but speak to us, and sign one or two orders, we might do the business yet, for all that's come and gone." "Alas!" said another, "who would act by such orders as these ? My lord, we are all undone." "At all events," said a fourth, "matters cannot be worse with us than they are. I assure you, if Her Majesty would but give me orders to proclaim her rightful and lawful successor in her lifetime, I would do it at the head of the army." "Damn it," said Dr. Atterbury, "let us go out then, and proclaim the Chevalier. Do you not see that we have not a moment to lose ?" The countess then begged of them to waive all debates for the present, as nothing effective could be done in the state in which their affairs then stood. "The Queen is no more capable of directing any thing," continued she. "She is half dead already. I'll die for her if she lives four-and-twenty hours." The lord that spoke last then returned, "Lord, what an unhappy thing is this ! What a cause is here lost at one blow ! Think of it, my lords : is there no remedy left ?"

After some further discourse, they sent the lady to see if there was any alteration on the Queen ; who presently returning, in-

formed them that all was over. "She is posting on to her last," said she, "and dying upwards. Her feet and legs are dead and cold already."

As we are now drawing close to the time when the second part of our Jacobite effusions commence, and as the adherents to the house of Stuart have always been blamed for suffering that favourable opportunity at the death of Queen Anne to pass over without proclaiming their old master's son, it will be necessary, as well as amusing, to trace their resolutions at that period, when the leaders of the party of both nations were assembled together; and, from every circumstance, it will appear, that all their motions and resolutions pointed to that one ultimate object, the restoration of their late master's house. Their measures might be badly taken, but they were well meant. Indeed it is believed, that, saving the old Princess Sophia, the house of Hanover had very slender hopes of ever coming to the possession of the crown of these kingdoms; that the Elector was astonished at the deputation, and quite taken by surprise, "delving his kail-yardie;" and that, if James had been boldly proclaimed, and made his appearance the first at the capital, not a dog would have moved his tongue against him. All that can now be said is, that he was not, and that it was perhaps one of those fatalities that so evidently followed on one another, to the exclusion of the exiled house. I shall quote a few of their speeches and resolutions at this important period, as detailed by a Whig historian, whose name I do not know: for the Rev. Peter Rae copies parts of them into his work from a pamphlet entitled "Two Nights at Greenwich," and Mr George Charles of Alloa copies literally from Rae.

The question being put, What they were to do in conformity with their former measures and resolutions? one of the lords present made the following speech:—

"My lords, I believe our opinions are the same, and our wishes the same; but you see Heaven has broken all our measures; and I think it is our business to let these things die for the present, and reserve ourselves for a more fit opportunity. It is certain the council are met; and I hear they have an instrument for a regency, signed according to the act deposited among them by the envoy of Hanover. It will be immediately proposed to send a deputation to the Elector of Hanover. I dare say there are none of us here so ill acquainted with his own interests and safety as to oppose it. That would be to give the Whigs all the advantage over us they could wish. I think our business now is to be first in the thing; and as we are the Queen's immediate household servants, and are, by the act, to continue six months in our posts, it is our office to do this; and by our freedom in doing it, we shall have the advantage of the Whigs many ways. In the first place, we shall effectually conquer and refute all the calumnies

and reproaches they have cast upon us, of our being in the Pretender's interest, which no one can have the face to say again, after we have been the first and forwardest to preserve the succession, and to place the successor on the throne. In the second place, we shall secure our employments, by engaging the Elector of Hanover to us, in gratitude for our seeming loyalty to him ; for he will not pretend to fall upon us, after we have done a service of that consequence to him. As to the interest which we have all espoused in our hearts, we must be content to preserve it in *petto*, and wait a more favourable opportunity to bring it about hereafter. Every thing must submit to the necessity of the times."

At this speech the rest of the lords appeared perfectly stunned, and for a time they continued silent. Then one of them turned to the lady ———, and said, "Pray, madam, what is your opinion in this case?" "Let my opinion be what it will, my lord," said she, "I see no other way. The Queen will be dead to-morrow. Our measures are in no forwardness—our friends and interests all disconcerted since the late remove ;\* and to make any attempt would be to ruin ourselves, and help the establishment of those we hate. The successor must be immediately proclaimed. If we decline it a moment, it is high treason in us, and the Whigs will do it with the greatest clamour and ostentation imaginable, and not fail to fall upon us for the omission. It must be done ; and, since that is the case, why should we lose the advantage of doing it ourselves? By all means do it then, and receive the acknowledgment ; it is your only way."

Accordingly, as had been predicted, the Queen departed this life early on the morning of the 1st of August ; and the Jacobites, urged by the necessity of the times, joined in the deputation to George, as well as in his coronation. They saw nothing so eligible as silence and submission to those measures which they could not oppose with any prospect of success ; but, in the meantime, they were utterly impatient and alarmed at a juncture which to them was so truly critical.

Had George proved a sagacious and liberal prince, and tried to conciliate parties, rather than have declared himself the head of a faction, it is probable that the rebellion against him in Scotland would not have broke out, and much noble and gallant blood might in that case have been spared. But the whole kingdom, England in particular, was soon in commotion. One would have thought, to have witnessed the popular fury at that time, that, on the least shadow of support, or even pretence, that nation would almost have risen to a man. Let never anybody depend on an English mob for any thing farther than making a noise, or

\* Meaning, of the Earl of Oxford from being lord treasurer.



breaking a pane out of a window. In Scotland they still made no great noise or stir ; but it was well said by a Highlander, who, being upbraided by a Southron for not joining his voice to those of his oppressed brethren, made him this answer ; “ Hersel not say mooch, but she can yerkerk at te thinking.” Her nain sel thought more deeply on the subject than they that made more din about it.

But the Jacobite faction was now strengthened most of all by the addition, nominally at least, of the greater part of the Tories, who, finding themselves totally excluded from all share in the administration, and exposed to the insolence of a faction which they utterly despised, some began to wish in earnest for a revolution ; others leaned to the Stuart side only, perhaps, as an artifice to check the intolerable insolence of the other party. Strong remonstrances were now sent to the Chevalier, to induce him to come over, heightened by the eagerness and extravagance of the writers. Indeed, the clamours, tumults, and general conversation of the people, countenanced any assertion of that nature, almost, that could be made.

James had therefore, once more, recourse to the French King, who had always been the stay and refuge of his family. Lewis favoured him in secret, but he found himself bound down by his late engagements with England. He had but a few years before fitted him out with a well-appointed fleet ; had presented him with a sword studded with costly diamonds ; taken an affectionate farewell of him, and repeated what he had said to his father, that “ he hoped never to see him again.” He now supplied him privately with sums of money to prepare a small armament in the port of Havre, which was equipped in the name of Depine d’Anicaut ; and, without all doubt his design was to assist him more effectually, in proportion as the English should manifest their attachment to the house of Stuart.

But by this time the rebellion was actually begun in Scotland. The discontents occasioned here by the treaty of union, instead of being appeased, had still gained ground. The people deemed it a national grievance, and the friends of the Stuarts did not fail to encourage the aversion ; and though their hopes of dissolving that treaty had been baffled by the arts of the Whigs, still they had not laid aside the design of attempting something of consequence in favour of their regretted prince. From this intent no previous misfortune or bad omen could divert them. The Highlands lay as it were bedded on tinder, and wanted but a spark to set the whole kingdom in a flame. This coal was soon furnished to them in John Earl of Mar, another Richard III., deformed in his person, but possessed of ambition and an intriguing genius beyond any man living. He was altogether a time-serving self-interested person, who could at any time be bought and sold, as he had been before ; and

of this the courtiers were well aware, but neglected securing him to their interests. He had the most happy talent of gilding over his own interested designs with a specious appearance of zeal for the public good ; and, during the whole of his political career, it was observed that he could deceive any man or any party, with regard to his real intent and motives. With all this, he was a man of spirit, ambition, and enterprise, but as little fitted to lead an host of Highlanders as even the celebrated Colonel Cannon himself, as will appear in the sequel.

Finding himself slighted, and unable to push his way any longer at court, he left it without taking his leave, but not before he had found means, by the most expeditious measures, to receive from abroad a sum amounting to one hundred thousand pounds sterling, as arles, wherewith to begin his enterprise. With this round sum in his pocket, almost, at that period, adequate to change the poverty of Scotland into riches, he disguised himself as a private person, and, on the night between the 1st and 2d of August, embarked with Major-General Hamilton, Colonel Hay, and two servants, on board a collier in the Thames ; and arriving in two or three days at Newcastle, hired there a vessel belonging to one Spence, which set him and his company on shore in the Ely, from whence he got over to Crail, in the Shire of Fife. Soon after his landing, he was joined by Sir Alexander Erskine, Lord Lion, and others of his friends in that quarter, to whom he made known the design of his coming. He then went forward to Kinnoul, where he staid on Wednesday the 17th ; and the next day he passed the river Tay about two miles from Perth, with forty horse, on his way to the North. Next day he sent letters express to all the gentlemen round the country whom he knew to lean to the side of the Stuarts, to meet him with all expedition at the Castle of Brae-Mar, where he himself arrived on Saturday, the 20th of August.

There is no room to doubt that he had beforehand concerted measures with them, and that they were previously advised of his coming before he arrived in Scotland : for on Saturday the 6th of August their friends at Edinburgh were apprised of it ; and early next morning Captain John Dalziel, a half-pay officer, who, in view of this rebellion, had thrown up his commission to the Earl of Orkney, was sent out to give the alarm to his brother the Earl of Carnwath, then at Elliock, where he arrived that night ; and early next morning expresses were sent to the Earl of Nithsdale, the Viscount of Kenmure, and others of their friends in those parts. The Earl himself went down the same day to meet them, in order to forward their measures ; and after some time spent in preparing others, whose inclinations they knew, to embark with them in that, they repaired to Lothian, and it was then given out that they were gone to a hunting in the north.



This was indeed a plausible pretence for their getting to the Highlands ; and the more, that the Earl of Mar, to cover his design at the first, in calling the chiefs of the clans together, had proposed a hunting in his own country. Accordingly, in a few days after he arrived at Brae-Mar, he was there attended by a great number of gentlemen of the best quality and interest of all his party, and particularly at their great council, which was held about August the 26th, there appeared the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son to the Duke of Gordon ; the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son to the Duke of Athol ; the Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, Linlithgow, and several others ; the Viscounts of Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormount ; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairn ; with a good many gentlemen of interest in the Highlands, amongst whom were the two Generals Hamilton and Gordon, Glenderule, Auldbair, Auchterhouse, Glengary, and others from the clans. Having thus got his friends together, he addressed himself to them in a public speech, full of invectives against the Protestant succession in general, and against King George in particular ; wherein, to gloss his actions with a seeming reflection as of sorrow for what was past, he told them, that though he had been instrumental in forwarding the Union of the two kingdoms in the reign of Queen Anne, yet now his eyes were opened, and he could see his error, and would therefore do what lay in his power to make them again a free people ; and that they should enjoy their ancient liberties, which were by that cursed Union delivered up into the hands of the English, whose power to enslave them farther was too great, and their design to do it daily visible, by the measures that were taken, especially by the Prince of Hanover, who, ever since he ascended the throne, regarded not the welfare of the people, nor their religion, but solely left it to a set of men, who, while they pushed his particular interest to secure his government, made such alterations in church and state as they thought fit, and that they had already begun to encroach upon the liberties of both, which, he assured them, had already given occasion to some to consult their own safety, and who were actually resolved vigorously to defend their liberties and properties against the said new courtiers and their innovations, and to establish upon the throne of these realms the Chevalier St. George, who, he said, had the only undoubted right to the crown, had promised to hear their grievances, and would redress their wrongs ; and hereupon excited them all to take arms for the said Chevalier, whom he styled King James the Eighth, and told them, that, for his part, he was resolved to set up his standard, and to summon all the fencible men of his own tenants, and with them to hazard his life in the cause. He encouraged them likewise, by giving them assurance

that there would be a general rising in England on the same account ; that they should certainly have a powerful assistance from France and from other parts, from whence their king, as he called him, had already had large supplies, with promises of more ; that thousands were in league and covenant with him, and with one another, to rise and depose King George, and establish the said Chevalier. Moreover, we are told that he showed them the letters he had received from Lorrain, under James's own hand, promising to come over to them in person, and put himself upon the valour and fidelity of his Scots subjects ; and that, in the meantime, they should be sure of ships with arms, ammunition, and all military stores, with officers, engineers, and volunteers, as soon as they could give him an account to what port they would direct them to be sent ; and assured them, that he was furnished with money, and would, from time to time, be supplied with sufficient sums to levy men, and to pay the troops regularly that should be raised, so as no gentleman should be at any expense to subsist their men, but that both they and their country should be eased of all such burthens.

With these and such other arguments, which he proposed to them with a popular air, he at length prevailed upon them to embrace his project. They engaged by oath to stand by him and one another, and to bring over their friends and dependants to do the like. However, the noblemen and gentlemen did not immediately after this meeting draw together their men, but went every man back to his own estate, to take their measures for appearing in arms when they should hear again from the Earl of Mar, who remained, in the meantime, in his own country, with some few attendants only.

These noblemen and gentlemen, being returned home, began to draw together their servants and dependants in all the places where they had interest, making several pretences for doing so, but did not discover the real design till things were in readiness to break out. And indeed it was but a few days after, that the Earl of Mar summoned them all, at least such as were near at hand, to a general meeting at Aboyne in Aberdeenshire, on the 3d of September, in order to concert farther measures for their appearing in arms ; and having there directed the drawing together their forces without any loss of time, he returned to Brae-Mar, and continued some days gathering the people, till their number was increased considerably : but the accounts being so various, while some say they were then two thousand men, most of them cavalry, and others but sixty, with those he had got together he set up James's standard at Brae-Mar on the 6th of September 1715, and there proclaimed him King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, &c. Thereafter they went to a small town named Kirkmichael, where, having proclaimed James, and

summoned the people to attend his standard, they staid some few days, and proceeded to Moulin, another small town in the shire of Perth, where they likewise proclaimed him, and rested some short time gathering their forces, and where, by the coming in of others of their party, their number was considerably increased.

Soon after James's standard was erected, as above, the heads of the party separating for that purpose, he was also proclaimed at Aberdeen by the Earl Marischal, at Dunkeld by the Marquis of Tullibardine, at Perth by Colonel Balfour and Colonel Hay, after they seized that place, at Castle-Gordon by the Marquis of Huntly, at Brechin by the Earl of Panmure, at Montrose by the Earl of Southesk, at Dundee by Graham of Duntroon, who was made by James, Viscount of Dundee, and at Inverness by brigadier M'Intosh at the head of 500 men, who, finding that important pass without a garrison, took possession of it in the name of James, but afterwards left Sir John M'Kenzie of Coul, governor of that place, and returned to the army, as we shall hear in its due order.

The unanimity in the counsels of this first meeting strongly marks the character of the Earl of Mar, shewing his masterly policy; for it is certain, that at this time he had received no appointment as generalissimo under James, nor had he any to shew for several months after, and yet, in the meantime, he carried every thing in the same way as if he had. When he set about raising the men on his own lordships, he found them scarcely so ready or alert as he expected, which the following original letter of his to the bailie of Kildrummy fully testifies. This, with the manifesto that he published, are too precious Jacobite relics to be left out.

*Invercauld, Sept. 9th, 9 at night, 1715.*

Jocke,

Ye was in the right not to come with the 100 men ye sent up to-night, when I expected four times the number. It is a pretty thing, when all the Highlands of Scotland are now rising upon their king and country's account, as I have accounts from them since they were with me, and the gentlemen of our neighbouring Lowlands expecting us down to join them, that my men should be only refractory. Is not this the thing we are now about, which they have been wishing these 26 years? and now when it is come, and the king and country's cause is at stake, will they forever sit still and see all perish? I have used gentle means too long, and so I shall be forced to put other orders I have in execution. I have sent you inclosed an order for the lordship of Kildrummy, which you are immediately to intimate to all my vassals. If they give ready obedience, it will make some amends; and if not, ye may tell them from me, that it will not be in my



power to save them (were I willing) from being treated as enemies by those who are ready soon to join me ; and they may depend on it, I will be the first to propose and order their being so. Particularly, let my own tenants in Kildrummy know, that if they come not forth with their best arms, I will send a party immediately to burn what they shall miss taking from them ; and they may believe this not only a threat, but, by all that's sacred, I'll put it in execution, let my loss be what it will, that it may be an example to others. You are to tell the gentlemen that I'll expect them in their best accoutrements on horseback, and no excuse to be accepted of. Go about this with all diligence, and come yourself and let me know your having done so. All this is not only as ye will be answerable to me, but to your king and country.

Your assured friend and servant,

MAR.

To John Forbes of Incererau,  
bailie of Kildrummy.

Some few days after, the Earl of Mar and the other chiefs published the following manifesto, which they got printed at Edinburgh by Mr. Robert Freebairn, one of the king's printers there.

MANIFESTO, by the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, who dutifully appear at this time in asserting the undoubted right of their lawful Sovereign James the Eighth, by the grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and for relieving this his ancient Kingdom from the oppressions and grievances it lies under.

His Majesty's right of blood to the crowns of these realms is undoubted, and has never been disputed or arraigned by the least circumstances or lawful authority. By the laws of God, by the ancient constitutions, and by the positive unrepealed laws of the land, we are bound to pay his majesty the duty of loyal subjects. Nothing can absolve us from this our duty of subjection and obedience. The laws of God require our allegiance to our rightful king; the laws of the land secure our religion and other interests; and his majesty, giving up himself to the support of his Protestant subjects, puts the means of securing to us our concerns, religious and civil, in our own hands. Our fundamental constitution has been entirely altered and sunk amidst the various shocks of unstable faction, while, in the searching out new expedients, pretended for our security, it has produced nothing but daily disappointments, and has brought us and our posterity under a precarious dependence upon foreign councils and interests, and the power of foreign troops. The late unhappy Union, which was brought about by the mistaken notions of some, and the ruinous

and selfish designs of others, has proved so far from lessening and healing the differences betwixt his majesty's subjects of Scotland and England, that it has widened and increased them ; and it appears by experience so inconsistent with the rights, privileges, and interests of us and our good neighbours and fellow-subjects of England, that the continuance of it must inevitably ruin us and hurt them ; nor can any way be found out to relieve us, and restore our ancient and independent constitution, but by restoring our rightful and natural king, who has the only undoubted right to reign over us. Neither can we hope that the party who chiefly contributed to bring us into bondage will at any time endeavour to work our relief, since it's known how strenuously they oppos'd, in two late instances, the efforts that were made by all Scotsmen, by themselves, and supported by the best and wisest of the English, towards so desirable an end, as they will not adventure openly to disown the dissolution of the Union to be. Our substance has been wasted in the late ruinous wars, and we see an unavoidable prospect of having wars continued on us and our posterity, so long as the possession of the crown is not in the right line. The hereditary rights of the subjects, though confirmed by conventions and parliaments, are now treated as of no value or force ; and past services to the crown and royal family are now looked upon as grounds of suspicion. A packed-up assembly, who call themselves a British parliament, have, as far as in them lies, inhumanly murder'd their own and our sovereign, by promising a great sum of money as the reward of so execrable a crime. They have proscrib'd, by unaccountable and groundless impeachments and attainders, the worthy patriots of England, for their honourable and successful endeavours to restore trade, plenty, and peace, to these nations.

They have broken in upon the sacred laws of both countries, by which the liberty of our persons were secured. They have empowered a foreign prince (who, notwithstanding his expectations of the crown for fifteen years, is still unacquainted with our manners, customs, and language), to make an absolute conquest (if not timely prevented) of the three kingdoms, by investing himself with an unlimited power, not only of raising unnecessary forces at home, but also of calling in foreign troops, ready to promote his uncontrolable designs. Nor can we be ever hopeful of its being otherwise, in the way it is at present, for some generations to come ; and the sad consequences of these unexampled proceedings have really been so fatal to great numbers of our kinsmen, friends, and fellow-subjects of both kingdoms, that they have been constrained to abandon their country, houses, wives, and children, or give themselves up prisoners, or perhaps victims to be sacrificed at the pleasure of foreigners, and a few hot-headed men of a restless faction whom they employ. Our troops abroad, notwith-



standing their long and remarkable good services, have been treated since the peace with neglect and contempt, and particularly in Holland: and it's not now the officers' long service, merit, and blood they have lost, but money and favour, by which they can obtain justice in their preferments; so that it's evident the safety of his Majesty's person, and independency of his kingdom, call loudly for immediate relief and defence.

The consideration of these unhappy circumstances, with the due regard we have to common justice, the peace and quiet of us and our posterity, and our duty to his Majesty and his commands, are the powerful motives which have engaged us in our present undertaking, which we are firmly and heartily resolved to push to the utmost, and stand by one another to the last extremity, as the only solid and effectual means of putting an end to so dreadful a prospect as, by our present situation, we have before our eyes; and with faithful hearts, true to our only rightful king, our country, and our neighbours, we earnestly beseech and expect (as his Majesty commands) the assistance of all our true fellow-subjects to second this our first attempt: Declaring hereby our sincere intention that we will promote and concur in all lawful means for settling a lasting peace to these lands, under the auspicious government of our native-born rightful sovereign, the direction of our own domestic councils, and the protection of our native forces and troops: That we will, in the same manner, concur, and endeavour to have our laws, liberties, and properties, secured by the parliaments of both kingdoms: That by the wisdom of such parliaments we will endeavour to have such laws enacted as shall give absolute security to us, and future ages, for the Protestant religion, against all efforts of arbitrary power, Popery, and all its other enemies. \* \* \* \*

And, in general, we shall concur with our fellow-subjects in such measures as shall make us flourish at home and be formidable abroad, under our rightful sovereign, and the peaceable harmony of our ancient fundamental constitution, undisturbed by a Pretender's interests and councils from abroad, or a restless faction at home. In so honourable, so good, so just a cause, we do not doubt of the assistance, direction, and blessing of Almighty God, who has so often succoured the royal family of STUARTS, and our country from sinking under oppression."

While Mar was thus mustering his forces in the north, a design was formed by some of his friends to surprise the castle of Edinburgh. No fewer than ninety choice men engaged in it, one half of them Highlanders, and all gentlemen, with the Lord Drummond, the principal contriver, at the head of them. The plan was laid with so much acuteness, and everything so well prepared, that it could only have been defeated by one of those disastrous

circumstances to which one must constantly revert in detailing the events connected with the House of Stuart. It was as follows:—Mr. Arthur, formerly an ensign in the castle, and afterwards in the foot guards, had engaged some of the soldiers within the castle to pull up the adventurers by lines fixed to a plank, which was to be let down from the walls, and pulled up by levers within ; and having everything arranged, and thinking that such a bold and efficient stroke would contribute greatly to the honour and benefit of the actors, he went and engaged his brother in it. The latter was a physician in Edinburgh, well affected to the cause, and readily engaged in his brother's views, though it appears that he was not to take any active part in the surprisal. All that day before the attempt was to be made, his lady observed him so melancholy and thoughtful, that she gave not over importuning him, till late at night that he confessed the whole plot, and acknowledged that he could not help thinking on the great revolution that was again to take place in the country, on which he thought this incident was to have so much sway. The lady, being of the other party, lost no time, but instantly posted off a letter without a signature to Sir Adam Cockburn, lord justice clerk, stating the circumstances shortly. Sir Adam enclosed the card in another, and sent it up to Colonel Stuart, deputy governor of the castle. It was eleven at night before his messenger reached the castle gate, and the bridge was drawn up and the gates shut. He was nevertheless admitted, on informing the guards that he had an express for the captain, and dropping some hints of their danger. Some of the under officers instantly planted the men on guard at three several posts, one on each flanker, and the other on the fore wall in the low ground, in order to defend the gate with all their might. When the governor received the express, he ordered the officers under him to double their guards, and make diligent rounds, and then went deliberately to his bed ; for which he was shortly after deprived of his post, and committed to the tolbooth.

By this time the adventurers had assembled at the foot of the wall, and their associates within had already let down the plank, and were hauling them up, along with a ladder to suspend from the top of the wall, when a Lieutenant Lindsey, with an extra guard, came to the spot and disconcerted all their grand scheme, and in a moment prevented their getting possession of the strongest fort in the nation. The soldiers let go the ropes, pullies and all, by which means the intrepid Captain Maclean, formerly an officer under King James, had his thigh-bone shattered, and was otherwise grievously bruised, he having been the first to mount. Sir Adam Cockburn having likewise hurried out patrols toward the place, of which he had intelligence from Mrs. Arthur, they came up at the very moment when the ladder fell, and the guards

on the tops of the walls began to fire at random ; but they only seized other three of the whole party, Alexander Ramsay and George Boswell, both writers in Edinburgh, and one Lesly, formerly a page to the Duchess of Gordon.

The Duke of Argyle, who had been appointed commander in chief in Scotland, set out express from London, with nothing but promises of assistance ; without so much as one man, or even a train of artillery ; and when he arrived in Scotland, he found the well-affected to the Government, who were but few in number, in the utmost panic. The military force of the kingdom was drawn together, and woeful to relate, it did not in horse and foot amount to more than 1500 men, and these were obliged to take shelter under the cannon of the Castle of Stirling, not daring to keep the open field. But the Duke had no choice left but to make the most of a bad bargain he could ; the clans were his mortal enemies, and the very existence of his house depended on the stability of the present Government. He was, moreover, a gentleman of undaunted courage and resolution, and one whose mind was superior to all difficulties. He encouraged the gentlemen on the borders of the Lowlands all that he could, and raised the Campbells with the utmost expedition. The puissance of the nation, however, was all on the Stuart side ; for although some of the Lowland burrows made a great fuss, and a few of the Whig gentlemen, the Duke was not able to draw together more than 3000 men, according to his own accounts, while the adherents to King James in arms were more than four times that number. It is impossible not to be astonished at the failure of this grand enterprize, when one reads a list printed at that time of those engaged in it, and they are only given as part of the adherents. What would a Montrose or a Clavers have done in such a case, with the flower of the whole kingdom in arms, and the possession of two thirds of it ; if old Macintosh of Borlam, or Clan-Ranald, had but had the sole command of the clans by themselves, exclusive of the eastern Lowlanders, who did more evil than good, they would with ease have overrun Scotland at least. The following are *some of the names* of James's professed friends at that period. The Marquisses of Huntley, and Tullibardine. The Earls of Nithsdale, Seaforth, Carnwath, Winton, Southesk, Linlithgow, Mar, Kinnoul, Panmuir, Marischal, Breadalbine, Traquair, Errol, and Aboyne. The Viscounts of Kilsyth, Kingston, Kenmure, Strathallan and Stormont. The Lords Glenorchy, Ogilvie, Drummond, Nairn, and Rollo. All the potent chiefs of the powerful name of Macdonald, better than either lords or knights ; namely, Sir Donald of Skye, the captain of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, Keppoch, and Glenco. Sir John Maclean, Robert of Appin, a man of great trust with James, John Cameron of Lochiel ; old brigadier Mackintosh, and Mackintosh, junior, of Borlam ; Mackenzie of Frazerdale, the laird



of Mackinnon, Robertson of Strowan, Rob Roy Macgregor, the masters of Stormont and Nairn, Stirling of Keir, Campbell of Auchtrabalter, Murray of Auchtertyre, Graham of Buchlivie, Stuart of Ard ; the honourable Francis Stuart, Henry Maule, and John Drummond. Sir James Campbell of Auchanbreck, Sir Duncan Campbell of Vochnill, Sir Patrick Murray, Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn, General George Hamilton, Captain Allan Cameron, Seaton of Touche, Fullerton of Greenhill, Campbell of Glendarule, Walkingshaw of Burrowfield, Colonel Balfour, Hume of Whitfield, Lyon of Auchterhouse, the master of Balfour, the Laird of Auldubair, General Gordon, and many other knights and gentlemen, says my author, too tedious to mention. After this list none can doubt of the general feelings of the Scots at that period, and how low they estimated the reigning family. Heaven was, however, on its side, against which the utmost bravery and enthusiasm of man cannot contend. In short, the history of the adherents to the House of Stewart is one of unparalleled bravery, loyalty, misfortune, and suffering.

The government was hard put to it ; men were drawn from the Irish regiments with all the expedition possible, and 6000 Dutch were sent for from Holland. Mar acted like a fool, and without either energy or spirit, in not making a dash into the Lowlands before Argyle got his forces concentrated, which he might have done, without opposition, by the way of Monteith ; but he knew nothing of the Highland character, which rises to the sublimity of vigour with action, but fades and dies away with inactivity. A Highlander cannot lie still or retreat but he thinks his general is afraid, and he knows if that be the case it is all over with him. Of course, it may be noted throughout all the history of this country, that in every counsel of war, a Highland chief has but one advice to give, namely, *to fight* ; and no casual disadvantage can alter his ideas on the propriety of this summary way of proceeding. He seems to have a sort of feeling that the arm of the Gael is invincible ; and certainly, both in past and present times, they have often acted with an energy that is not easy to be paralleled.

Mar had no such feeling, certainly, else he would not have lain idle about Perth till the middle of winter, and drawn the other branches of his army all about him, whereas they were of much more consequence in the north and west, where they were. But we shall trace all these movements previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir as shortly as possible.

On the 16th of September, the Duke of Argyle sent orders to Colonel Campbell of Finch to raise the Argyle militia ; and with these, and his own independent company, to garrison Inverary, and prevent, as far as possible, all the north-west clans from joining the Earl of Mar. Before any progress could be made, Glengary

came into the Braes of Glenorchy with 500 men, on purpose to raise the whole shire for the Chevalier, and he was joined there by Campbell of Glendarule, and afterwards by General Gordon, who took the command ; as also by Glengyle, and Rob Roy at the head of 200 Macgregors. They were detained here by orders and counter-orders from Mar, until the favourable time for operations in Argyle was over. Whereas, had Glengary been suffered to push on as he intended, there was not then a single company assembled together in all the country. The pretence for which Mar made them lie so long in that inclement inaccessible district, was to wait for the other clans, particularly Lochiel and Stuart of Appin, who were so plagued by the garrison at Inverlochy, that they could neither get their men to rise, nor force them to leave their homes, to be burnt and plundered after they had drawn them together. That garrison proved a grievous thorn in the flesh to these chiefs, as well as to Clan-Ranald and Keppoch ; and some of their forces ought certainly to have been left, either to have reduced the fortress, or kept the men in check. Mar's letters to the chiefs at this time only testify the greatest impatience for their advance to the south, without the least regard to their difficulties, or interests at home. Clan-Ranald at length came with a strong body, nearly 800 men ; on which he wrote to Mar, and boasted, that he and his people were, as usual, always the first in the field, and the last to leave it. In this instance, however, he was wrong, for Glengary had the start of him for nearly a month. The original letters between Mar and the Highland Chiefs, at this time, are very curious, but they would amount to a volume themselves. Keppoch appears quite indifferent about his peremptory orders, farther than they suit himself, and altogether independent. So is Robert of Appin. Some of the others testify much regret at the obstacles thrown in their way. In one of Mar's letters to General Gordon at Strathfillan, he says, " I suppose the men with you will not be over well armed, but what they want of that can be well supplied at Inverary, where I know a goodly number are lately come, and the Highland men surely will not let the affront lie on them of their being left there ; pray return my thanks to Glendarule for the cows he has provided you with, which I hope shall be no loss to him in a little time ; and give my humble service to Glengary, of whom I see every day new proofs of honour and worth, which his king and country cannot but be ever mindful of." As Lochiel and Keppoch crossed Lochaber, they made a dash at the garrison of Inverlochy, thinking to carry it sword in hand, and extinguish that nest of hornets. They proceeded so far as to take the two redoubts, and one of the spurs, and 26 soldiers, and two officers, prisoners ; but their orders to march were so express, that once they had failed in surprising it, they were obliged to leave it, and hold on their route.



The clans at last came all in, Sir John Macleod, Appin, Lochiel, and Keppoch. Two hundred of Bredalbine's men also joined them; and it appears, by a letter of the Earl's, that there had been a skirmish with the Campbells at that period, somewhere in Glenorchy, which is not mentioned elsewhere that I can find. Appin had taken a number of prisoners, and so also had Clan-Ranald, as I see rations of bread are ordered to these chiefs for prisoners to the amount of 200.

Clan-Ranald and Glengary at length marched into Argyle at the head of 2000 men; but when they came to Inverary, they found the Earl of Islay had fortified himself strongly there with 1200 men; and great numbers, both of Sir Duncan Campbell's men, and the men of Islay, were gathering around it, on which the two chiefs, after summoning it in vain to surrender, judged it best to retire without attempting to storm it. They had orders from Mar not to burn it, which some reckoned was for fear of his own house at Alloa, and they had no time to blockade it, having got orders to join the main army on its march to Sheriffmuir with all expedition. They, therefore, departed again towards the east, taking the road to Strathfillan, and so on to the army.

The Earl of Islay sent Finch with 800 men to impede their march, but they were too strong for him to meddle with; and, by the way, hearing that there were a body of 600 of the Campbells of Glenlyon and Bredalbine on their way to have joined the clans in Argyle, he changed his route, and, marching all the night, he came upon them in the morning at a place called Glen-Shellock. Though taken quite by surprise, they did not decline the combat. Each party threw away their plaid, drew their swords, and rushed to engage; but one of the captains rode up between the hosts and, calling a parley, he made an oration, regretting that the Campbells should attack each other and shed the blood of their brethren unnecessarily, and concluded by proposing that the Bredalbine and Glenlyon Campbells should leave the country peaceably, and that the others should not molest them; on which the two captains embraced each other, and the men, shouting and waving their bonnets in applause, each army marched off its several way. Not the worst way this of ending such dangerous disputes.

But the commotion in the North Highlands was still greater than in the West. The Lords Sutherland, Reay, and Strathnavern, with the Mackays, Rosses, Monroes, and Grants of Strathspay, all declared for King George. On the other hand, the Earl of Seaforth came down with the M'Craws, Mackenzies, and Chisholms of Strathglass, in great force, and pitched his camp near Brahan Castle. Lord Sutherland had 1200 men, but durst not give him battle. He therefore sent to the Grants to join him with all their force to help him against the M'Craws. The chiefs

of the Grants raised their vassals to the amount of 620 men ; but ever since the march of Macintosh to the south, Mackenzie of Coul held the important pass of Inverness for King James, and the Grants could not get to Easter Ross otherwise than by sea. Before this could be effected, Sir Donald Macdonald of Slate had joined Seaforth with 700 of his own men, and the Mackinnons ; and on this accession of strength the two chiefs advanced straight to attack Lord Sutherland, but he fled at their approach, and they chased him till his men, scattered mostly to the mountains, took up the station at the bridge Alness, which their enemies had held before, and harassed and wasted the country of the Monroes.—Neither they, however, nor Sutherland made any more head against them. On the 15th, Seaforth received a letter from the Earl of Mar, urging him to begin his march towards Perth with all expedition, and from that day forward he received one express on the back of another, all pressing the same thing. Mar was undoubtedly a coward at heart. He had already more than double the number of men under Argyle ; and here he first presses the north-west clans to quit Argyleshire, and leave their own countries naked and exposed to the enemy ; and now he forces Seaforth and Macdonald, against their better judgments, to leave the whole of the north exposed to two powerful Whig armies, all, forsooth, to help him with 7000 men against the Duke of Argyle with 3000, and if he had taken him in time, not more, than half that number. There is likewise a letter of his, of the same date, to Lord Kenmure, then on the border, entreating him to turn and march north, and take the Duke of Argyle in the rear while he attacked him in front. Mar is always reported to have been a man of spirit, but it is not easy to trace where his spirit lay, for, when his correspondence at this time is canvassed, his backwardness to advance to action taken into consideration, with his two retreats back from Dunblane to Perth, and his final desertion of a brave and powerful army at last, who would not despise him in their hearts?

However, Lord Seaforth and Sir Donald Macdonald, as ordered, marched directly southward, staying only two nights and a day at Inverness, where they were joined by 300 Frasers, under the command of Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale, on which Seaforth made some of his people return, to secure the passes of Kintail against the enemy in his absence. Keppoch took the same plan, notwithstanding all the pressing and threatening letters which he got ; for though he joined the camp with 150 men, he kept at the same time 300 more in the braes of Lochaber, watching the passes of Glen-Roy and Abertarf ; and, on the approach of Lord Lovat towards that country, they obliged him to cross Loch Ness in a mighty hurry in boats, and afterward to keep that bourne between him and their wild clan. Lovat had

again changed sides, declared for King George, and recalled his men from the camp at Perth.

This incident is mentioned here prematurely, it having happened a week after Seaforth's leaving Inverness, which was on the morning of the 24th of October. He marched towards Strathspey, intending to force his way through the country of the Grants. But at the Kirk of Duthal he was met by several of the chief men of that name, where all matters were adjusted, and Seaforth and his army did not march through their country. The following letter from a cadet of Lord Seaforth's, relating to this meeting, is worthy of preservation. It has no signature, but is evidently from a private gentleman of Kintail, or, as it was always called formerly, Lord Seaforth's country.

“ SIR,

“ I give you the trouble of this line, in order to satisfy you, as far as my memory serves me, of what you desire to know concerning our route through some part of Strathspey. As we were coming south in the end of October last, I was acquainted, on Tuesday morning very early, being the 25th of October, to follow my Lord Seaforth to an ale-house at the Kirk of Duthal, in Strathspey, whither he was gone before to adjust matters with the principal gentlemen of the name of Grant. I came there that afternoon, where I found by Lord Seaforth, and my Lord Duffus, and Mr. William Sutherland, his brothers, and Sir Donald Macdonald, and Captain George Grant, the laird of Grant's brother, and Colonel William Grant, in one room together, to which I was brought, and we dined there altogether. All the rest of the company had been there several hours before I came. There was in the outer room, through which we must all pass into that we were in, Mackenzie of Fairburn, Mackenzie of Dachmualach, Mackenzie of Areoch, Mackenzie, younger of Auchterdonald, and William Mackenzie, my lord's servant, and several others of that name. I was likewise told, that there was in the next house one Grant of Elchise, and Grant, the present collector of supply in the shire of Inverness, and a great many more gentlemen of that name and country, who had been waiting of my Lord Seaforth before I came up, but I do not so much as know them by eyesight, nor was I ever in that country in my life before. I spoke to my Lord Seaforth, and told him, that seeing he had brought all the men out of our country, it was but reasonable to have security from our neighbours, before he went further, not to plunder our country when we were away. To which he answered me, that that matter was fully settled before I came up, to which all the company agreed, which made me press that matter no further. Seaforth likewise told me, that they were so kind as to furnish him with what meal and baggage-horses he had occa-



sion for to carry alongst for the use of his men, which accordingly was done, as Seaforth's officers told me."

This letter must certainly have been from the Laird of Macleod, or Mackenzie of Applecross, as their estates, or at least part of them, lie contiguous to that possessed by Seaforth; and it could not be a man of small consequence who was taken into the inner room, when such gentlemen were left in the outer one. It shows that the great Highland chiefs were not disposed to make reprisals on one another, uncertain how affairs might turn out, or in whose favour the scale was to turn; and also, that although the chiefs dined together, in order to settle business, yet they had not judged it proper to trust the chieftians of the Whig and Jacobite parties together, which would certainly, at best, have been like sowing hot ashes among gunpowder. If some of my old Jacobite songs had been forthcoming, the feast might have ended like the peat-casting in Lochaber, where two young men of different clans began to throw moss clods at each other in a frolic; the rest by degrees joined, every one to his name of kindred; and out of eighty there were none went home alive but an old wife.

Seaforth and Sir Donald, after tarrying two days in Badenoch, marched straight to the camp without further interruption.—There was nothing north of the Forth happened before the battle worth narrating in such a miscellaneous work as this, save a skirmish at Castle Campbell, in which Mar's party were rather worsted, and lost seventeen prisoners, several of them gentlemen volunteers. They were on their way to tax the town of Dunfermline, a great concern of the Earl of Mar's about that time. There are more letters of his preserved, about taxing the town of Montrose, Brechin, &c., and sending orders for meal, bread, shoes, and other necessaries of life, than all other matters put together. He appears to have had very much ado to keep his men alive, without exposing them in battle. A battle was now inevitable. Everything manifested the sudden approach of it, and farther excuses there were none. As a last shift, Mar proposed, in his council of war, to strengthen the outposts around Perth, and remain where they were till the arrival of the King and the Duke of Ormond in the camp, but in this he was over-ruled; and on the 10th of November orders were issued for marching. A good part of the army reached Auchterarder that night; but, short as their march was, it was very confused, for want both of victuals and accommodation. They drove sheep and cattle from the owners, and caused much dissatisfaction.

On the 12th, the two armies came within two miles of each other, and on the 13th, they met on a common about two miles from the village of Dunblane, called the Sherifffmuir. The Earl of Mar outnumbered Argyle in men nearly as three to one. The

advantage of the ground was nearly equal, and the left wing of each army was discomfited, and fled ; so that at the same time the chase was going both north and south, which accounts for the burden of the song. The Duke of Argyle commanded his own right wing, and was opposed chiefly by the eastern Lowlanders, the men of Angus and Fife, with some horsemen of the Gordons' from Buchan and Strathbogie, mostly cavalry. The Duke charged them with great impetuosity, and with all the energies of his great character. Nevertheless, it is perfectly ascertained, that it was owing to a traitorous message, that that wing first began a retrograde movement ; but they were so hard pressed by the Duke every time they attempted to rally, as from the first they meant to have done, that in the end it became a rout. The Duke pursued them two miles, as far as the river Allan, and in that course they rallied twelve times, but never got leisure to form aright, and on the crossing of that river they got disordered and fled.

This was, however, but a small proportion of Mar's army ; and with the other wing and the centre the case was very different. The Duke of Argyle's left wing was commanded by General Whitham, and the centre by Wightman. The former of these was opposed by the flower of Mar's army, consisting of all the north-west clans—the whole of the Macdonalds, Stuarts, Macleans, and Camerons. These were led by their own respective chiefs, and headed by Mar himself, as historians relate, but his leading was only nominal, for it was well known that he stood behind a clump of trees that flanked the clans to the right till he saw the onset given ; and when he saw the clans bear down their opponents, and break their ranks, he made his appearance, but had better staid where he was. The first man that he saw on the field was Lord Strathmore, who, having been mortally wounded, was endeavouring to make his way out from the lines. "Fy fy my lord," said Mar, "are you going to turn your back already ?" "Advance you as far as I have done, and get as much for your pains," said the other, and fell dead at his horse's feet.

The Sky men on the right were led by Sir Donald M'Donald's brothers. The men of Mull, Appin, ClanRanald, and Glengary, by their own chiefs. These attacked Whitham's division sword in hand with their accustomed and irresistible fury, and with such effect, that in ten minutes there was not the vestige of a battalion before them, but one confused mass hurrying from the field. Wightman stood his ground better, and after the attack began, advanced somewhat. He was opposed to the Campbells of Bredalbine, led by Glenlyon, the Gordons and Ogilvies, led by Glenbucket and Aboyne, the Earl of Seaforth's foot, and some smaller divisions ; but both his flanks being left exposed, he was soon likewise obliged to file off, which he did in better order than the left, but the horse falling back among the foot, completed the confusion of these two divi-



sions. The Highlanders had the Whig army at that time so entirely in their power, that if their General had possessed the most common share of energy, or foresight, they might have cut them in pieces to a man. It is apparent that Mar neither knew what he was doing, nor what he ought to do. Two-thirds of the Duke's army were flying before him in utter confusion, encumbered by narrow ways, and utterly helpless. The clans were killing all that they could come at; but Mar's whole concern was to stop the pursuit and draw his men together to the top of Kippendavy-hill, a strong position from which he durst not move, but kept his station to the consternation of the Whigs, who were suffered to file around the hill in any straggling way that they chose, without molestation. Their officers in their despatches acknowledged, that if they had pleased but to have cast stones at them, they would have broken them, or interrupted their marches. It is wonderful how the Highlanders could be restrained in such a manner even by "We, John Duke of Mar, commander in chief," &c. When the Duke of Argyle returned to see what was become of the rest of his army, Mar faced him up with more troops and braver than His Grace had at the beginning; for by that time Mar had rallied the clans with much difficulty, after having stopped the pursuit; and, situated as he was, with four thousand brave and victorious Highlanders around him, and in the middle of Argyle's army, the one part retreating in confusion, and the other returning to join them not in a much better state, according to all human calculation, he might have utterly annihilated them; but in place of that, all he effected, was the keeping possession of the field of battle till dark, suffering Argyle to march quietly by him, and apparently glad that he got so easily rid of him. The accounts of both generals from the field are greatly exaggerated; and though Robert Freebairn's press at Perth was under the control of the Highland army, yet, as the following account was published some weeks afterward, when everybody was perfectly aware how the affair had terminated, there is little doubt of its being the most correct one given at the time. It scarcely differs from the account given by historians in general.

"Account of the engagement on the Sheriffmuir, near Dumblane, November 13th, 1715, betwixt the king's army, commanded by the Earl of Mar, and the Duke of Brunswick's commanded by Argyle:—

"There being various and different reports industriously spread abroad, to cover the victory obtained by the king's army over the enemy, the best way to set it in a clear light is to narrate the true matter of fact, and to leave it to the world to judge thereof.

"*Thursday, November 10th.*—The Earl of Mar reviewed the army at Auchterarder.

"*Friday, 11th.*—Rested.

*“Saturday, 12th.*—The Earl of Mar ordered Lieutenant-General Gordon, and brigadier Ogilvy, with three squadrons belonging to the Marquis of Huntly, and the Master of Sinclair’s five squadrons of horse, and all the clans, to march and take possession of Dumblain, which was to be done two days before, but was delayed by some interruptions ; and all the rest of the army was ordered, at the same time, to parade upon the muir of Tullibardine, very early, and to march after General Gordon. The Earl of Mar went to Drummond castle, to meet Lord Breadalbine, and ordered General Hamilton to march the army. Upon the march, General Hamilton had intelligence of a body of the enemy having taken possession of Dumblain, which account he sent immediately to the Earl of Mar. A little after, General Hamilton had another express, from General Gordon, who was then about two miles to the westward of Ardoch, that he had intelligence of a great body of the enemy being in Dumblain ; upon which General Hamilton drew up the army, so as the ground at the Roman camp, near Auchterarder, would allow. A very little after, the Earl of Mar came up to the army, and not hearing any more from Lieutenant-General Gordon, who was marching on, judged it to be only some small party of the enemy to disturb our march, ordered the guards to be posted, and the army to their quarters, with orders to assemble upon the parade any time of the night or day, upon the firing of three cannon. A little after the army was dismissed, the Earl of Mar had an account from Lieutenant-General Gordon, informing him that the Duke of Argyle was at Dumblain with his whole army ; upon which, the General was ordered to halt till the Earl could come up to him, and ordered the three guns to be fired ; when the army formed immediately, and marched up to Lieutenant-General Gordon, at Kinbuck, where the whole army lay under arms, with guards advanced from each squadron and battalion, till break of day.

*Sunday, the 13th.*—The Earl of Mar gave orders for the whole army to form on the muir to the left of the road that leads to Dumblain, fronting Dumblain, the Generals being ordered to their posts. The Stirling squadron, with the King’s standard, and two squadrons of the Marquis of Huntly’s regiment, formed the right of the first line of horse. All the clans formed the right of the first line of foot. The Perthshire and Fifeshire squadrons formed the left of the first line of horse. The Earl Marshall’s squadron on the right of the second line. Three battalions of the Marquis of Seaforth’s foot, two battalions of Lord Huntly’s, the Earl of Panmure’s, the Marquis of Tullibardine’s, two battalions of Drummond’s, commanded by the Viscount of Strathallan, and Logie Almond ; the battalion of Strowan, and the Angus squadron of horse, formed the second line. While the army was forming, we discovered some small number of the enemy on the height to the

westward of the Sheriffmuir, which looks into Dumblain, from which place they had a full view of our army. The Earl of Mar called a council of war, consisting of all the noblemen, gentlemen, general officers, and heads of the clans, which was held in front of the horse on the left, where it was voted, *nemine contradicente*, to fight the enemy. On which the Earl of Mar ordered the Earl Marshall, Major-General of the horse, with his own squadron, and Sir Donald Macdonald's battalion, to march to the height where we saw the enemy, and dislodge them ; and send an account of their motions and dispositions. No sooner did the Earl Marshal begin his march, than the enemy disappeared, and the Earl of Mar ordered the army to march after them. By the other generals' orders, the lines marched off the right, divided in the centre, and marched up the hill in four lines. After marching about a quarter of a mile, the Earl of Marshal sent back an account that they discovered the enemy forming their line very near him on the southern summit of the hill, on which the army, particularly the horse, was ordered to march up very quickly, and form to the enemy ; but by the breaking of their lines in marching off, they fell into some confusion in the forming, and some of the second line jumbled into the first, on or near the left, and some of the horse formed near the centre ; which seems to have been the occasion that the enemy's few squadrons on the right were not routed, as the rest.

“ The Earl of Mar placed himself at the head of the clans, and finding the enemy only forming their line, thought fit to attack them in that posture. He sent Colonel William Clephane, adjutant-General, to the Marquis of Drummond, Lieutenant-General of the horse on the right ; and to Lieutenant-General Gordon on the right of the foot ; and Major David Erskine, one of his aides-de-camp to the left, with orders to march up and attack immediately. On their return, pulling off his hat, he waved it with a huzza, and advanced to the front of the enemy's formed battalions. On which, all the line to the right being composed of the clans led on by Sir Donald Macdonald's brothers, Glengarry, Captain of Clan-Ranald ; Sir John Maclean, Glencoe ; Campbell of Glenlyon, Colonel of Breadalbine's foot, and Brigadier Ogilvy of Boyne, with Colonel Gordon of Glenbucket, at the head of Huntly's battalions, made a most furious attack, so that in seven or eight minutes, we could neither perceive the form of a squadron or battalion of the enemy before us.

“ We drove the main body and left of the enemy in this manner for about half an hour, killing and taking prisoners all that we could overtake. The Earl of Mar endeavoured to stop our foot, and put them in some order to follow the enemy, whom we saw moving off in small bodies from a little hill towards Dumblain, where the Earl of Mar resolved to follow them to complete the victory ; when an account was brought him that our left, and most



of our second line, had given way, and the enemy was pursuing them down the back of the hill, and had taken our artillery. Immediately the Earl of Mar gave orders for the horse to wheel, and having put the foot in order as fast as could be, marched back with them. When he was again near the top of the hill, two squadrons of the enemy's gray dragoons were perceived marching toward us. When they came near the top of the hill, and saw us advancing in order to attack them, they made much faster down the hill than they came up, and joined at the foot of the hill, a small squadron or two of the black dragoons, and a small battalion of foot, which we judged had marched about the west end of the hill and joined them. At first they again seemed to form on the low ground, and advanced towards us; but when they saw us marching down the hill upon them, they filed very speedily to Dumblain. The Earl of Mar remained possessed of the field of battle, and our own artillery, and stood upon the ground till sunset; then, considering that the army had no cover or victuals the night before, and none to be had nearer than Braco, Ardoch, and adjacents, near which his Lordship expected the left to rally, and the battalion of the Lord George Murray, Inverdyke, Macpherson, and Macgregor to join him, resolved to draw off the artillery, and march the army to that place, where were some provisions; there were two carriages of the guns broke, which we left on the road. But these battalions did not join us till next day, afternoon, before which the enemy was returned to Stirling. We took the Earl of Forfar, who was dangerously wounded, Colonel Lawrence, and ten or twelve captains and subalterns, and about 200 serjeants and private men, and the laird of Glenkindy, one of the volunteers; four colours, several drums, and about 1400 to 1500 stands of arms. We compute that there lay killed in the field of battle 700 or 800 of the enemy; this is certain, that there lay dead upon the field of battle above fifteen of the enemy to one of ours. The number of wounded must also be very great.

“The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some are allowed to return to Stirling on their parole, and the officers have the liberty of the town of Perth.

“The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our left were most of them stript and wounded after being taken. The Earl of Panmure was the first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They, refusing his parole, left him in a village, and hastily retreating on the appearance of our army, he was rescued by his brother and servants, and carried off.

“*Monday, 14th.*—The Earl of Mar drew out the army early in the morning, on the same field at Ardoch they were on the day before. About twelve o'clock we perceived some squadrons of the enemy on the top of the hill near the field of battle, which marched over the top of the hill, and a little after we had an ac-

count of their marching to Stirling. On which the Earl of Mar marched back with his army, and continued about Auchterarder.

“*Tuesday, 15th.*—Rested.

“*Wednesday, 16th.*—The Earl of Mar left General Hamilton with the horse, to canton about Duplin; and Lieutenant-General Gordon, with the clans, and the rest of the foot, about Forgan and adjacents, and went into Perth himself to order provisions for the army, the want of which was the reason of his returning to Perth.

“*Thursday, 17th.*—The Earl of Mar ordered General Hamilton to march with the horse, and some of the foot, to Perth, and Lieutenant-General Gordon, with the clans, to canton about that place.

“After writing the former narrative, we have an account from Stirling, stating that the enemy lost 1200 men; and after inquiry, we cannot find above sixty of our men in all killed, among whom were the Earl of Strathmore, and the Captain of Clan-Ranald, both much lamented; and Auchterhouse missing. Very few of our men are wounded.”

## SONG I.

### Battle of Sheriffmuir.

FOR the incidents attending the engagement, and alluded to in the ballad, the reader is referred to the foregoing account of the battle; and for a genuine Jacobite account of the characters of the Whig noblemen mentioned, to the notes on *The Awkward Squad*, vol. I. p. 225—247. The additional notices which follow are copied mostly from Mr. Moir's MSS. who seems to have taken them from several different sources.

*Argyle*.—John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the Government forces; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all parties; he died in 1743.

*Belhaven*.—John Hamilton, Lord Belhaven, served as a volunteer, and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington; he perished at sea in 1721.

*Leven*.—David Leslie, Earl of Leven, for the Government.

*Roths*.—John Leslie, Earl of Roths, commander of the horse volunteers for the Government.

*Haddington*.—Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, served as a volunteer for the Government.

*Wightman*.—Major-General Joseph Wightman.

*Roxburgh*.—John Ker, fifth Duke of Roxburgh, served as a volunteer under Argyle.

*Douglas*.—Archibald Douglas, Duke of Douglas, at the commencement of the disturbance in 1715, levied and disciplined his tenants and vassals in Clydesdale, for the service of Government,



and set out for the army at Stirling, 29th September, bringing with him several gentlemen well mounted, and served as a volunteer at the battle of Sheriffmuir.

*Loudoun.*—Hugh Campbell, third Earl of Loudoun, for the government.

*Ilay.*—Archibald, Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle, joined the army half an hour before the battle, and was dangerously wounded.

*Sir John Shaw* of Greenock, an officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

*Whittam.*—Major-General Whittam, who commanded the left wing of Argyle's army.

*Edicang.*—i. e. aide-de-camp.

*Mar.*—John Erskine, Earl of Mar, commander in chief of the Chevalier's army. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

*Pannmure.*—James Maule, Earl of Pannmure.

*Harry.*—The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the Earl. For an account of the circumstance alluded to in this verse of the song see the account of the engagement, as given in the Earl of Mar's despatches.

*Marshal.*—George Keith, tenth Earl Marischal, was deprived of his command in the Scottish troop of horse grenadier-guards, at the same time that his cousin the Earl of Mar was dismissed from his office of Secretary of State. The Earl Marischal set out for Scotland in disgust; met his brother James, afterwards the celebrated Marshal Keith, at York, coming up to apply for promotion in the army; they returned home together, and, joining the standard of the Chevalier, were both of them present in this action.

*Lithgow.*—James Livingston, Earl of Calendar and Linlithgow.

*Glengarry.*—Alexander Macdonell, chief of a powerful and hardy clan; a gentleman of high spirit and great bravery; the same so often mentioned in the foregoing narration.

*Loggia, man.*—i. e. Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond; who commanded the two battalions of Drummonds, and was wounded in the engagement.

*Gordons.*—Alexander Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards second Duke of Gordon, joined the Chevalier's standard with a large body of horse and foot, at Perth, 6th October; and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir. There were, besides, several gentlemen of the name, but the men whom he brought to the field, were only retainers of his, of all names and descriptions, for the Gordons having been originally a Border family, they had no clan of their own.

*Strathmore.*—John Lyon, fifth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn. He was with the forces under General Macintosh, who crossed the Firth of Forth from Fife to East-Lothian, 12th

October 1715. The vessel his lordship was in being pursued by the boats from the men of war in Leith Roads, could not effectuate a landing, but put into the Isle of May, whence, after two or three day's stay, the Earl of Strathmore got over to Crail, joined the Earl of Mar at Perth about the 21st of October, and was killed at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He was a man of good parts, and a most amiable disposition and character.

*Clan-Ranald*.—Ranald Macdonald, captain of Clan-Ranald, also killed in the action. For good parts and gentle accomplishments, he was looked upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans ; and was much lamented by those of both parties who knew him. His servant, who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, "He was a man yesterday." He was killed at the first fire and his death had like to have struck a damp upon the clans, who had a respect for him that fell little short of adoration. But Glengarry, who succeeded him, starting from the lines, waved his bonnet, and cried three or four times, *revenge !* which so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzzles of the muskets, and with their broad-swords spread nothing but death and terror wherever they came.

*Forfar*.—Archibald Douglas, second Earl of Forfar, acted as a Brigadier-General under the Duke of Argyle at this battle, where he received a shot in the knee, and sixteen cuts with the broad-swords about the head and other parts of the body. He was made prisoner by the Earl of Mar, but being unable to accompany the army, his word of honour was taken, and he afterwards died of his wounds at Stirling on the 8th of December following.

*Perth*.—James, Lord Drummond, the eldest son of James Drummond, fourth Earl of Perth, was Lieutenant-General of horse under the Earl of Mar, and behaved with great gallantry.

*Seaforth*.—William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and died 8th January, 1740.

*Kilsyth*.—William Livingston, third Viscount of Kilsyth. He was also attainted and died at Rome, 12th January, 1733.

*Strathallan*.—William Drummond, Viscount of Strathallan, whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

*Hamilton*.—Lieutenant-General George Hamilton, commanding under the Earl of Mar.

*Southesk*.—James Carnegie, fifth Earl of Southesk. He was attainted, and escaping to France, died there in 1729.

*Tullibardine*.—William Murray, Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son to the Duke of Athole, was one of the first that joined the Earl of Mar in 1715. His father did not take up arms for the Cheva-

lier, and this, the poet would insinuate, was a measure of policy concerted between them, "to keep the estate 'twixt them twa." But this was so far from being the case, that the Duke that same year (1715,) obtained an act of Parliament "for vesting the honours and estate of John Duke of Athole, in James Murray, esquire (his second son,) commonly called Lord James Murray, after the death of the said Duke."

*Rollo*.—Robert Rollo, fourth Lord Rollo; a man of singular merit, and great integrity; he died 8th March, 1758.

*Kintore*.—William Keith, second Earl of Kintore, was at the battle of Sheriffmuir, after which he never shaved his beard. When the Duke of Argyle went northwards he visited Keith Hall, his lordship's seat, and behaved in the kindest manner to the countess, expressing his hopes that she would soon see her husband safe at home, and pretending entire ignorance of his accession to the rising, although he well knew that he was at that time concealed in his own house on that account.

*Pitsligo*.—Alexander, fourth Lord Forbes of Pitsligo; a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed.

*Ogilvie*.—James, Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David, third Earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned, and died at Edinburgh, 12th January, 1731.

*Balfours*.—Some relations, it is supposed, of the Lord Burleigh.

*Burleigh*.—Robert Balfour, Lord Burleigh. He was attainted and died in 1757.

*Cleppan*.—Major William Clephane, Adjutant-General to the Marquis of Drummond.

*Strowan*.—Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who, having experienced every vicissitude of life with a stoical firmness, died in 1749.

*Huntly*.—Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards second Duke of Gordon. He attended the great meeting at Brae Mar in August, and joined the Earl of Mar at Perth on the 6th of October. He was imprisoned in Edinburgh castle, April 1716, but no proceedings were instituted against him.

*Sinclair*.—John, Master of Sinclair, was attainted, but afterwards pardoned, and died in 1750.

*The Angus and Fife men* fought on the left of Mar's army, which was repulsed by Argyle's right.

*Laurie the traitor*.—There was at this time a report prevailed, that one Drummond went to Perth, under the notion of a deserter from the Duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed on the day of action as aide-de-camp to the Lord Drummond, and in that quality attended the Earl of Mar to receive his orders; the Earl, when he found his right was



like to break the Duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to General Hamilton, who commanded on the left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond gave contrary orders and intelligence to Hamilton acquainting him that the Earl's right was broke, and desiring the General to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which General Hamilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obeyed. Then the Duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely galled by the Duke. Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to Argyle.

*Rob Roy.*—This redoubted hero was not the chief of the Macgregors, but uncle to the chief, who looked up to him as the leader and endeavoured to form himself upon his character as a model. It cannot be said that the Macgregors rose with the Earl of Mar, for they were living in professed hostility with the government and with all their southron neighbours for ages before that period. They were a proscribed people, whom no law protected, and they had nothing for it but to protect themselves by such force and cunning as they could muster; of these it must be allowed, they had certainly no inconsiderable share; otherwise they could not have maintained themselves so long on the mountains, and among the fastnesses that pertained to their fathers, in the midst of enemies so much more powerful than themselves. They were like the children of Israel; their hands were against every man, and every man's hand against them. A short time previous to the Earl of Mar's rising, however, their depredations in the Lennox, and on the lower banks of Lochlomond, had been carried to such an extremity, that the military force of the west country was raised against them, and all the warriors of the clan seem to have been driven from their country, and to have retreated to the north, even as far as the mountains of Loch-Arkaig and Glengarry. Accordingly, we find Rob Roy there in September and October 1715, as the following original letter from him to General Gordon testifies.

“HONOURED SIR,—When I came to Argour, I wrote to Lochyeal to tryst me where to meet him; he desired me to go to Achnacar, (Achnacary,) and said he would see me there in two days; but he has met with such difficulties in raising his men in Morven, who are threatened by Argyle's friends to be used with utmost rigour, if they rise with their chief; he is so fatigued and angered with them, that he is rather to be pitied than quarrelled for his long-someness. He is mightily ashamed for his not being with you before this time. His people in Lochaber are threatened after the same manner, who was mightily disheartened by people on pur-

pose sent amongst them : He is to take other measures with them than he did at first with the Morvan men, and is resolved to be with you once next week. Since I have here stayed so long, I incline to come along with Lochyeal. I presume to trouble you to offer my humble service to Glengary, and the other gentlemen with you. I am, to the utmost of my power, honoured Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

MACGREGOR."

*Achnacar, October 14, 1715.*

From thence he came down with the rest of the clans, and joined General Gordon in Strathfillan. He was with the clans before Inverary, and was active in making some reprisals both by carrying off cattle on the banks of Loch-Fyne, and capturing ships that lay at anchor in the loch. It would appear from the two following letters, both dated on the same day, that Gordon was glad to get them back to the army, from a business in which they took more delight.

*At the side of Lochfine, October 22, 1715.*

"MUCH HONOURED,—I was honoured with yours of this date, desiring to return on receipt thereof, and by the memorandum sent to your excellency with Mr. Duncan Comrie, (which by this time is at you,) 'tis evident that the boat and the freight seized will fall in the enemy's hands, if I instantly march the men that are here, since there is not security for a small party to guard the same, the enemies knowing of our being in this place ; neither is there any possibility to carry what was seized this night to the camp ; therefore, for the above reasons, I presume to send this express to wait your further orders, and if it shall be to march all night, you shall find that I shall be very ready to obey. Pardon my freedom in this, and I allowing to subscribe myself, your excellency's most humble servant,

GREGOR MACGREGOR."

*To Lieutenant-general Gordon,  
at the parks of Inverary,*

"SIR,—Upon sight hereof, return with your own and uncle's men to the camp, and leave Glenco's with himself. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ALEXANDER GORDON."

*October 22, ten o'clock.*

From thence he marched with the clans to Ardoch, and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, but kept a shy distance, thereby weakening the wing of the army to which the Macgregors were



placed as a corps-de-reserve, on what principle it is not easy to determine, if it was not, as the bard suggests, to watch who gained the day, and then assist them in disposing of the booty.

Before the friends of the Stuarts, however, could be properly brought to a head, Rob performed a very signal service to many of them by an act worthy of his character, and exactly in his own way. At the great hunting of Brae Mar, it has been mentioned what a number of noblemen and chiefs signed the bond of faith and mutual support. By the negligence of a chieftain to whose charge this important and dangerous document was committed, it fell into the hands of Captain Campbell, then at Fort William ; and when it became known, that a man of such determined Whig principles held this bond, those who signed it were seriously alarmed, and various plans were suggested for recovering it. Rob Roy Macgregor, who was at this clan meeting, had also affixed his name ; but on his own account he was indifferent, as he regarded neither king nor government. He was, however, urged by several chiefs, particularly his patron, to exert himself, and if possible to recover the bond. With this view he went to Fort William in disguise, not with his usual number of attendants, and getting access to Captain Campbell, who was a near relation of his own, he discovered that, out of revenge for the contemptuous manner in which the chieftains now treated the captain, he had put the bond into the possession of the governor of the garrison, who was resolved to forward it to the privy council ; and Rob, learning by accident the day on which it was to be sent, took his leave, and went home. The despatch which contained the bond was made up by Governor Hill, and sent from Fort William, escorted by an ensign's command, which in those countries always accompanied the messages of government. On the third day's march, Rob and fifty of his men met this party at Glendochart, and ordering them to halt, demanded their despatches. The officer refused ; but Rob told him, that he would either have their lives and the despatches together, or the despatches alone. The ferocious looks and appearance of Rob and his men bespoke no irresolution. The packet was given up ; and Rob, having taken out the bond he wanted, begged the officer would excuse the delay he had occasioned, and, wishing him a good journey, left the military to proceed unmolested. By this manœuvre many chieftains kept on their heads, and the forfeiture of many estates was prevented.

The following notices are from Mr. Moir's MSS.

One of the causes of the repulse of part of Mar's forces was the part which Rob Roy acted ; this Rob Roy, or Red Robert, was uncle to the laird of Macgregor, and commanded that clan in his nephew's absence ; but on the day of battle he kept his men together at some distance, without allowing them to engage, though

they showed all the willingness imaginable ; and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was, it seems, the chief design of his coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lie upon the border of the Highlands, and this Rob Roy had exercised their talents that way pretty much in a kind of thieving war he carried on against the Duke of Montrose, who had cheated him of a small feudal estate.

The conduct of this gentleman (who was wont, as occasion served, to assume the name of Campbell, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising, as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he remarked, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable, however, that his interference would have decided the day in favour of his own party. He continued in arms for some years, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton and Lennox, particularly on the Duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him.

*Trumpet Maclean.*—Of this notable hero, who saved his life by the loss of his trumpet, the reader may perchance wish to hear something more. The following authentic report given in by him to the Earl of Mar is worthy of being preserved. He seems to have been a spirited fellow, notwithstanding his misfortune on the Sheriffmuir.

" Report of John Maclean Trumpet, from Stirling camp,  
1st November, 1715.

"I, John Maclean Trumpet, went by order of the right honourable Earl of Mar to the camp of Stirling from Perth, the 30th October, and on the 31st, nine in the morning, as I came near to the bridge of that place, I sounded two calls, and a serjeant with five men were sent to me, and carried me to the officer of the guard, who asked me several questions, and particularly what my business there with my trumpet was. I answered, that I had brought a letter from the Earl of Mar to his grace the Duke of Argyle, which I showed to the officer, and this officer left me a little and returned, and then carried me to the duke's lodging, and from that to the guard, and about an hour thereafter the captain of the guard asked the letter from me to the duke, and a little after the delivery of the letter, I was carried up to a room above the guard, and two centries put upon the door, the captain of the guard staying with me alone about half an hour, who asked me several questions, particularly, Who commanded immediately under the Earl of Mar? What were the numbers of the rebels? What was their daily pay? How near the Earl of Seaforth was, and when the army designed to march from Perth? To which I answered, that I did not mind officers' names, but that there were

anew of them ; the foot were upwards of fifteen thousand ; that the pay was fourpence halfpenny and bread per day ; that the Earl of Seaforth was at Dunkeld with four thousand men, and a thousand horse ; and that at Perth and Auchterarder there were upwards of fifteen hundred horse ; and that I heard in a day or two the army was to march from Perth, and surround the duke, and take him and his army prisoners ; so the officer left me, and I was shut up. The person who had the converse with me was Major Cathcart ; sometime thereafter, the captain of the guard came along with a centry (sentry) who brought me my dinner, viz., pies, roast beef, and hens, and a bottle of wine, and in the afternoon a second bottle of wine, and at night a third. In the evening a gentleman came to me with a paper in his hand, out of which he read the names of a great many gentlemen that were wounded near Down, and particularly Mr. George Mackenzie shot through the neck, and lying mortally sick, and Mackenzie of Rose-end also wounded ; to which I answered, that the evening I came from the Earl of Mar's quarters, I saw Mr. Mackenzie perfectly well. The next day, about twelve o'clock, the captain of the guard came up to me, and desired me to take up the trumpet and come along with him, and when I came to the guard, General Whittham was there, and spoke to me thus, 'You are to acquaint the Earl of Mar, that no prejudice is done to his lodging, planting, nor gardens, at Alloa, nor shall be, for the country's good and the king's advantage ; that the prisoners were all well used, yea, as well as any captain in the army ; that the duke was concerned for the loss at Dumferline ; and that what was done there, was to prevent thieving and robbery, and to keep the country quiet so far ;' Whittham went off, and I was conveyed out of the garrison by a serjeant and four soldiers. Before I came off, I saw Dr. Gordon in a room from the guard, and spoke him. Dr. Gordon desired me to tell the Marquis of Huntly, that he was most civilly treated, and that the duke's own chirurgeon drest his wounds twice a day ; I saw also several officers asking him very kindly how he did. Before I came off, I was directed to return by the way of the muir to be safe from the scouts. The army is still encamped in the park ; there is no fortifications on the bridge, nor from the gate within to the guard. I saw no centries at the end of the causey. Mr. Kincart showed me his embroydered vest ; and asked me, if I saw any gentleman at Perth with a vest such as his was. I said I saw thousands of braw men's embroidered coats and vests. Perth, 1st November, 1715. What is above is true matter of fact.

JOHN MACLEAN."

*The Cock o' the North.*—An honorary title of the Dukes of Gordon. The Duke of Gordon, however, was not personally present at this engagement, as he had been confined to Edinburgh on



his parole, by the lords justices on the accession of George I, as it was suspected that he favoured the interests of the exiled family.

*Florence*.—The Marquis of Huntly's horse.

*Laird of Phinaven*.—Carnegy of Phinaven. He deserted the Jacobite party, a defection for which he is commemorated in a parody on "My wife's a wanton wee thing." See Song 8, of this vol.

This ballad has been manifestly written by one well acquainted with the whole transaction, as well as the characters and behaviour of the several officers, and may be viewed as a genuine and whimsical record of the battle. The tune is very old. It was played at the taking away of every bride for centuries before that period, and was called, "*She's yours, she's yours, she's nae mair ours.*" Long after the existence of this name to it, but still long previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, it got the name of "*John Paterson's Mare*," from a song that was made on a wedding *bruisse*, or horse-race for the bride's napkin. Some of the old people in my parents' days always called it by its primitive name; but even with the name of "*John Paterson's Mare*," it was always played at the taking away of a bride even in my own time. The ballad has a great deal of merit for a composition of that day.\*

\* Since writing the above note, a running copy of a part of the work having come to my hand in the country, I find that my friend Mr. Stenhouse has altered this song to a paltry tune that occurs in the first volume. I have no doubt he has done it from what he supposes good authority, as I know him an enemy to all sorts of forgery or interpolation in the songs of other days. I hope he goes upon better authority than Ritson, a man who scarcely knew one tune from another, and had to apply to Mr. Alexander Campbell to adapt a number of the tunes for him.

All that I can say is, that I am sure for every time that any one of them has heard the song sung, I have at least heard it fifty times, and invariably to the same tune. By one man in particular, who took in a number of variations, I never heard any ballad sung in such style, and as both the song and tune have always been particular favourites of mine, I would not have them separated for the value of the book. It is evident from the rhythm that the song has been composed to that old tune; as an evidence of it I subjoin a part of one of the old songs, though not the original one;

John Paterson's mare  
She canna be here,  
We nouthar hae stable nor hay for her;  
Whip her in, whip her out,  
Sax shillings in a clout,  
Owre the kirk stile an' away wi' her.  
Fy whip her in, &c.

The black an' the brown  
Ran nearest the town.  
But Paterson's mare she came foremost;

## SONG II.

**A Dialogue, &c.**

Is only a repetition of the incidents related more fully in the foregoing ballad, the notes to which may serve for both. It is the old popular ranting tune, called "*The Cameronians March*," and has an excellent effect when sung with the loud animating *huh!* at the beginning of the chorus. In all rural circles it is sung exceedingly

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The dun an' the gray  
Kept farrest away,  
But Paterson's mare she came foremost.  
Fy whip her in, whip her out,  
Sax shillings in a clout,  
Owre the kirk stile an' away wi' her.  
Fy whip her, &c.

The bay an' the yellow,  
They skimmed like a swallow,  
But Paterson's mare she came foremost;  
The white an' the blue  
They funk it an' flew,  
But Paterson's mare she came foremost.  
Fy whip her in, &c.

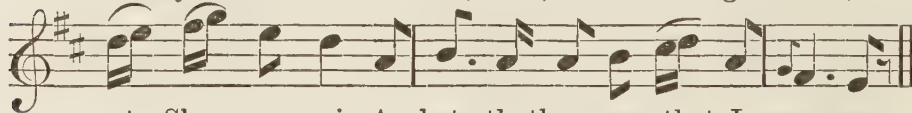
## TRUE SET OF THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.



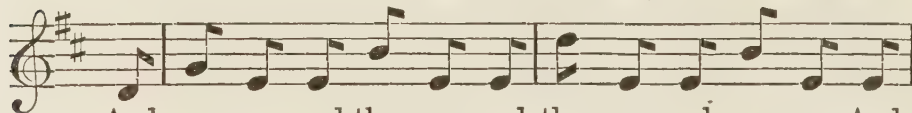
THERE's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan, And



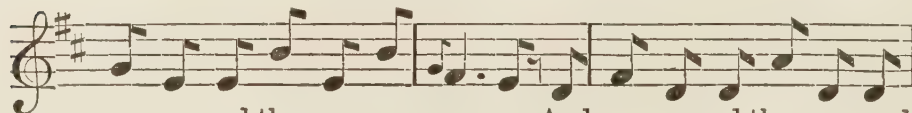
some say that nane wan at a', man; But one thing I'm sure, that



at Sher-ra-muir A bat-tle there was, that I saw, man.



And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, And



we ran, and they ran a-wa, man; And we ran, and they ran, and



fast. The song has a great deal of merit as well as humour, especially in the abundance and velocity of the rhymes. By Flanderskins are meant Lieutenant-general Fanderbeck, and Colonels Rantzaw and Cromstrom.

## SONG III.

**Modern Set.**

THIS is an edition of the last by Burns, certainly nothing improved from the original. It is printed in Johnson's Museum as written by Burns for that work, without any acknowledgment of the old song from which it is taken, a good deal of it word for word.

## SONG IV.

**From Bogie Side, or the Marquis's Raide.**

Is exclusively a party song, made by some of the Grants or their adherents, in obloquy of their more potent neighbours the Gordons. It is in a great measure untrue ; for, though the Marquis of Huntly

they ran, and we ran, But Florence ran fast-est of a', man.

Ar-gyle and Bel-ha-ven, not like frightened Le-ven,

Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man ; For they all, with

Wightman, advanc'd on the right, man, While o - thers took

flight, be - ing raw, man. And we ran, and they ran, &c.

was on the left wing at the head of a body of horse, and among the gentlemen that fled, yet two battalions of Gordons, or at least of Gordon's vassals, perhaps mostly of the Clan-Chattan, behaved themselves as well as any on the field ; and were particularly instrumental in breaking the Whig cavalry, on the left wing of their army, and driving them back among their foot. On this account, as well as that of the bitter personalities that it contains, the song is only curious as an inveterate party song, and not as a genuine humorous description of the fright that the marquis and his friends were in. The latter part of the second stanza seems to allude to an engagement that took place at Dollar, on the 24th October, a fortnight previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir. Mar had despatched a small body of cavalry to force an assessment from the town of Dunfermline, of which Argyle getting notice, sent out a stronger party, who surprised them early in the morning before daylight, and worsted them, killing some and taking seventeen prisoners, several of whom were Gordons. The last stanza evidently alludes to the final submission of the marquis and the rest of the Gordons to King George's government, which they did to the Grants and the Earl of Sutherland. The former had previously taken possession of Castle Gordon ; of course the malicious bard of the Grants with his ill-scraped pen, was not to let that instance of the humiliation of his illustrious neighbours pass unnoticed. I got the song from the portfolio of a friend, who was likewise a great friend to the Gordons. It was written in an old hand, on a sheet of coarse paper. He gave it me with some reluctance, saying, when it came to his hand, that here was an excellent and genuine old song, but it was so bitter against the Gordons, it would not be fair to publish it. I said it was a pity to leave such a genuine old party song out, however inveterate in its spirit. That I rather liked it the better, and persisted in requesting it. "Well," said he, "if you publish it, the consequence will be, that you will be obliged to fight duels with every one of the Gordons individually ; I shall be blameless." "I will take my chance of that," returned I, "for if any of them challenge me, I will put them into the police-office." The air to which it is set, approaches nearly to a reel called "*The Lasses of Stewarton*," but it sings fully better to "*There's nae Luck about the House*," which indeed differs but slightly from the other.

#### SONG. V.

### **Up an' waur them a', Willie.**

Is another on the same subject, apparently made to the favourite old tune of "*Up an' waur them a', Willie*," there not being a

Willie of any note in the whole Jacobite army. So that the chorus must have been an older one, adapted, not improbably, from a song of King William's time. The third stanza relates an incident which happened at the Castleton of Brae-Mar, on the very first raising of James' standard. It is thus related by George Charles of Alloa, in his summary of the events of 1715 : "The Earl of Mar erected the Chevalier's standard there, on the 6th of September, 1715, and proclaimed him King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, &c. This standard, supposed to be made by the Earl's lady, was very elegant ; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, '*No Union ;*' and on the top, the ancient motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit.*' It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it, '*For our wronged king and oppressed country ;*' the other ribbon had, "*For our lives and liberties.*" It is reported, that when this standard was first erected the ornamental ball on the top fell off, which depressed the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders, who deemed it ominous of misfortune in the cause for which they were then appearing."

## SONG VI.

## O my King.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Seaforth hastened to the north to oppose the Whig clans. Huntly followed immediately, certainly disgusted either with the cause or those who had the management of it ; for he appeared hearty in it at first, although many suspected, what the bard has plainly said, that

"Huntly and Sinclair  
They both played the tinkler,  
With consciences black as a crow, man."

The song alludes wholly to his defection and desertion of the cause, which he did about six weeks after the battle of Sheriffmuir, and before James landed in Scotland. Seaforth gave in at the same time ; but, after hearing that James Stuart had actually landed to take the command of the army, he recanted and stood out to the last. Huntly flinched no more from the house of Brunswick. It is supposed that jealousy of Mar, who was a man much inferior to himself in rank and influence, swayed his behaviour, he having had no command of any note vested in him. The air is "*The Broom of Cowdenknowes,*" to which it has evidently been composed. It is a very indifferent song.

## SONG VII.

*Aikendrum.*

THIS is a most complicated business, and some parts of it to me perfectly inexplicable. I was in possession of the song for two years before I could divine even to what age it alluded ; yet all the while I thought it a good song, and called it one, though it was the same to me as if it had been written in Greek, as far as the understanding ought of the aptness of the allusions went ; for with regard to those I was totally in the dark. And I could take a bet with the most acute Jacobite in the Highlands, that let him read the song as I did, without proceeding a word farther with the notes, and he shall be as much in the dark as I was. But, "honour to whom honour is due," it was Sir Walter Scott who first discovered the meaning of it, and sent me a written cue to the general meaning, and likewise a satisfactory explanation of most of the particulars. It was partly owing to a mistake in the MS. that the piece proved so inexplicable. Sunderland should have been written Sutherland ; and by that substitution of two letters of the alphabet in place of other two, the mystery is in a great measure cleared up. It relates to the state of the Jacobite and Whig armies immediately previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, and must have been a song of that period, which succeeding events could not fail of crushing into obscurity.

"Did you hear of Sutherland, Aikendrum ? &c.  
That man of high command,  
Who had sworn to clear the land,  
He has vanished from our strand."

Sutherland was made lieutenant-general of King George's troops in the north, and soon after his arrival there from England, he found himself at the head of 1200 effective men, with whom he meant to encounter Seaforth. But at that instant Sir Donald Macdonald came down from Sky, with 700 hardy islanders in his train ; on which, as before narrated, they chased Lord Sutherland's men to the hills.

"Donald's running round, and round,  
But the chief cannot be found."

Lord Seaforth's camp was at the bridge of Alness, but Sir Donald was moving about with his troops, who were not idle ; and at that time, indeed, "the chief could not be found," for Lord Sutherland made no more head against them, nor would have



done to his profit, had not Mar called them out of the country, and left it altogether exposed.

“Did you hear of Robin Roe, Aikendrum?” &c.

This could not be Rob Roy, as Sir Walter Scott suggested it might; for before the battle of Sheriffmuir, he was in Argyleshire, and after that battle holding garrison, or rather keeping court at the old palace of Falkland, whence he levied contributions on all the Whigs *at least*, as a countryman of his own said at that time, and which an honest friend of mine, John Hogg, merchant at Freuchie, and Bailie William Marshall, found to their costs.

The saying of the Highlander above alluded to was excellent, and deserving of preservation, as highly characteristic of the times. When it *was judged* necessary for the Highland army to retreat from Perth, a certain gentleman gave orders to his servant to pack up his things; which order Donald obeyed with all expedition. “Now, Donald,” said the master, “are you sure you have put up all my own things?” “At least, your honour,” replied Donald.

But to return; Rob Roy being on the same side with the writer, and the intent of the song being to depreciate the power and courage of the Whigs, it is not likely he would mix one of his own party among them, even though he had proved a little selfish. I take it then to be Sir Robert Monroe whom the bard meant, who was joined with Sutherland at that period, and who offered such resistance as he and his friends could muster, so long as the western clans remained in their country.

“Did you hear of Bailie Ayr, Aikendrum?” &c.

It is impossible to make ought of this Bailie Ayr; if it is not a Provost Airde of Glasgow, who made a great bustle raising men for the Duke of Argyle. He would likely be a bailie before he was provost. But it is carrying one part of the song so far away from the scenes adverted to in the other, that I rather think some other person must have been meant. The air is popular, but I do not know of any other name to it. There is another air and song, called “Aikendrum,” quite different, beginning,

“There was a man cam frae the moon,  
Cam frae the moon, cam frae the moon,  
There was a man cam frae the moon,  
An’ they ca’ed him Aikendrum.”



## SONG VIII.

**He winna be guidit by me.**

THIS little quizzical song was made, it seems, on the defection of Mr. Carnegy, celebrated in a former song as the best flyer from the field of Sheriffmuir, namely,

“The laird of Phinaven, who swore to be even  
Wi’ any general or peer o’ them a’, man.”

The last verse appears to allude to some misunderstanding, that at last had led to a fatal incident, that fell out in his hand afterward ; whether intentionally or not, one may best judge from the history of the event in the Criminal Trials. Wood relates it thus:—“Charles, Earl of Strathmore, went, on the 9th of May, 1728, to Forfar, to attend the funeral of a young lady, and after dinner went to a tavern there with James Carnegy of Phinaven, John Lyon of Brighton, and others. Lord Strathmore and Phinaven, then paying a visit to Lady Auchterhouse, Phinaven’s sister, Brighton followed them, and behaved rudely to the lady and her brother. Lord Strathmore thereupon left the house and came into the street, it being then betwixt eight and nine o’clock in the evening. Phinaven and Brighton following, some words passed betwixt them, when Brighton pushed Phinaven into a kennel two feet deep, from which a servant of Lord Strathmore assisted him to get out. Phinaven immediately drew his sword, and pursued Brighton with a staggering pace. Brighton ran towards Lord Strathmore, whose back was to him, and endeavoured to draw his Lordship’s sword. Phinaven coming up, made a pass at Brighton ; but Lord Strathmore turning hastily about, and pushing off Brighton, threw himself in the way of Phinaven’s sword, which ran through his body ; and his Lordship died in consequence of that wound on Saturday, 11th May, 1728, at ten o’clock at night. Phinaven was brought to his trial for the murder of his Lordship, before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, 2d August, 1728, and was acquitted through the superior ability and firmness of his counsel, Robert Dundas of Arniston, who told the jury that they were judges of law as well as of fact, thereby establishing that important constitutional point.”

## SONG IX.

**Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.**

THIS popular song brings us into another scene, it being the first of the series that relates to the Border Jacobites, the history of whose proceedings is quite distinct from the Earl of Mar's campaign, though so intimately connected with it.

William, Viscount Kenmure, having received a commission from the Earl of Mar to head King James's adherents in the south of Scotland, began about the 1st of October to bestir himself openly. There had been many private meetings held at the different gentlemen's houses along the Border a good while previous to that, which were the subjects of great anxiety among the Whigs, for they never knew where the storm was going to break out. It appears, however, that from the beginning they never had a design of harassing any of their countrymen, save such as appeared in arms against them, else they might have made their own conditions with any of the Whig burghs : and it was a wonder they did not, considering what a bustle the bodies made about arming themselves, and causing prayers to be said and fasts to be kept. It is really amusing to read the Rev. Peter Rae's account of the stir made by the Dumfries magistrates, and the magistrates around Penpont, in sending despatches and gathering people together. One would think there had been such a power of men attached to King George in these parts, that they would have annihilated the rebels both in the south and north in a few days ; while all the feats that they ever performed, was the wounding of a country gentleman in the knee at Penpont, as he was riding peaceably by with another, and scaring one of Lord Kenmure's sentries at Lochmaben, by one of their number calling on his dog Help. There was a Mr. John Hepburn raised no less than 300 Covenanters, and encamped with them three days on a hill in Closeburn ; in which time they took a young gentleman prisoner, a Mr. Stuart of Torrance, because they thought he looked very like a Jacobite, and sent him down guarded into Dumfries, to be examined by the magistrates. But these were great doings : we have no such deeds to record among the simple adherents of the Stuarts.

Kenmure came at first into Annandale with a very few followers, and had a meeting with the Earl of Carnwath at the house of a Mr. George Johnston, in Annandale. But that night they learned that there was a quantity of arms deposited at a place called Brado Chapel, beside Lochmaben, which had been put there by Sir William Johnston of Westerhall ; they went next

morning, and, chasing off the guards, seized the arms, of which they stood much in need. They marched next day to Moffat, where they met the Earl of Winton with 70 men from Lothian, and then marched back towards Dumfries, where 80 more of Kenmure's men joined them. Then, at the head of 200 men, all cavalry, Kenmure marched that night to Lochmaben, where he proclaimed James, as he did next day at Ecclefechan, that being the 14th of October, and on the 15th at Langholm, and on the 16th at Hawick ; and, for all the increasing energies of the Whigs, in all the course of that match there was never a man challenged them, or asked what they were come there for. On the 17th they continued their march to Jedburgh, where they quartered that night, and proclaimed King James ; and here they had an express from their friends in Northumberland, that they were in danger from the movements of General Carpenter; on which they marched with all expedition to Rothbury, in the heart of Northumberland, on the 18th, where they met with the Northumberland gentlemen. As they now formed a force, which there was nothing in that country able to cope with, they marched deliberately northward, resting two days at Wooler, and proclaiming King James there, as well as at Rothbury. While at Wooler, Kenmure received despatches, informing him that old Borlam had crossed the Frith of Forth, and was preparing to join him. This raised the spirits of the Viscount and his little army ; and on the 22d they marched before day to attack Kelso, where they understood Sir William Bennet had assembled the militia, and the most zealous part of the inhabitants, in order to defend the place, and likewise that he had barricaded the ports, and threatened stern opposition. A little before noon the Jacobite Borderers arrived on a moor a little to the south of the Tweed, where they halted, and set their battle in array for a regular attack on the town ; but just as they began their march in order, one came to Kenmure, and informed him that Sir William and his party had left the town by night, and fled toward Edinburgh, having sent all the arms and ammunition off before them. Kenmure and his lads then entered Kelso at one o'clock, without opposition, and without wronging or insulting a single individual in it. They had not well arrived, ere they were informed of the approach of Borlam (or Brigadier Macintosh, as he is more generally called,) and his Highlanders, from Dunse; on which Kenmure, at the head of 500 horsemen, went out to meet him, and welcome him to the Border, out of compliment to the conduct and resolution he had shown in crossing the Forth, and so often facing and braving his enemies in Lothian. No compliment could be too high for this old veteran, for indeed a braver warrior, or a braver band of men than these Macintoshes were, never left the Highlands of Scotland. Kenmure met him at Ednam bridge ; and the army that night at Kelso mustered 1400



foot, and 600 horse. Next day, being Sunday the 23d of October, the Lord Kenmure, having the chief command while in Scotland, ordered Mr. Robert Patten, a Northumberland minister, and one of their chaplains, to preach in the great church of Kelso, at the same time commanding the men to attend divine service. Hereupon Mr. Buxton read prayers, and Mr. Patten preached on these words, Deut. xxi. 17—"The right of the first-born is his." He was succeeded in the afternoon by Mr. William Irvine, a Scots Episcopal clergyman, and chaplain to the Earl of Carnwath, who read prayers, and preached a sermon full of exhortations to his hearers, to be zealous and steady in the cause in which they were now engaged. Next morning the Highlanders were drawn up in the church-yard, and so marched in order to the market place, with drums beating, the bagpipes playing, and colours displayed, and there formed a circle, the lords and other gentlemen standing in the centre within an inner circle, which was formed by the gentlemen volunteers. Then silence being enjoined, the trumpet sounded ; after which King James was proclaimed by Seaton of Barns, who assumed the title of Earl of Dunfermline ; and thereafter, the Earl of Mar's manifesto being read, the Highlanders returned to their quarters, where they staid till Thursday ; during which time they failed not here, as well as in other places, to demand all the public revenues, viz., the excise and customs, and to search for horses and arms, of which they found but a few, unless it was some broadswords hid in the church, and some small pieces of cannon, which Sir William Bennet, and some other gentlemen, had brought from Hume Castle, to be placed at the barricades which they had made in the streets.

It is necessary here, for the sake of connexion, to mention, that, at the request of the English Jacobites, the Earl of Mar had despatched a strong body from his army to join them. On the very day that Kenmure came into Annandale, Lord Strathmore and Borlam arrived on the north shore of the Forth, opposite Edinburgh, at the head of 2500 men. After a masterly movement, that deceived both King George's troops and the ships in the roads, Macintosh and his Highlanders crossed over in open boats in view of the ships of war ; but Lord Strathmore and his followers were prevented, and obliged to return to the army at Perth. One boatful only of the Macintoshes was taken, in which were forty men who were carried prisoners to Leith.

Borlam's directions were to march straight to the Border, and join his friends in that quarter ; but what came into the old fellow's head no one knew ; he first marched to Haddington, and then straight west on Edinburgh. All there were in the utmost consternation. Provost Campbell raised the volunteers of the city, and sent post after post to Stirling to the Duke of Argyle, who came at the full gallop, with 500 men, to the assistance of his

illustrious namesake. At ten o'clock on Friday night he reached the city, where he found the Marquis of Tweeddale and Lord Belhaven, with the militia and volunteers of Lothian and the Merse, who, together with the Edinburgh volunteers and the 500 regulars brought by the Duke, made altogether an army which might have eaten up old Borlam and his Highlanders stoop and roop, as the saying is. He advanced doggedly on, however, and took possession of Leith, where the first thing he did was to break open the tolbooth and free his clansmen, a matter that he had probably as much in his eye as any other. He then took possession of the citadel, where he posted his men, as with intent to hold it out, or at least to continue there, while it suited their conveniency. Next day Argyle came before the citadel with 1200 men, and summoned the Highlanders to surrender, on pain of high treason. He was answered by a Highland laird, whom Rae calls Kinackin, "That as to surrendering, they laughed at it ; and as to bringing cannon and assaulting them, they were ready for him : that they would neither take nor give any quarter with him ; and if he thought he was able to force them, he might try his hand." The Duke called a council of war, in which the gentlemen volunteers were very noisy for an instant attack ; but, on being told that it was the post of honour, and belonged to them to make the attack, they at once agreed to the Duke's measure of deferring it, and letting the Highlanders alone. The Reverend Mr. Peter Rae observes, with infinite good nature, that the Duke was unwilling to expose the brave gentlemen volunteers, the life of every one of whom was worth the lives of ten Highlanders, retired from before the fort, and took post in Edinburgh. But honest Peter unintentionally gives as good a reason : "the balls of the Highlanders," he says, "were grazing among the Duke's feet where he stood !!!"

Borlam had made this bold movement to distract the Duke of Argyle a little, and principally to give King James' friends in Edinburgh an opportunity of showing face ; but seeing they made no movements in his favour, he marched again to the eastward next evening, and took possession of Seaton house. The Duke getting notice that he had taken up fresh quarters, sent for artillery and mortars from Stirling and the castle, to batter all Seaton house about the old rascal's ears. Accordingly, he sent out the gunners from Stirling Castle, with a strong detachment of cavalry and volunteers. But instead of waiting their arrival, Borlam marched out at the head of about half his men to receive them, when, without stopping to exchange a blow, the volunteers turned and galloped back to Edinburgh, never once looking over their shoulders. The next day the Earl of Rothes marched out again, and actually did attack them ; for Rae boasts, that *they exchanged a few shots* with the Highlanders ; and after that they followed



the same course as on the preceeding day, and fled again to Edinburgh. And the Highlanders, while here, having laid in store of every kind of provision and conveniency for marching, left Seaton, and taking the road for the Border, without further molestation arrived at Kelso, as had been said, on the 22d.

On the 27th Lord Kenmure called a council of war, in order to settle on their next movement. Borlam, with the experience of a veteran warrior, proposed, that by all means they should keep up the correspondence with Mar, and keep by Scotland until certain that it was fairly reduced, and not to move farther, lest a force should be convened behind them, and cut off the communication between the two armies ; for at present he observed, there was none in all the south of Scotland to oppose them. In this resolution he was strongly backed by the Earl of Winton, who proposed that they should march by Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow, and after taking in all these places, join the clans who were at that time assembling, and hovering on the borders of Argyle. But the English gentlemen were interested in their own affairs, and there being a number of them gentlemen of rank, who were admitted into the council, the vote was carried against the Scots, and of course it was resolved to march southward. Accordingly, on the 28th they marched to Jedburgh, and in conformity to the vote of the council on the preceding day, it was intended to have marched across the English fells, and cut off General Carpenter's communication with Newcastle, he being at that time lying near Wooler with 900 men. But the Highlanders, having learned that this measure was in direct opposition to the sentiments of their brave leader, in whom they had the most unbounded confidence, absolutely refused to proceed a step farther in that direction. They then turned towards Hawick, and when they arrived there, Kenmure, overswayed by the voices of the English, insisted on being obeyed ; on which the Highlanders, to a man, retired to Hawick moor, and rested their arms, telling their commander to lead them to the enemy, and they would fight them off hand, but that they would by no means go into England to commence a new campaign there, or trust themselves with the English ; for they knew, if they did, they would either be all cut to pieces or sold for slaves. Borlam was grieved, and besought of them to comply with orders, but when they heard his sentiments, they would not suffer him to speak to them, nor any one except the Earl of Winton. They said they knew the English would sacrifice them, and they would rather be sacrificed in their own country than in England. Let no one laugh at Donald's second sight. What a pity it was that he should at last have been persuaded to act in opposition to his dark view of futurity ; for surely never was a brave and resolute body of men sacrificed in such a manner as this was.

When no better would be, the rest of the army, consisting of 700

cavalry, and 200 foot, were ordered up to surround the Highlanders, and force them to march ; but they only cocked their muskets, and bade them come on. The plans of the commanders being wholly disarranged by this insubordination, they sent to them by the Earl of Winton, if they would abide by the army while it remained in Scotland ? They sent answer that they would cheerfully, but if ever they mentioned leading them into England, they were off. The officers being obliged to submit for the present on Sunday the 30th of October, they left Hawick, marching toward Langholm ; and it seems that at that time they had not abandoned the intention of going through the west Lowlands towards Dumfries, and Glasgow ; for that night the Earl of Carnwath with 400 horse, rode as far as Ecclesfechan. This put the burgh of Dumfries into a terrible pothier ; they sent the provost and another gentleman express to Kirkmahoe, to desire Mr. Hepburn, and his Cameronians, to come to their assistance with all expedition, telling them they should have the post of honour, or their choice of any part of the town or suburbs, for their station, showing that they had a special dependence on these people. The Cameronians would give no positive answer, but, after singing of psalms and prayer, they determined to go “to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty,” as they termed it ; and accordingly, on Monday 31st, Hepburn, at the head of 400 stout hardy Cameronians, marched to lend their assistance for that high purpose. But that the proceedings of that people might be uniform throughout, instead of marching the straight road for Dumfries, they stemmed the Nith to the necks in water, and, marching down the other side, took their station on Corbelly hill, on the Galloway side of the river, refusing to enter the ports of that Erastian burgh. The provost and magistrates, a little astounded hereat, and anxious to have the assistance of these people, went to them, and entreated, offering them, as formerly, any post they chose ; but they remained immoveable, declaring, “that they could not with clear consciences fight in defence of the constitution of church and state, as established by the sinful union, and still more sinful and hasty revolution.” But at the same time they proffered the provost and bailies a written proposal, containing the terms on which they were willing to fight for and with them, that they might bring down the proud, and set their feet on the necks of the children of perdition. It is a pity that this paper is too long to give in a note, especially as it has nothing Jacobite in it. But the whole of the inhabitants of Dumfries were in effect to come over to the Cameronian tenets and forward the cause of true reformation in Scotland ; all the other articles of the paper were such as only the king and a British parliament could grant : so the covenanters remained on the top of this hill, and not a man of them would enter the town ; but they kept their ground till they

heard that the army of King James had turned into England, and then the burgesses boasted that they had turned for fear of them.

After the rear of the army had left Langholm, the disputes about keeping in Scotland, or marching into England, ran higher than ever ; and though the Scots had reason on their side, the English gentlemen were positive and absolute, pretending that they had letters from Lancaster, pressing them to come to that quarter, and promising that 20,000 would be ready to join as soon as they arrived. Old Borlam himself continued sullen, but perfectly subordinate, but when they came to the place in Cannobie, where the Scots and English roads separate, 400 of his men turned off, and absolutely refused to accompany the expedition into England. The Earl of Winton, and the men of Lothian also left the army ; but they repented afterwards, and followed it to the south. Nothing, however, would prevail with these Highlanders ; they posted towards the north, and a good many of them were taken prisoners in small straggling parties about Clydesdale. The main body of the army, which marched into England, arrived at Longtown on the last of October at night, where they were joined by the party they had sent to Ecclesfechan. Thence they proceeded next day to Bampton, where Mr. Forster opened the commission he had received from the Earl of Mar, to act as general in England. On Wednesday, the 2d of November, they marched to Penrith. The only thing observable in this day's march is, that as the horse militia in Westmoreland, and the north parts of Lancashire, were, some few days before, come down towards Carlisle, in order to defend the borders, and to keep the enemy from entering into England ; so now, the whole posse of Cumberland, in number about 12,000 armed men, upon the sheriff's warrant, appeared near Penrith, upon the very ground through which King James's army was to pass ; but being affrighted upon notice of their approach, they shamefully dispersed and fled, leaving the Lord Lonsdale with not above twenty men, beside his own servants ; who continued on the spot till the enemy appeared in sight, and then retired. A party was sent to his seat at Lowther hall, to make search for him, but in vain ; for his lordship had thought fit to provide for his safety in a certain old castle in Westmoreland ; or, as some say, at a gentleman's house in Cumberland, where he staid a week. Forster's army was greatly animated by their sudden and disorderly separating over the whole country ; and such of the cavalry as were nearest them took several horses, and a great many arms, and made some of them prisoners. Having staid at Penrith that night, next day they marched to Appleby, where Mr Ainsley, who had joined them at Jedburgh, disliking the prospect of their affairs, deserted them, with about sixteen Tiviotdale gentlemen. Having staid two nights at Appleby, on



the 5th of November they marched to Kendale, and next morning, being Sunday, the 6th, they set forward to Kirkbylonsdale ; and thence, on the 7th, they marched to Lancaster, which they entered without opposition. In the most of those towns they proclaimed King James, and collected the public revenue as they had done while in Scotland. Though they had now marched through two populous counties, yet very few joined them till they entered Lancashire, where their friends began to appear ; and they were joined by a good many catholics with their servants ; for the leading catholics in the other two counties had been taken up by the government, and sent prisoners to Carlisle.

Yet true it is, that the disaffection of the common people in several counties in England was come to a very great height, and such were their favourable thoughts of King James, and the prejudices they entertained against the person and government of King George, that they made no scruple in joining Forster's army in considerable numbers. Many of the inferior clergy in particular appeared avowedly and openly to advocate the cause of the Stuarts, and some of them did not fail to repair to the army and join the standard, in order thereby to give substantial proof of their attachment to the exiled house.

But having now traced the army to Lancaster, and near to the place of the final disaster that overtook it, we must return to the notes on some particular songs, as there are some subsequent ballads that will lead to speak of the affair at Preston, and the fates of some of the Jacobite leaders.

## SONG X.

### **Derwentwater.**

JAMES RADCLIFF, Earl of Derwentwater, was among those who met in Northumberland, and rose in arms for King James about the beginning of October ; having been forced to that measure by warrants being past to apprehend him and lodge him in prison, and by officers being in search of him, whom he narrowly escaped. He was young, and is reported to have been a beautiful and noble looking man. Smollet observes, that " Derwentwater was an amiable youth, brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to the multitudes of people, whom he employed on his estate ;—the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty." This is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, smells sweetly of heaven.

The editor cannot find any tradition on which this ballad is founded ; it is taken from the recitation of a young girl, in the parish of Kirkbean, in Galloway. He has searched for it carefully through all the collections he could meet with ; but it is not to be found. There are many local songs, which perhaps never passed the bounds of a few parishes. Revived by casual recitation among the peasantry, they rarely rise into further notice. In the vulgar mind, we frequently observe the strongly marked rudiments of critical judgment. Thus the peasantry retain those noble touches of nature which are scattered among their songs and ballads, while the indifferent verses which encompass them, like dross from the pure ore, are rejected and forgotten. Hence the many gaps in the Scottish ballads, and often single verses of sterling merit, where no farther traces can be discovered. This song, and part of the above note, are copied from Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song*. The air is exceedingly simple and beautiful, and very ancient.

#### SONG XI.

##### **Lord Derwentwater's Good Night.**

I HAD this song from my esteemed friend, Robert Surtees, esquire of Mainsforth. The copy was on an old half sheet of paper apparently in the hand-writing of a boarding-school Miss. All the following notices were in Mr. Surtees's own hand.

"I send you all I can recover of this just as I had it. As it seems to me that there is an hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines, there certainly needs some connexion to bring in 'Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,' &c.—the following lines may perhaps express nearly the sentiments that would have arisen in unison with the preceding ideas,

" And who shall deck the hawthorn bower,  
Where my fond childhood strayed ?  
And who, when spring shall bid it flower,  
Shall sit beneath the shade ?  
With me the Radcliff's name must end,  
And seek the silent tomb,  
And many a kinsman, many a friend,  
With me must meet their doom.

"Of the victims who perished in this rash enterprise, none fell more lamented than the young and generous Derwentwater. It is generally supposed that the unfortunate earl's last request, that of burial with his ancestors, was refused from a fear of exciting



any popular movement in the north, and that the body was in consequence interred in the church yard of St. Giles, Holborn. However, either a sham burial took place, or the corpse was afterwards removed ; for it was certainly carried secretly by his friends, resting by day, and travelling only by night, into Northumberland, and deposited with the remains of his father, in the chapel at Dilston.

‘ With viewless speed by night they pass,  
By day a silent vigil keep ;  
No priest to chaunt the holy mass,  
But Tynedale peasants wake and weep.’

“ A little porch before the farm-house of Whitesmocks is still pointed out as the exact spot where the earl’s corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part remains : in 180. . the coffin which contained the earl’s remains was from curiosity or accident broken open ; and the body, easily recognised by the suture round the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of complete preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a piece, till the trustees, or their agent, ordered the vault to be closed again.—The *aurora borealis*, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of the unfortunate earl’s execution, is still known in the north by the name of *Lord Derwentwater’s Lights*.

“ The Earl of Derwentwater, when taken at Preston, found means to send a messenger to Capheaton, which prevented that family from appearing. He also desired the family evidences to be removed to Capheaton ; which was done, and they were hid between two walls behind a chimney. One Walton, a slater, in repairing the roof, saw several chests beneath him, and distinguished the Derwentwater arms on some of them. Being a rigid presbyterian, he informed old Sir Ambrose Middleton of Belsay, who being deputy-lieutenant for the Duke of Somerset, searched Capheaton for arms ; and, under that pretence, broke open the wall, and found the deeds, from the concealment of which Greenwich Hospital had been put to some difficulties.

“ The Widdringtons of Cheeseburn Grange, were deeply engaged in the rebellion, 1715. Ralph Widdrington, esquire, was imprisoned, and under sentence of death at Liverpool ; he and his servant escaped out of the gaol by means of a rope thrown across the ditch or fosse. Mr. Widdrington lost all the nails off one hand by clinging to the rope. They had the gaol fever when they escaped, but recovered. Mr. W. lived long after 1745, and was never molested—he retired a few years to the continent. The son of Lord Widdrington (engaged in 1715,) succeeded to his maternal estate of Stella, on the Tyne, (Stella where the Scots de-

feated the English, at the beginning of Charles's civil war,) and led a long life of peace and obscurity, as Henry Widdrington, esquire, and died 1774. It may be presumed, that his lady had some attractive hand-maidens, for an old Keelman's ballad says,

‘ We'll away to Whickham Banks,  
We'll away to Bladon,  
We'll away to Stella Ha'  
To see *the madam's maiden.*’ ”

Shaftsbury should have been written Shafto. Mr. Surtees says, “The Shaftoes of Bavington forfeited their estate in 1715, which was repurchased from the crown by their relation, Admiral Delaval, and restored to the family. One of the Shaftoes is buried in the great church at Brussels, with an epitaph expressing his loyalty to James III.

“Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark, literally unassisted, secured Holy Island castle, and hoisted the white flag, but, receiving no assistance, were obliged to escape over the walls, were fired at, wounded (whilst swimming), and taken. They *burrowed* themselves out of Berwick gaol, were concealed nine days in a peat stack near Bambrough castle (then General Forster's seat), reached Gateshead House, a manor of Callaley Claverings, and sailed from Sunderland for France. Both of them returned to England; and one of them lived long in Newcastle, and it is said died of grief for the 1746.”

The conduct of the garrison, in yielding the fort to two men, is only equalled by the heroic manner in which it was retaken. The Reverend Mr. Peter Rae, after manifesting no small astonishment at the intrepidity and success of Errington and his nephew in this undertaking, proceeds to relate this exploit of his friends, the Whigs, which is certainly no less worthy of being recorded than the former.

“However,” says he, “’tis most certain, he got the command of that fort, and when he was in possession, made signals to his friends at Warkworth; but it seems they did not notice them; and before he could be supplied with men and provisions, he was again dispossessed of that place; for next day the governor of Berwick sent 30 men of the garrison, with 50 volunteers of the inhabitants, well-armed, who, marching over the sands at low-water-mark, attacked the fort, and took it sword in hand.”

I can only afford to give another of Mr. Surtees's anecdotes here: “I have seen,” says he, “a laconic epistle from a Durham gentleman to his kinsman, both implicated, though not openly, in the 1715, which merely said, not daring to speak plainer, ‘Cuddy, throw the bag over the other shoulder.’ This was after the defeat at Preston.”

## SONG XII.

**The Young Maxwell.**

THIS potent and honourable name is eminent for its heroic attachment to fallen royalty. The Maxwells distinguished themselves by desperate feats of valour, in the cause of the lovely and unfortunate Mary. At the fatal field of Langside, they composed part of those gallant spearmen, who, unseconded by their flinching countrymen, bore the awful shock of encounter from the furious and veteran phalanx of the regent. When all was irrecoverably lost, they threw themselves around their beloved queen, and accomplished the memorable retreat to Dundrennan Abbey, in Galloway.

The Maxwells opposed her rash and misguided resolve of trusting her sister Elizabeth. Not daring to confide in the hope of the returning loyalty and regard of her countrymen, she threw herself in the arms of England, a royal and lovely suppliant, and, alas! a victim. The valour of the Maxwells was again awakened in the cause of her martyred grandson. When the royal standard was raised, Charles numbered among the remains of unshaken loyalty the Maxwells of Nithsdale.

The following copy of King Charles's letter to Lord Nithsdale, was transmitted to me by my friend Mr. James Cunningham. The original is preserved in Terreagles House, the seat of Constable Maxwell, esquire.

“ Nithsdail,

“ It is now time for me to bidd you look to yourself, for longer then the 13 of the next month I will not warrant you, but that ye will hear of a breach betwixt me and my covenanting rebyllis : of this I have written to the Marquis of Douglas, but vunder condition of secrecie, the w<sup>ch</sup> lykwais I require of you, onlie I permit you with the same caution, to advertice Winton ; for the rest referring you to the bearer, (who knows nothing of the substance of this letter.) I rest,

(Signed) Your assured Friend,

Whythall, the 27th of March, 1640.

CHARLES R—

“ Assistance by the grace of God ye shall }  
have, and as soon as I may, but when as yet }  
I cannot certainlie tell you.” }



Good or bad report could not subdue determined loyalty : the sword was again drawn for exiled royalty beneath the standard of Mar, and the punishment due to the movers of such a premature and ill-conducted effort fell upon those who, contrary to their better judgments, upheld the sinking cause even in the front of ruin. The Earl of Nithsdale was taken prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire—tried and sentenced to decapitation, but by the extraordinary ability, and admirable dexterity of his Countess, he escaped out of the Tower on the evening before his sentence was to be executed, and died at Rome, *anno* 1744.

This ballad is founded on fact. A young gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts at an earlier period than that we are treating of, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The editor has taken some pains to ascertain the field of this adventure; but without success. It has been, in all likelihood, on the skirts of Nithsdale or Galloway. These notices being known only to a few of the Stuart's adherents, have all perished along with the fall of their cause. The admirers of Scottish rustic poetry, of which this song is a beautiful specimen, are indebted to the enthusiasm and fine taste of Mrs. Copland for the recovery of these verses. There is a variation in the third stanza, which would have been adopted, had it not been an interpolation. It expressly points to the scene of encounter :

“And gane he has wi’ the sleeky auld carle,  
 Around the hill sae steep ;  
 Until they came to the auld castle,  
 Which hings owre Dee sae deep.”

The noble strength of character in this ballad is only equalled by the following affecting story :

In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness how she lived—“Indeed,” quoth she, “the cow and the kale yard, wi’ God's blessing's a' my *mailen*.” He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale.—The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart :—the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away

beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits.—A dragoon roared out, “I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale.—I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but,” added he, “she could live for all that on her God, as she said!” “And don’t you rue it?” cried a young soldier, starting up, “don’t you rue it?” “Rue what?” said he. “Rue aught like that!” “Then, by my God,” cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, “that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw.”—They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon’s body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, “*had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!*”

### SONG XIII.

#### Lament for the Lord Maxwell.

THIS beautiful song, as well as the foregoing, is taken from Cromeek. I say nothing about the antiquity of them, but am very glad that I have such vouchers as Allan Cunningham, and Cromeek, for a matter which might appear to some rather equivocal. Let it be remembered, that I hold all posthumous confessions, which give the lie to the dead, as null and void. The notes to both songs are mostly copied from the same source.

The following account of the Earl of Nithsdale’s escape, written by his lady, who contrived and effected it, is so full of interest that, as it must suffer materially by curtailment, the editor has thought proper to give it entire. It exhibits a memorable instance of that heroic intrepidity to which the female heart can rouse itself on trying occasions, when man, notwithstanding his boasted superiority, is but too apt to give way to panic and despair. The tenderness of conjugal affection, and the thousand apprehensions and anxieties that beset it in adversity, the long pressure of misfortune, and the dread of impending calamity, tend uniformly to overwhelm the spirits, and distract the mind from any settled purpose; but it is possible that those sentiments may be absorbed in a more energetic feeling, in a courage sustained by the conflicting influence of hope and desperation. Yet even thus prepared, the mind may be inadequate to the attainment of a long and perilous enterprise, and in the present case we have the testimony of Lady Nithsdale herself, that she would have sunk at the prospect of so many and such fearful obstacles, had she not relied with firmness on the aid of Providence. The detail



of her narrative will show how greatly this reliance contributed to strengthen and regulate the tone of her resolution, not only in every vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, but in what is more trying than either, the sickening intervals of suspense and doubt.

The original manuscript, from which the present copy has been carefully transcribed, is entitled "A Letter from the Countess of Nithisdale to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Bruges, containing a circumstantial account of the Earl of Nithisdale's escape from the Tower," dated "Palais Royal de Rome, 16th April, 1718," and signed "Winifred Nithisdale." The letter is now at Terreagles, in the possession of Constable Maxwell, esquire, a descendant of the noble house of Nithsdale, for whose politeness and liberality, in allowing a transcription of the present copy, the editor is sincerely grateful. As a proof of the interest which the public took in this extraordinary adventure, the following memorandum may be given. "William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, made his escape from the Tower, February 23, 1715, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithsdales*."

"Dear Sister,

"My lord's escape is now such an old story that I have almost forgotten it; but, since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recall it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can; for, I owe you too many obligations to refuse you any thing that lies in my power to do.

"I think I owe myself the justice to set out with the motives which influenced me to undertake so hazardous an attempt, which I despaired of thoroughly accomplishing, foreseeing a thousand obstacles which never could be surmounted but by the most particular interposition of Divine Providence. I confided in the Almighty God, and trusted that he would not abandon me, even when all human succours failed me.

"I first came to London upon hearing that my lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the same time informed, that he had expressed the greatest anxiety to see me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to console him till I arrived. I rode to Newcastle, and from thence took the stage to York. When I arrived there the snow was so deep, that the stage could not set out for London. The season was so severe, and the roads so extremely bad, that the post itself was stopt; however, I took horses and rode to London through the snow, which was generally above the horses' girth, and arrived safe and sound without any accident. On my arrival, I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any hopes;

but all, to the contrary, assured me, that although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer, than that they would not flatter me ; but I soon perceived the reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman Catholic, upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party ; a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the royal house of Stuart, and who was the only support of the catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland, would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Carlaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands. Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intention to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my Lord, which they refused to grant me unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design : However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned ; after that we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of them. By the help of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them : however I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God.

“On the 22d February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords, the purport of which was, to entreat the lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented ; for the Duke of St. Alban's, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point, failed in his word ; however, as she was the only English countess concerned, it was incumbent upon her to have it presented. We had one day left before the execution, and the duke still promised to present the petition ; but, for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by the one or the other. I then went in company of most of the ladies of quality, who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to em-

ploy his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word ; for he spoke in the House very strongly in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament ? and it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech, that it passed in the affirmative ; however, one of the lords stood up and said, that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes ; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to ; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

“ As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and His Majesty, though it was but trifling ; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness ; but in the evening when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned ; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans has introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make ; so I begged her to put under her own riding hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child ; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan ; for I was only allowed to



take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case ; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me ; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick ; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers ; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been ; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber ; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting maid : she certainly cannot reflect how late it is : she forgets that I am to present my petition to-night ; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone ; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible ; for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guard's wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly ; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected ; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us ; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her

with you. You know my lodging ; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present : I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk ; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself ; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together ; and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said ; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for the night ; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles ; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person ; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night ; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower ; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some



prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped ; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home—and they answered that she expected me, and had another Duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all ; however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted ; so there was no remedy. She came to me ; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened ; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the King was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair ; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the King, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed ; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners

were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another ; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

“ When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment ; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him ; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency ; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador’s coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador’s servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord’s escape ; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has, at present, a good place under our young master.

“ This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, yours most affectionately,

WINIFRED NITHSDALE.”

#### SONG XIV.

#### *The Lusty Carlin.*

THIS song relates to the subject of the foregoing long note ; namely, the joy of the Nithsdale peasantry on hearing of their lord’s

escape. Only a very few of his tenants, however, rode with him on the expedition.

#### SONG XV.

### **What ails thee, poor Shepherd?**

THIS song was both in Mr. Hardy's MSS. and in Mr. Steuart's, jun. of Dalguise. Without the variation of a word, in the latter, it was said to have been written by Mr. Gay.

#### SONG XVI.

### **The Tenth of June,**

Is one of these songs for the birth of the Chevalier de St George, and seems to have been written about the time that he came over and was crowned at Scoon. It was copied from young Steuart of Dalguise's Collection.

#### SONG XVII.

### **The Whigs of Fife.**

THE date of this rude rough song is quite uncertain. I meant to have published it in the first volume, and that near the beginning, as one of the most ancient; opining, that in the enumeration of Whig Jocks, by *burly Jock*, might have been meant the celebrated John Balfour of Burly; but this, with several others, fell aside about the printing office, and were never missed, till found this year among the return manuscripts. At all events, the style is more like the day of which we are treating than an age more remote. I have often heard that verse of *the Jocks* sung out of fun, when several Johns happened to be in company, but never any more of it. The air is coeval with the song, in all likelihood, bearing the same title 'in our old collections. The song is from Mr. Graham's MSS., and was never before published.

## SONG XVIII.

**The White Cockade,**

Is a trifling song to a popular tune. Both have been much sung and often published. This set is from Mrs. J. Scott's MS., and is more eligible than most that I have seen. Probably some lines have been added by singers of late years.

## SONG XIX.

**The Piper of Dundee.**

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in a marginal note to this song, suggests, that the hero of it is the same with that of song 8th, namely, the notable Carnegie of Phinaven, for whose character see that song and the notes. If it was he, he must, at one period, have borne an active hand in exciting the chiefs to take arms, as the song manifestly describes a sly endeavour of his to ascertain the state of their feelings. Those mentioned as present were all leading men of the Jacobite faction. Amubrie, or Amblere, where the meeting is described as having taking place, is a remote and sequestered village in the interior of Perthshire. A great number of the common people appears to have been present. It was probably on the eve of one of their great annual fairs, still held on the first Wednesday of May.

## SONG XX.

**Here's a Health to the Valiant Swede,**

Is a song of 1716, and alludes to a correspondence carried on between the Stuart party here and the celebrated Charles XII. King of Sweden. George had endeavoured to appease that monarch, but he refused to listen to any overtures, until Bremen and Verden should be restored. These the Elector of Hanover resolved to keep as a fair purchase ; and he engaged in a confederacy with the enemies of Charles, for the maintenance of that acquisition. Meanwhile his rupture with Sweden was extremely prejudicial to the commerce of England, and had well nigh entailed upon the



kingdom another invasion, much more formidable than that which had so lately miscarried. The ministers of Sweden resident at London, Paris, and the Hague, maintained a correspondence with the disaffected subjects of Great Britain. A scheme was formed for the Swedish King's landing on this island with a considerable body of forces, where he should be joined by the malcontents of the United Kingdom. Charles relished the enterprise, which flattered his ambition and revenge ; nor was it disagreeable to the Czar of Muscovy, who resented the Elector's offer of joining the Swede against the Russians, provided he would ratify the cession of Bremen and Verden. King George having received intimation of these intrigues, returned to England towards the end of January, and ordered a detachment of foot guards to secure Count Gyllenburg, the Swedish minister, with all his papers. At the same time Sir Jacob Bancks and Mr. Charles Cæsar were apprehended. The other foreign ministers took the alarm, and remonstrated to the ministry upon this outrage committed against the law of nations. The two secretaries, Stanhope and Methuen, wrote circular letters to them, assuring them, that in a day or two they should be acquainted with the reason that induced the King to take such an extraordinary step. They were generally satisfied with this intimation; but the Marquis de Monteleone, ambassador from Spain, expressed his concern that no other way could be found to preserve the peace of the kingdom, without arresting the person of a public minister, and seizing all his papers, which were the sacred repositories of his master's secrets; he observed, that in whatever manner these two facts might seem to be understood, they very sensibly wounded the law of nations. About the same time Baron Gortz, the Swedish residentary in Holland, was seized, with his papers, at Arnheim, at the desire of King George, communicated to the States by Mr. Leathes, his minister at the Hague. The baron owned he had projected the invasion, a design that was justified by the conduct of King George, who had joined the princes in confederacy against the King of Sweden, without having received the least provocation; who had assisted the King of Denmark in subduing the duchies of Bremen and Verden, and then purchased them of the usurper, and who had, in the course of this very summer, sent a strong squadron of ships to the Baltic, where it joined the Danes and Russians against the Swedish fleet.

## SONG XXI.

### Three Healths,

WAS copied from Sir Walter Scott's papers. It is of older date



than some of those among which it is inserted ; as it has been evidently written in the lifetime of King James, who abdicated ; and at a time when William was on a visit to his native country. It is one of those that was meant to have been published in vol. 1.

## SONG XXII.

### *Somebody,*

Is a sweet, wild, and original air. The song is a compound of verses taken out of other songs, but may, in all probability, have originally belonged to this one. I got it in a Jacobite collection, or would not have thought of its belonging to that class.

## SONG XXIII.

### *For an Apple of Gold,*

Was likewise copied from Sir W. Scott's MSS. It is a very clever allegorical song, but relates to the court politics and amours of George II., with which we have no inclination further to disgrace our pages.

## SONG XXIV.

### *The King's Anthem,*

Is the original of the anthem now so universally sung, which has changed sides, like many staunch Jacobites, and more modern politicians, when conveniences suited. The music was undoubtedly composed at a later period than either of these two songs appear to have been, but I have forgot the circumstances of its history. I have seen it in some collections as the composition of Henry Carey, but suppose that he must only have added the symphonies and accompaniments.

## SONG XXV.

**Britons, who dare to claim,**

*Is another of the same, like old Mr. Johnson's psalm.*

## SONG XXVI.

**There was a Cooper,**

MANIFESTLY relates to some feat of Drummond's of Logie-Almond when in hiding. He must have personated a cooper to deceive the goodman, likely one of his own tenants, but seems to have trusted the dame; indeed, the verses rather insinuate that she likewise had trusted him. The subject seems to have been a fertile one for the muses of Stratherne, as there is another jocular song apparently on the same subject.

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,  
 Behind the door, behind the door,  
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,  
 An' cover him under a maun, jo :  
 When Cuddie the cooper cam here awa,  
 He ca'd the girds out owre us a',  
 An' our goodwife has gotten a ca',  
 That angered the silly goodman, joe.

We'll hide the cooper, &c.  
 He coopit them out, he coopit them in,  
 He coopit our lasses ilka ane,  
 And our goodwife has gotten a, &c., &c.

## SONG XXVII.

**Though Geordie reigns in Jamie's Stead,**

ONE that has often been published, and, owing to the genuine simplicity of the air, always popular. This set is copied from Mr. Moir's MSS. though I think I have heard a better one.—  
 "The flames will get baith hat and wig," alludes to a ludicrous custom of King George; who, when suddenly irritated, was wont to pull off his wig in a rage, and throw it into the fire.

## SONG XXVIII.

**O, how shall I venture?**

WAS likewise copied from Mr. Moir's book of manuscripts, and is rather a commonplace song. The air was set to it at random, being an original one composed by the too little celebrated Mr. Oswald, to whom Scottish music was so much indebted.

## SONG XXIX.

**Merry may the Keel row,**

Is a well known song and air. The verses given here are copied from Cromek's Remains.

## SONG XXX.

**Highland Harry,**

Is likewise a popular song and air, both of which have been published. This edition is taken from Mr. Moir's collection. The first three verses were altered by Burns from an old song; the other two were added by Sutherland.

## SONG XXXI.

**The Man o' the Moon.**

I got this song and air among some old papers belonging to Mr. Orr of Alloa. Neither of them, I have reason to believe, were ever before published. There is an air of peculiar originality both in the song and tune.

## SONG XXXII.

**Whurry Whigs, awa.**

OF this confused ballad I am sure I got twenty copies, and the greater part of them quite different from one another. On comparing one which I got from Mr. Wallace of Peterhead with another sent me by Mr. Gordon, both equally long, I found not one single verse the same. I made up the present copy out of several, leaving out a number of stanzas of extraneous matter. The ballad has visibly been composed at different periods, and by different hands.

## SONG XXXIII.

**The Blackbird,**

SEEMS to have been one of the street songs of the day ; at least, it is much in that style, and totally different from the manner of most Jacobite songs. It has had, however, considerable popularity. This copy was communicated by Mr. Fairley, schoolmaster in Tweedsmuir.

## SONG XXXIV.

**Our ain bonny Laddie.**

THERE is a copy of this song in Sir W. Scott's Jacobite Collection, and in several others that I have seen ; but this one is taken from Mr. Hardy of Glasgow's MSS., where it is said to have been composed by Professor Meston. The author, William Meston, was born in the Parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire. He received a liberal education at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and was for some time one of the teachers in the high school of that city. He removed from that situation to be preceptor to the young Earl of Marshall, and to his brother, who was afterwards the celebrated Marshal Keith, and by the interest of the family was appointed professor of philosophy in the Marischal College. In the rising of 1715, he followed the fortunes of his patrons, who made

him governor of Dunnoter castle. After the battle of Sheriffmuir, till the act of indemnity was passed, he lurked with a few fugitive associates, for whose amusement he wrote several of the burlesque poems, to which he gave the title of Mother Grim's Tales. Not being restored to his professorship, he lived for some time on the hospitality of the Countess of Marshall, and after her death established an academy successively at Elgin, Turiff, Montrose, and Perth ; in all of which places he failed, apparently from habits of careless expense and conviviality. The Countess of Elgin supported him during the decline of his latter days till he removed to Aberdeen, where he died of a languishing distemper. He is said to have been a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation, and of considerable attainments in classical and mathematical knowledge.—*Campbell*. I do not know anything of the tune save that it is not much worth.

## SONG XXXV.

**Come, let us be jibial,**

Is likewise from Mr. Hardy's MSS. and is rather a good song, with a fine slow air.

## SONG XXXVI.

**The Clans are coming,**

Is published, with the air, in Ritson's work. This was taken from Mr. Moir's collection. It is a parody on "The Campbells are coming," said to be a much older song, indeed, as old as the time of Queen Mary. For my part I believe both songs to be of the same date, and having heard it sung always in my youth

The Campbells are comin',  
By bonnie Loch-lomon'—

I have no doubt that it was made about the time when Colonel Campbell led 1000 Campbells out of Argyleshire, by Loch-lomond, to join the Duke of Argyle at Stirling.



## SONG XXXVII.

**The Clans are all away,**

Is a song of a much later date—having been composed after the battle of Culloden. It is placed here on account of its being to the same air with the last.

## SONG XXXVIII.

**O'er the Water to Charlie,**

A well known popular song and tune, describing the feelings of the Jacobite ladies of those days. Ray, the volunteer, in his journal, says, "I found always the ladies most violent—they would listen to no manner of reason." I do not know if the last two stanzas have ever before been printed, though they have often been sung.

## SONG XXXIX.

**An Von be he.**

THIS is one of the songs which, it appears, the strictness of the times had compelled the publishers to alter; and though only a few words occur in this which are not in the Museum, yet these serve to give it a Jacobite turn. It is from Mr. Stewart's Collection. The air is very old, being the original of that from which "The Lack o' Gowd" has been modernised.

## SONG XL.

**Song of Expostulations,**

Was copied from Sir Walter Scott's loose sheets, and is rather an overcharged piece of work. The following address is much in character with the song, but greatly superior to it in originality.

“To all true-hearted Scotchmen, whether soldiers or others.—  
 “WHEN our brave and ancient nation is like to be engaged in war, I think it is every man’s business to consider, that whatever may be said in defence of soldiers of fortune fighting in foreign countries, (when perhaps it is neither so easy, nor so much the duty of strangers to consider the quarrel,) yet no man can, with any shew of reason, plead the lawfulness of making war a trade when it comes, to be civil or domestic. In this case, it is only the lawfulness of the cause, and the good of his country, that can warrant any man to engage in it; for if he embark on the wrong side from a principle of interest, or any selfish consideration, every slaughter he makes of the contrary party is a fresh murder; and if he falls himself, he goes to the devil for hire.

“By the Earl of Mar’s manifesto, we find that the present quarrel turns upon these two points, *The restoring of our lawful, natural king*, and *The dissolving of the Union*; Both which should be seriously weighed by all Scotsmen, being of the utmost importance, both on the score of conscience, honour, and interest.

“As to the restoring to his throne King James VIII. whatever some men’s interest may prompt them to say or do, yet I’m confident, that in our secret thoughts we are agreed, that he is our *lawful, rightful sovereign*; and we all know that he is the *undoubted lineal heir by blood*, and descendant of the ancient race of our Scottish kings; whose ancestors, in a direct line, have swayed the sceptre in our hereditary monarchy for many generation without contest; a prince upon whom the crown is entailed by the fundamental laws of our country; and to whom, even before he was born, we have often sworn allegiance and fealty by those oaths given to former kings, by which we bound ourselves, not only to them, but to their lawful heirs and successors.

“In bar to all this, on pretence of some illegal actings by the late King James, (in a giddy and tumultuary time,) a meeting, nameless in law and unknown in practice, assembled without any legal call, neither electors nor members being duly qualified, and where forfeited traitors got leave to sit and vote: I say, this meeting, (which they called a *Conventions of Estates*,) took upon them to forfeit their sovereign; and by an act as contrary to law as to reason and Christianity, declared the throne vacant, and then settled the crown on the Prince of Orange: by which, and the subsequent train of illegal acts, the present possessor fills the throne; whose right must stand or fall with the validity or nullity of that meeting.

“We all know, that in our neighbouring nation, in King Charles II’s reign, when the bill of exclusion was debated, many learned prelates, and great lawyers, warmly asserted, that the lineal succession was so blended with the constitution, that it was

above the power both of King and Parliament to alter it. And surely it has at least as strong and unalterable a foundation here, being so rivetted to our policy, established by our law, confirmed by solemn oaths, and strengthened by a prescription of 2000 years.

“But whether a King and Parliament had power to alter the succession or not, never any man before '88, except the Rump Parliament, pretended, that a meeting without a king, or without any authority from him, had power to make void the throne; which was, in effect, to unhinge the monarchy, and raze the constitution from the very foundation. They who contrived the scheme, both here and in England, were so sensible of the weakness of their arguments to satisfy the minds of the people, that they were forced to bring in a supplemental topic, the illegitimacy of the Prince of Wales's birth; so impudent a piece of slander, that, however serviceable it was to their interest to make it appear, and however frequently challenged to do so, they never durst bring it to a fair trial.

“Things being thus, (as I don't doubt but you are very sensible they are) pray, gentlemen, consider whether you are safe, either in conscience or honour, to draw your swords for so precarious and ill-founded an establishment. I should be unwilling to think that, in the present case, soldiers should consider the justice of the cause less than other men, because they are more concerned than others, being the chief actors in any blood and slaughter that may ensue; and he that sheds the blood of his fellow subjects and countrymen, probably his brethren and nearest relations, in a cause that he cannot show to be just, will give the world but a slender opinion either of his religion, or good sense. As you would then approve yourselves to God, the world, and yourselves to be Christians, men of honour, and Scotsmen, consider seriously before you draw your swords, whom you are to fight against, and what you fight for.

“You are to fight against your lawful and rightful King, born in our own island, of the ancient stock of the royal family of the STUARTS, against whom there is not so much as a ground of quarrel alleged, but that he was born a prince, and has a right to govern us; for whatever might have been objected to his father, since he himself has done no wrong, 'tis against all the received notions of justice and honour, to punish the innocent for the sake of the guilty.

“You are to fight against this prince, who only wants to be seen and known to be admired; for, if we will give credit to those who have had the honour to converse with him, his endowments, both of mind and body, make him as fit to govern kingdoms as his birth and extraction; and I can't forbear thinking, that the princely qualities, which at a very early age appeared to him, is the best reason that can be assigned, why the most politic prince



in Europe never effectually attempted to set him on his throne, when it is demonstrable to all the world, the best game he could have played, to put an end to a long and expensive war, was in good earnest to have landed him in his own dominions : had he not been afraid that he was too hard metal, to be made a tool to serve his interest, against the honour and safety of his own kingdoms : for however the French king might have procured a present peace by restoring our king ; yet he was too penetrating a politician not to foresee, that a king of Britain, of judgment and application might some time or other be a bar in his way to hinder some of his unwarrantable designs.

“ I need not take notice of the ingratitude of your quarrel, in drawing your swords against a prince whose ancestors so bravely defended us, and transmitted down to us the liberty, freedom, and independency of our nation, and under whom our nobility and gentry at first received, and ever since possessed, all the honours, titles, riches, and estates, which have made their families so considerable, both at home and abroad ; I say, I need not mention the ingratitude of your being engaged in this quarrel ; for, if you get over rebellion and parricide, and think yourselves safe in levelling your pieces, or sheathing your swords in your lawful prince, by which the whole stock of the most illustrious family in the world is cut off at once, (which God forbid) it were in vain to think to prevail with you by any arguments drawn from the dead.

“ Nor is it an excuse for your appearing in arms against the King’s forces, that his Majesty is not in person among them ; for, were it in your power, (which, God be praised, it is not) to disable the King’s army, so that upon his landing in any part of his dominions, he should become a prey to those that seek his life ; you are thereby accessory to his murder, and to all the ruin and desolation which would be the fatal consequence of so horrid an act ; and remember, that as long as you remain in the rebels’ army, you do what you can to promote those wicked ends ; and if God’s good purposes frustrate your ill purposes, your king and country owe you no thanks.

“ I know your present managers make you believe, that were the King once out of their way, there would be an end of all our troubles and commotions ; and, for that reason, have run into the most unheard of barbarous villany, in setting a price upon his head : But he is blind that does not see, that that misfortune, should it happen, (which God Almighty prevent), would be to us and our posterity the beginning of sorrow ; for it is very plain to an ordinary understanding, that if the King’s bare title to the crown, when he could not make any efforts to recover his right, has occasioned, for so many years together, such fears and jealousies, such imposts and taxes, such bloody wars and commotions at home and abroad ; were he out of the way, and the lawful suc-

cession by our law, devolved to another family, who have forces of their own to support their claim, what destruction have you brought upon your country? Should, for instance, the French king (which is no remote prospect) come by proximity of blood, to be nearest heir to the crown of Britain, with whom the great number of true royalists in these nations would undoubtedly join, what a fine pass would things be brought to?

“For my own part, I do in my conscience think, that as all the misery which this nation has felt, in the memory of any body now alive, has flowed from the unnatural and base treatment of the royal family; so all the happiness, peace, and security, which we can wish and hope for, depends entirely, under God, upon the life and issue of King James; and, therefore, he that now fights to hinder his peaceable restoration, is a traitor to his King, an enemy to his country, and a stupid fool to himself and his posterity.

“And now, what is it for, that you thus engage against your King, your country, your friends, and relations? a most glorious cause no doubt! viz., to support a German Prince in the unjust possession of the throne; a prince who is the very remotest relation the King has; one who understands not one word of our language, and (which is worse) knows not one tittle of our constitution, who uses our best nobility with neglect and ill manners, and cares for nothing in the King’s dominions, but the wealth and riches of ’em; who sits a cypher in the throne, and suffers a set of people to harass the nations, that, by their behaviour, nobody would take to be natives of ’em.

“You fight to maintain this prince, and his hopeful family, the very scorn and contempt of the English nation, however they are cried up by those who make tools of them to enrich and aggrandize themselves upon the ruin of their country.

“You fight to keep up all the heavy impositions under which your country groans, to perpetuate a war, which the present managers have given you fair warning to expect, by their matchless and unaccountable fury, against the peace and the promoters of it.

“Our whole nation either is, or pretends to be, sensible of the mischief of the union; we feel the weight of it to our cost; and the inconvenience will daily increase, as is obvious to any that will come before him; the King’s forces have sufficiently demonstrated their dislike to it, by their ready appearing to join with the only expedient to dissolve it, and you pretend to be Scotsmen, and fight for making your misery yet more inevitable, and suffer yourselves to be amused with stories of breaking the union another way, by people who are so far from repenting their having a hand in making it, that they would yet bring you under worse circumstances (if possible) for sordid little interests of their own.

“I might enlarge upon the badness of your cause, and from



religion, justice, nature, honour, gratitude, interest, and safety, shew you that no age ever produced a juncture so capable of engaging men of sense and honour to espouse our side, as the present time calls loudly on you to come over to us; but I hope, from the hints I have given, you will reason yourselves into your loyalty, and shew that you are indeed Scotsmen, by joining with an army that has nothing at heart, but restoring their and your King to his own undoubted right, and redeeming your country from ruin and destruction.

“But I am sufficiently aware that you are taught to say, that you disclaim the King for his principles, both in religion and politics, and were he a protestant, and had been bred with any tolerable notions of the British constitution, you would think his government supportable, and would not oppose his restoration.

“Pray, Gentlemen, tell me where did you learn, that difference in religion absolved the subjects from their allegiance to their lawful king? Did our Saviour or his apostles think themselves excused from obedience to the Roman emperors, because they were heathens? Or does the Confession of Faith, in the 23d article, teach any such doctrine? Is there any law of our country that makes good this play; I say, any law, made by a lawful king and parliament? Think better of it before you run such desperate courses upon so sandy a foundation.

“Besides, pray what assurance have you of the King’s being a papist? Is it because he was educated in a Popish country? He was so, more shame for those who were the occasion of it; and whatever mischief may be apprehended from that education, it is owing to the banishers of the royal family in the great rebellions of ’41 and ’88. But did you never hear of a man of a sense getting over the prejudice of education? Indeed, I cannot but say, if all protestants follow your example, in going contrary to all the received maxims of religion and honesty, by keeping your King from what is his due by a more undoubted right than any man in Scotland holds his estate, it were bad encouragement for his majesty to embrace a religion so plainly contrary to the principles of the gospel; but as his majesty well knows that the injustice done him, under a pretence of the protestant religion, is not authorised by it, and has had ground enough to be assured that it is disclaimed by the very best protestants in Britain; so I must still think, that the force of truth, which is certainly on our side, will convince him of the mistakes he may have been subject to, and his happy restoration give him an opportunity to declare with safety, *That he truly is of the one catholic church, without the addition of Roman.*

“But supposing the utmost the objection can be stretched to, pray, tell me whether your Elector of Brunswick is not of a religion very near akin to Popery in some things; and whether there

be any considerable difference between the two in the most absurd point of all Popery, viz. *Transubstantiation*; only that the Lutheran notion of it is the more unintelligible of the two, making the same thing to be two different things at the same time, which even a miracle can't effect, &c.

“If then you are to choose and reject kings, for not thinking in religious matters as you do, why your present darling, and not one who is in every respect of your opinion?

“If he was put in the succession, as was alleged, because he was the next Protestant heir; that shews that you own the kingdom hereditary by the constitution; and unless the laws of the nation authorised your laying him aside before '88, which I challenge all your lawyers to make appear, you must allow that you forced him to France without reason, and then made a pretended law to disinherit him for being bred there. An injustice only paralleled by the blasphemous notion of God Almighty's forcing wicked men to ill, and then damning them for being wicked.

“But let the King's religion be what it will, he has under his hand given us all the security we can ask, that he will maintain the protestant religion in his kingdoms, and fence it from any danger by such laws, as shall, by the advice of his Parliament, be thought necessary. And we have this demonstration of his being earnest in his promise, that no man of his judgment and wisdom would venture the loss of his dominions a second time, for attempting what he plainly sees to be impracticable in Britain; and if I had no other reason to think the protestant religion secure by the king's restoration, I can't but judge this consideration of great weight, viz. that the pope and popish princes combined to destroy his royal father and himself, and his protestant subjects are the chief asserters of his right, and promoters of his restoration. Let nobody then abuse you with imaginary fears of popery; for, by your glorious revolution, the protestant, nay the christian religion, suffered more in Britain by atheism, deism, and contempt of God's true worship, than I trust in God it shall ever do by the administration of our lawful sovereign.

“But you are further made to believe, that the king would certainly make you all slaves; because, being educated in France, he has been used to the maxims of arbitrary government, and those are so natural to be liked by young monarchs, that he will certainly transcribe the French tyranny into the British constitution; that is to say, I met a man upon the road, and I fancy he designs to rob me, though I can give no reason for my apprehension, but that once upon a time, there was a robber took a man's purse in that place, and so, without being assaulted, nay, when, the man declared he had no ill design upon me, I take a pistol and shoot him.

“Does it always follow, that men must love the government

of the country where they were bred ? I wish it had been so before the revolution ; for had all the people of this country loved hereditary monarchy, because it was the received constitution here, we had not been troubled with so many miseries as have since ensued : but should our king be fond of arbitrary power, (which, by the bye, he has utterly disclaimed,) yet the rubs and difficulties in his way from our constitution, custom, laws, and our inclinations, are such, that he can have no possible hopes to surmount them ; therefore, we need not be under the least apprehension of his attempting it.

“But this is an objection contrived only to amuse and bubble the people ; for had you been so much afraid of arbitrary power as you pretend, would you have chose to set a prince upon the throne, who, besides his being educated in arbitrary principles, has likewise been long in the practice of unlimited power ? and to make it so much the more uneasy, instead of the frankness and generosity of the French temper, has a German bitterness, and a sullen and morose nature, which makes it the more dangerous : and, I think, in the short experience we have had of this prince’s reign, we have partly felt it ; for ever since his coming to the throne, he has not passed one public *act of grace*, nay, not of good-nature and lenity : all things are exaggerated to the highest degree, and punished to the utmost severity ; which fairly warns us what we are to expect hereafter ; for if the beginning be so, what shall the end be ?

“Now, gentlemen and soldiers, I shall not insist upon other topics to press you to your duty to your king and country ; I shall only say, that whoever will allow himself, calmly and without prejudice, to consider what is already said, cannot but evidently find, that (so far as any human understanding can possibly reach,) our affairs at present are in such a situation, that we must either have our king, or war for ever ; we must now help our sinking country, or be ruined to all intents and purposes ; and if, by your present management, we should fail of our attempt, our chains will be heavier for endeavouring an escape ; and whatever services you do for that party, that would ensnare us, (by which you propose such private advantages,) you will only transmit your names to posterity with this glorious title, *These are they who sold their king and country to German slavery !*”

The air does not appear to be a genuine Scottish one.



## SONG XLI.

**Lewie Gordon,**

HAS always been a popular ditty, and was supposed to have been made by a Mr. Geddes, priest at Shenval in the Enzie, on the Lord Lewis Gordon, third son to the Duke of Gordon, who being bred to sea service, was a lieutenant on board a ship of war ; but, on the rising in 1745, declared for Prince Charles ; raised a regiment of two battalions ; defeated the adherents of George, under the laird of Macleod, near Inverury, 23d September that year, and then marched to Perth ; after the battle of Culloden he escaped abroad ; was attainted by act of parliament, 1746 ; and died at Montreuil, in France, on the 15th of June, 1754. The air is the original or northern set of "*Tarry woo.*"

## SONG XLII.

**He comes, he comes, the Hero comes.**

FROM Sir W. Scott's loose papers. The air does not appear to be a genuine Scottish one.

## SONG XLIII.

**Macdonald's Gathering,**

Is a genuine Highland song, translated and sent to me by a lady in Edinburgh, herself a Macdonnell, or at least was one once. I wish she had added an explanation, as it would have saved me a good deal of trouble and guessing : but all she has thought proper to add is, that every one of the chieftains and houses mentioned are Macdonnells.

I take it for granted then, that Glengarry is the first in the list here of the Clan Dhonuill, Macalister being very generally a patronimic of the chief of that house. The next, without all doubt, is Clan-Ranald ; as the places mentioned are all on his ancient bounds ; for the chief of Sky having proved a truant at this

bout, he is not thought worthy of mentioning save as such. The third with the cramp name that nobody can read, and nobody can spell, must mean Keppoch ; as the glens mentioned are all in the upper parts of Lochaber. There is no circumstance in the fates of the Highlanders, occasioned to them by the rebellion, for which I lament so much, as the extinction of this brave and loyal chief and his clan, whose names are now a blank in the lands of their fathers. Keppoch could once have raised 500 men at a few days warning, and never was slack when his arm was needed, although his hand was something like Ishmael's of old, for he was generally at loggerheads with his neighbours, especially the Clan-Chattan, whom he once beat, with their chief, the laird of Macintosh, at their head, cutting a great part of their superior army to pieces, and forcing the laird, whom he took prisoner, to renounce his claim to extensive possessions, which Keppoch originally held of him. Keppoch was indeed too brave, and too independent ; and it proved his family's ruin. When admonished once of the necessity of getting regular charter rights to his lands from Government, of which he never had any, " No," said Keppoch, " I shall never hold lands that I cannot hold otherwise than by a sheep's hide." Keppoch trusted still to his claymore ; but the day of it was past : " Othello's occupation was gone !" On the restoration of the forfeited estates, Keppoch, having no rights to show for his extensive lands, lost them ; a circumstance which must ever be deplored, but cannot now be remedied. Lenochan, Aucterechtan, and Glencoe, are here claimed to be of the same family with Keppoch ; yet Lenochan's name, it would appear, was not Macdonald.

#### SONG XLIV.

##### **To Daunton me,**

Is a favourite song to a favourite tune. It should have been placed in an earlier page, but for the sake of those that follow it to the same air, which are of a latter date. Indeed it is no matter how these general songs are arranged. This one is patched up from Cromek's Remains, and another manuscript copy.

#### SONG XLV.

##### **Second Set,**

Is from Mr Hardy's Collection, and appears to have been writ-



ten immediately on the landing of Prince Charles at Moidart, on the mainland of Scotland. I regret much that I have been unable to procure a copy of an original Jacobite song, which I once or twice heard one Betty Cameron from Lochaber sing, beginning

Seven men of Moidart,  
O whar will you lie the night?

#### SONG XLVI.

##### Third Set,

Is from Mr. Moir's Collection, and not the worst of the three.

#### SONG XLVII.

##### Be Valiant Still,

Is from Mr Hardy's MSS., altered a little from another manuscript copy. All these four are to the same air, which seems to have been a great favourite in these days. Tunes have their day as well as dogs, or anything else. We have several times seen in our own day all the populace seized as it were with a mania of fondness for certain tunes ; such as "*Cawder Fair*," "*The Miller of Drone*," &c. One may guess from the number of corresponding songs, when such and such tunes had their day. This is particularly the case with the Jacobite songs, as will be seen throughout these volumes.

#### SONG XLVIII.

##### Maclean's Welcome,

I MAY here mention, once for all, that these songs from the Gaelic were mostly sent to me by different hands, translated simply into English prose, and have all been versified by me, save those mentioned in the notes as having been done by others ; so that it must be remarked, they are rather *imitations from the Gaelic* than

any thing else. To have versified the short sentences from the Gaelic literally, was impossible. I trust, however, that those acquainted with the originals will confess that they have lost nothing in going through my hands exclusive of the Gaelic idioms, endeared to the natives from infancy, which must all vanish in any translation whatsoever. Yet even in these abrupt Highland Ossianic sentences, there seems to be something of the raw material and spirit of poetry, for I never got any notes of words so easily turned into songs. Some part of the beverage promised to Prince Charles in this song, by "his friend the Maclean," are certainly of a very singular nature, but not one of these is added to the original. The air is beautiful, but the ingenious Captain Frazer has a better set of it in his collection; and I cannot help mentioning here, that though that gentleman has many Lowland melodies among his, so different in style from his own native music that the most common ear can distinguish them, yet, whether Highland or Lowland, his are always the best sets I have ever either seen or heard.

## SONG XLIX.

**Charlie is my Darling,**

MODERN.

## SONG L.

**Charlie is my Darling,**

ORIGINAL.

I WROTE the first of these songs some years ago, at the request of a friend, who complained that he did not like the old verses. I have, however, added them that those who delight in the fine original air may take which they choose.

## SONG LI.

**Turn the Blue Bonnets wha can.**

NEITHER this beautiful air nor song have ever been before pub-

lished. The name is ancient. I dare not take it on me to say so much for either the words or the music. But what need any one speak about an old song that is made about events that happened in our own day. My father was a man shearing on the harvest field that day the battle of Prestonpans was fought, and is yet living, and in good health and spirits, to tell of it. He remembers all the circumstances of the "Highlanders' Raide," as he calls it, with the utmost minuteness; having been then in his seventeenth year. Yet he confesses that the time appears only like a few seasons. What then would he think on hearing us speak of an ancient song made at that period?

### SONG LII.

#### *The Athol Gathering,*

Is a good song to an excellent tune. Captain Frazer has the air in his work as a Highland melody; but it has been sung on the Border for ages, to a song beginning—

O that I had ne'er been married,  
 I had ne'er had any care;  
 Now I've gotten wife an' bairns,  
 An' they cry, "crowdy" ever mair.  
 Crowdy aince, an' crowdy twice,  
 An' crowdy three times i' the day,  
 An' ye crowdy ony mair,  
 Ye'll crowdy a' my meal away.

The Border name of the tune of course is "crowdy." It was published in a small ephemeral collection of airs about forty years ago, under the name of "Nova Scotia." In Strathmore it is "The Athol Gathering," and Captain Frazer calls it "Teann a nall is cum do ghealladh;" which may, for aught I know, mean something of the same with the song. His is a very delightful set. The variations cannot be admitted in a simple air for the voice. So much for the air. For the song, it seems to have been taken from an anonymous Jacobite poem of some merit, evidently written at the very time the clans were rising in 1745. The following short extract is almost in terms synonymous with the song.

"The gracious declaration, issued forth,  
 Resound glad echoes thro' the spacious north,  
 Repenting subjects, weeping, own their crimes,  
 Curse the Usurper, and degen'rate times,

With noble ardour rush into the field,  
For to such manly goodness all must yield.

“ See the bold chiefs their hardy warriors lead,  
Eager in such a cause, with such a head ;  
Glengarry, Keppoch, Appin, only weep  
These thirty years the cause has been asleep ;  
Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal thro’ thy life,  
Was’t thou untimely in the glorious strife ;  
Thy chief degen’rate, thou his terror stood,  
To vindicate the loyal Gordons’ blood ;  
The loyal Gordons own the gen’rous call,  
With Charles and thee resolved to live or fall.

“ See Athole’s duke, in exile, ever true,  
His faithful toils for thee, his Prince, renew.  
By tyrants first, then by a brother spurned,  
Still, still with loyalty his bosom burned ;  
One of the select, never-dying train  
Conveyed their Prince thro’ dangers on the main ;  
See, how hereditary right prevails,  
And see Astraea poise the wayward scales !  
Th’ usurping brother to th’ Usurper flees,  
While his return is echoed to the skies,  
And happy vassals to his standard flies.

“ His worthy brother, bursting into fame,  
Asserts the honour of the Murrays’ name ;  
In council wise, and glorious in the field,  
His Prince’s thunder born with grace to wield ;  
To hurl destruction on invet’rate foes,  
And give Britannia long desired repose.

“ The Murrays, glowing with a gen’rous flame,  
Afford still subjects for the noblest theme ;  
But these I pass :—their virtues speak their praise,  
Nor shall be lost by inexpressive lays.

“ But why, O Perth, why should I silent be,  
Nor tell the world the worth that lives in thee ?  
Thy hospitable doors to foes were wide,  
Even to the foes by whom thou wast betrayed ;  
But Heaven, thy guardian, stopped the threatened ill,  
And Perth preserved, and will preserve him still.

“ Elcho—but words are weak, for who can tell  
What godlike actions have expressed so well ?

“ Beloved by all, see, Ogilvie appears  
A man in courage, though a youth in years ;  
Thy fame succeeding ages pleased shall read,  
And future Airlies emulate each deed.

“ Thee, Nairn and Gask, with raptures could I sing,  
Still true to God, your country, and your king,



Loyal and just, sincere as weeping truth,  
 The same in manhood as in early youth ;  
 But while the sun the blue horizon gilds,  
 Each little witness to his brightness yields.

“ Strowan, great chief, whom both Minervas crown,  
 Illustrious bard, thou sufferer of renown,  
 Long dimmed, like rays shot from a clouded star,  
 In verse Apollo, and a Mars in war.

“ Menzies reserved to add a nobler grace,  
 To an illustrious but forgotten race ;  
 A race that added to the Brucian fame,  
 And rises now with no less loyal flame.

“ Th’ immortal Grahams, but ah ! without a head,  
 Yet always show that loyalty’s their creed.

“ These, mighty Prince, were men by Heaven’s decree  
 Reserved to catch new hopes and life from thee ;  
 Reserved with thee to pull th’ Usurper down,  
 To right thy country, and to right thy crown.”

Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Athol, was with his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, in Kintail, 1719, and was wounded at the battle of Glenshiel, 10th June that year. Making his escape abroad, he was several years an officer in the Sardinian service, but obtaining a pardon, returned to Britain, was presented to the King, and ineffectually solicited a commission in his army. Joining Prince Charles’s standard at Perth, in September 1745, he was appointed lieutenant-general of his forces, acted as such at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, marched into England with them, and brought up the rear in their retreat from thence. He was attainted of high treason by act of parliament, but escaped to the continent ; he arrived at Rome, 21st March, 1747, where he was received with great distinction by Prince Charles, who fitted up an apartment for him in his palace, and introduced him to the Pope. He died at Medenblinck, in Holland, 11th October, 1760.

### SONG LIII.

#### *The Gathering Kant,*

Is a Buchan song got from my correspondent at Peterhead. The air is a modification of “ *The Quaker’s Wife*.”



## SONG LIV.

*Wha wadna Fight for Charlie?*

Is likewise a Buchan song, sent me by Mr. John Wallace. The air has the same name, but in the South is called "*Will ye go an' marry Katie?*"

## SONG LV.

*An Excellent New Song on the Rebellion,*

Is the best model of a street ballad, poetry, air, and all, that is extant. The style is quite inimitable, and yet I myself remember of the song being popular. I got it from David Constable, Esq., advocate, son to the celebrated bookseller of that name, a number of years ago. The ballad alludes to the painful and disgraceful catastrophe at Preston, where the pusillanimity of Foster and his adherents (to say the least of it) occasioned the shameful death of many a brave man, who, at all events, might well have effected an honourable retreat, and escaped till the day of vengeance was overpast. But his disgraceful surrender occasioned the engraving of indelible stains on the honour, the national character, and the government of his country. He afterwards made his escape, not without the connivance of those in power, as was shrewdly suspected, which lends some colour to the suggestion in the ballad, that he in the end proved a traitor to the cause, after having inveigled so many brave men into it. As the ballad dwells only on Lord Derwentwater's fate, the following short extract from an anonymous work will not be thought out of place here: "Of the seven lords condemned, the Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater were the only two who suffered. On the 29th of February they were brought to the scaffold, when the latter delivered a paper to the sheriffs, the following extract from which bears testimony to his sentiments: 'I am now to ask pardon,' says he, 'of those whom I may have scandalized by pleading guilty at my trial. But in this I am sensible, I have made bold with my loyalty, having never owned any other but King James III. for my lawful and rightful sovereign; I had an inclination to serve him from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had for his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy.'

And though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereto bound by the laws of God and man.

‘Wherefore, if in this affair I have acted rashly, it ought not to affect the innocent ; I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my king and country, and that without self-interest, hoping, by the example I gave, to have induced others to do their duty : And God, who sees the secret of my heart, knows I speak truth. Some means have been proposed to me to save my life, which I looked upon as inconsistent with honour and conscience, and therefore I rejected them ; for, with God’s assistance, I shall prefer any death to the doing a base unworthy action : I only wish now, that the laying down my life might contribute to the service of my king and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of the kingdoms, without which no lasting peace or true happiness can attend them ; then I should, indeed, part with my life even with pleasure : And as it is, I can only pray that these blessings may be bestowed on my dear country ; and since I can do no more, I beseech God to accept of my life as a small sacrifice towards it.

‘I die a Roman Catholic ; I am in perfect charity with all the world, I thank God for it, even with those of the present government, who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as reported false things of me ; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth, by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commit my soul.

‘JA. DERWENTWATER.’

“The scaffold was no sooner cleaned from the stains of the execution of this unfortunate Earl, than the Lord Viscount Kenmure was brought out, accompanied by his son and some friends, and attended by two clergymen of the Church of England, in which communion he professed to die : He made no formal speech, but testified his sorrow for pleading guilty, and acknowledged James’s title to the crown, and wished he might one day re-mount the throne of his ancestors. After being undressed by the help of his friends, he kneeled and laid his head down upon the block, then raised it up again ; and still continuing on his knees, he gave the executioner some money, and told him he would give him no sign ; but that, when he laid down his head again he might do his office as he saw good ; then lifting up his hands a short time in a posture of prayer, he resolutely laid down his head, which at two blows was severed from his body.

“After this lord’s execution, a letter was found in his pocket, addressed to King James, wherein he declared, that he died for his faithful services to his majesty, but hoped the cause he died

for would flourish after his death ; and, as he suffered for his service, he hoped his Majesty would provide for his wife and children."

Brave old Mackintosh of Borlam also made his escape by a bold manœuvre of his friends. The men in power were highly indignant, and offered a great reward for his apprehension ; but

" Though our King would give ten thousand pound,  
Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found."

### SONG LVI.

#### **A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Geordie.**

THIS song I likewise got from Mr. David Constable, before either he or I had any notion of collecting the Jacobite Relics of the country. I was likewise obliged to his father for a curious old MS. ballad, which came out of time after the first volume was printed, and much more for a copy of Wood's Peerage, without which I should never have been able to get forward.

Although it is merely conjecture, the song is supposed to have related to the death of George Collingwood, Esq. mentioned in "Lord Derwentwater's Goodnight," Song xi., who was executed at Liverpool, and, being lame at the time, was carried to the gallows in a chair.

### SONG LVII.

#### **Turnimspike,**

Is an excellent and very popular song ; but is rather one against the modern encroachments on the Highlander's liberty than any dynasty. Hersel thought it, no doubt, a terrible imposition at the turnpike gate, "for nought but gaen upon te crund."

## SONG LVIII.

*Johnie Cope.*SONG LIX.—*Second Set.*

THIS song, so generally a favourite throughout Scotland, is certainly more indebted for its popularity to the composer of the air than the poet who wrote the verses. The tune is really excellent, but the verses, take which set we will, are commonplace enough. Yet I scarcely know a song that so many people are fond of. For my part I love it, and ever will, because it was a chief favourite with my late indulgent and lamented master and friend, the Duke of Buccleugh, whom I have often heard sing it with great glee.

This being the first song relating to any particular action of 1745, it will be necessary to take up the thread of the general narration, having been obliged to leave it off to make room for miscellaneous matter, and thus carry it on in the same intermittent state to the end. This must be done very shortly, for a minute detail would swell the work beyond all reasonable bounds.

It will be observed, that I retained the two foregoing songs, 55 and 56, in order to take up the relation at that period, and thereby connect the story of the two risings for the Stuarts. The affair at Preston being the last of the one era, and at Prestonpans, where Cope was defeated, the first of the other related in song.

We left the army, led by Foster, Kenmure, and Brigadier Mackintosh, at Lancaster, whither they arrived, after chasing from the field and utterly scattering an army of 11,000 men, raised hastily by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle : from Lancaster they proceeded to Preston, whence Stanhope's regiment of dragoons, and another of Militia, immediately retired, so that they took possession of the place without resistance. General Wills marched against the enemy with six regiments of horse and dragoons, and one battalion of foot commanded by Colonel Preston. They had advanced to the bridge of Ribble before Foster received intelligence of their approach. He forthwith began to raise barricades, and put the place in a posture of defence. On the 12th day of November, the town was briskly attacked in two different places ; but the King's troops met with a very warm reception, and were repulsed with considerable loss. Next day General Car-



penter arrived with a reinforcement of three regiments of dragoons ; and the town was invested on all sides. The Highlanders declared they would make a sally, sword in hand, and either cut their way through the troops of the enemy, or perish in the attempt ; but they were over-ruled. Foster sent Colonel Oxburgh with a trumpet to General Wills, to propose a capitulation. He was answered, that the general would not treat with rebels ; but, in case of their surrendering at discretion, he would prevent his soldiers from putting them to the sword, until he received farther orders. He granted them time to consider till next morning, upon their delivering the Earl of Derwentwater and Mackintosh as hostages. When Foster submitted, this Highlander declared he could not promise the Scots would surrender in that manner. The general desired him to return to his people, and he would forthwith attack the town, in which case every man of them should be cut to pieces. The Scottish noblemen did not choose to run the risk, and persuaded the Highlanders to accept the terms offered. They accordingly laid down their arms, and were put under a strong guard. All the noblemen and leaders were secured. Major Nairn, Captain Lockhart, Captain Shaftoe, and Ensign Erskine, were tried by a court-martial as deserters, and executed. Lord Charles Murray, son of the Duke of Athol, was likewise condemned for the same crime, but reprieved. The common men were imprisoned at Chester and Liverpool. The noblemen and considerable officers were sent to London, conveyed through the streets pinioned like malefactors, and committed to the Tower and to Newgate. The day of their final surrender at Preston was remarkable also for the battle of Sheriffmuir, so fully described already. After that battle, the clans, seeing no likelihood of any farther engagement, began, according to their usual custom, to disperse, and straggle homewards to their several habitations, so that Mar's army grew daily weaker. Many of the chiefs having lost confidence in him, their sentiments became too well known among their followers, and without the strict and positive command of his own chief, every Highlander thought then he had a right to do as he listed, and go when and where he listed.

The adherents to the house of Stuart having been thus basely sold and put down in England, the government was now in a condition to send strong reinforcements to Scotland. Six thousand men that were claimed of the States-General, by virtue of the treaty, landed in England, and began their march for Edinburgh. General Cadogan set out for the same place, together with Brigadier Petit, and six other engineers ; and a train of artillery was shipped at the Tower for that country, the Duke of Argyle resolving to drive the Earl of Mar out of Perth, to which town he had retired with the remains of his forces. James, having been amused with the hope of seeing the whole kingdom of England



rise up as one man in his behalf, and the Duke of Ormond having made a fruitless voyage to the western coast, to try the disposition of the people, he was now convinced of the vanity of his expectation in that quarter; and, as he knew not what other course to take, he resolved to hazard his person among his friends in Scotland, at a time when his affairs in that kingdom were absolutely desperate. From Bretagne, he posted through part of France in disguise; and, embarking in a small vessel at Dunkirk, hired for that purpose, arrived, on the 22d December, at Peterhead, with six gentlemen in his retinue, one of whom was the Marquis of Tinmouth, son to the Duke of Berwick. He passed through Aberdeen incognito, to Fetterosse, where he was met by the Earls of Mar and Marischal, and about thirty noblemen and gentlemen of the first quality. Here he was solemnly proclaimed. His declaration, dated at Commercy, was printed and circulated through all the parts in the neighbourhood; and he received addresses from the Episcopal clergy, and the laity of that communion, in the diocese of Aberdeen. On the 5th of January he made his public entry into Dundee; and on the 7th arrived at Scone, where he seemed determined to stay until the ceremony of his coronation should be performed. From thence he made an excursion to Perth, where he reviewed his forces. Then he formed a regular council, and published six proclamations; one for a general thanksgiving on account of his safe arrival; another enjoining the ministers to pray for him in churches; a third, establishing the currency of foreign coins; a fourth, summoning the meeting of the convention of estates; a fifth, ordering all sensible men to repair to his standard; and a sixth, fixing the 23d of January for his coronation. He made a pathetic speech in a grand council, at which all the chiefs of his party assisted. They determined, however, to abandon the enterprise, as King George's army was reinforced by the Dutch auxiliaries, and they themselves were not only reduced to a small number, but likewise destitute of money, arms, ammunition, forage, and provision; for the Duke of Argyle had taken possession of Burntisland, and transported a detachment to Fife, so as to cut off Mar's communication with that fertile country.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and a prodigious fall of snow, which rendered the roads almost impassable, the Duke, on the 29th of January, began his march to Dumblane, and next day reached Tullibardine, where he received intelligence that James and his forces had, on the previous day, retired towards Dundee. He forthwith took possession of Perth, and then began his march to Aberbrothwick, in pursuit of the enemy. The Chevalier de St. George, being thus hotly pursued, was prevailed upon to embark on board a small French ship that lay in the harbour of Montrose. He was accompanied by the

Earls of Mar and Melford, the Lord Drummond, Lieutenant-General Bulkley, and other persons of distinction, to the number of seventeen. In order to avoid the English cruisers, they stretched over to Norway; and, coasting along the German and Dutch shores, arrived in five days at Graveline. General Gordon, whom James had left commander-in-chief of the forces, assisted by the Earl Marischal, proceeded with them to Aberdeen, where he secured three vessels to sail northward, and take on board the persons who intended to make their escape to the Continent. Then they continued their march through Strathspey and Strathdown, to the hills of Badenoch, where the common people were quietly dismissed. This retreat was made with such expedition, that the Duke of Argyle, with all his activity, could never overtake their rear-guard, which consisted of a thousand horse, commanded by the Earl Marischal. Such was the issue of this rising, which proved fatal to many noble families; a rising which, in all probability, would never have taken place, had not the violent measures of a Whig ministry kindled such a flame of discontent in the nation, as encouraged the partizans of the exiled house to hazard a revolt. But though the rising was suppressed, the flame of national dissatisfaction still continued to rage; the severities exercised against those of King James's party increased the general discontent. For now the danger was blown over, their humane passions began to prevail. The courage and fortitude with which the condemned persons encountered the pains of death in its most dreadful form, prepossessed many spectators in favour of the cause by which those unhappy victims were animated. In a word, persecution, as usual, extended the heresy. About the end of next session of Parliament, bills of attainder were passed against General Foster and Brigadier Mackintosh; and "a bill for more effectually securing the peace of the Highlands in Scotland, by disarming the people," &c., and "a bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into those estates which were forfeited by the rebellion," which the King had promised to give up for the public service.

Having appointed General Carpenter commander in chief of all the forces in Scotland; Lord Lovat, governor of Inverness, for his good services in recovering that place from the enemy; the Earl of Sutherland, president of the chamberlainry in Scotland; and a patent having passed the seals, creating his royal highness, George, Prince of Wales, regent of the kingdom of Great Britain, and his Majesty's lieutenant within the same, King George, on the 7th of July, departed for Holland, where he arrived on the 9th, on his way to Hanover.

The state prisoners who had been reprieved by his Majesty, began to behave themselves as if they were secure; when, to their great surprise, on the night of the 8th, after the Prince had open-

ed his commission in Council, a warrant was signed for executing twenty-four of them on the following Friday. A reprieve, however, arrived on the Thursday for twenty of them ; and a warrant for the execution of Mr. Paul, and Mr. Thomas Hall of Otterburn, who were executed accordingly on Friday, the 13th of July, 1716. At the place of execution, each of them read a declaration renouncing communion with the Church of England, and owning they died members of the nonjuring Church there ; praying for the restoration of King James, and exhorting the people to be obedient to him, as their only lawful sovereign, &c.

On the 24th of June, when the Act suspending the Habeas Corpus Bill expired, the Earl of Scarsdale, Lords Duplin, Powis, and several private gentlemen, availed themselves of it, and were admitted to bail. In a short time after, Sir William Windham, Mr. Harvey of Comb, Mr. Lockart of Carnwath, the Earls of Wigbourn and Hume, and several others, both in England and Scotland, who had been taken into custody as suspected persons at the commencement of the disturbances, took likewise the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act. A general order was likewise issued for the liberation, without bail, of all those who surrendered according to the summons before the rising, and those who deserted from James's army before the retreat from Perth ; and discharging all the servants who were prisoners with their masters in London. The Marquis of Huntly, Glengarry, Mr. Douglas, Ogilvy, and some others in Scotland, obtained their full pardon, in regard of their having quitted the chevalier's army in time. Some at London were liberated before trial, and others reprieved. The prisoners taken at Dunfermline and Sheriffmuir, and such as had surrendered themselves to the Government at the termination of this unsuccessful attempt, and were prisoners in the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Blackness, were conveyed to Carlisle to be tried by a commission of oyer and terminer, appointed to sit there in November, 1716. Thirty-four prisoners were set at liberty, without being brought to trial ; thirty-two being brought to trial, Mr. William Hay made some demur against the jurisdiction, but afterwards withdrew, and thereafter pled guilty, as did all the rest, except one Tulloch of Tanachie, who was acquitted, having proved that he was forced to engage in the enterprise against his will. Twenty-four of them received sentence of death ; but no day was appointed for their execution. The rest were never sentenced.

King George returned from Germany about the middle of January, 1716, a few days before the Parliament met, intending to open that session with a general indemnity ; but a rumour having circulated, that the plan of another attempt was formed, it was delayed. It appeared from the papers seized with Count Gyllenburgh, and Baron Gortz, that the King of Sweden, in concert with



the Jacobites, designed to invade Britain. Effectual measures being taken it was prevented. The Earl of Oxford was tried on the 13th of July, and acquitted. His Majesty then granted his indemnity, and the remainder of the prisoners were liberated.

Next year but one, however, another attempt was made in favour of the exiled Chevalier, principally under the auspices of the intriguing Cardinal Alberoni. The Duke of Ormond having been sent for, repaired to Madrid, and held conferences with his eminence, and measures were concerted for exciting another insurrection in Britain. The Chevalier de St. George quitted Urbino by stealth ; and embarking at Nettuno, landed at Cagliari in March. From thence he took his passage to Roses in Catalonia, and proceeded to Madrid, where he was received with great cordiality, and treated as King of Great Britain. An armament had been equipped of ten ships of war and transports, having on board six thousand regular troops, with arms for twelve thousand men. The command of this fleet was bestowed on the Duke of Ormond, with the title of captain-general of his most catholic Majesty. He was provided with declarations in the name of that king, importing, that for many good reasons he had sent part of his land and sea-forces into Scotland and England, to act as auxiliaries to King James. King George, having received from the Regent of France timely notice of this intended invasion, offered, by proclamations, rewards to those that should apprehend the Duke of Ormond, or any gentleman embarked in that expedition. Troops were ordered to assemble in the north and in the west of England ; two thousand men were demanded of the States-General ; a strong squadron was equipped to oppose the Spanish armament ; and the Duke of Orleans made a proffer to King George of twenty battalions for his service. His Majesty, having communicated to both Houses of Parliament the repeated advices he had received touching this projected descent, they promised to support him against all his enemies. They desired he would augment his forces by sea and land ; and assured him they would make good the extraordinary expense. Two thousand men were landed from Holland, and six battalions of imperialists from the Austrian Netherlands. The Duke of Ormond sailed from Cadiz, and proceeded as far as Cape Finisterre, where his fleet was dispersed and disabled by a violent storm, which entirely defeated the purposed expedition. Two frigates, however, arrived in Scotland, with the Earls Marischal and Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardine, some field-officers, three hundred Spaniards, and arms for two thousand men. They were joined by a small body of Highlanders, and possessed themselves of Donan Castle. Against these adventurers General Wightman marched with a body of regular troops from Inverness. They had taken possession of the pass of Glenshiel ; but at the approach of the king's forces, re-

tired to the pass at Strachell, which they resolved to defend. They were attacked and driven from one eminence to another till night, when the Highlanders dispersed ; and next day the Spaniards surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Marischal, Seaforth, and Tullibardine, with some officers, retired to one of the western isles, in order to wait an opportunity of being conveyed to the Continent.

Still the unsuccessful issue of all these ill-conducted enterprises did not extinguish the hopes of the friends to the House of Stuart in Scotland. They looked forward to the period when some favourable opportunity would occur, and their efforts to restore his family to the throne would be crowned with success. The existing Government, however, watched with such anxious care every movement of its supposed enemies, that it crushed in embryo all the attempts that were made to disturb the public tranquillity. Notwithstanding its vigilance, a secret correspondence was kept up between the Chevalier and his friends, in which he encouraged them to hope that their expectations would be realised ; he flattered them also with being soon able to join them, backed by all the power of France ; and to bind them still closer to his interest, supplied them occasionally with money and arms. They were ready, therefore, on the first intimation of a descent, to take the field, and support with all their means the fortunes of the exiled family.

The free discussion of the measures of Government, and the loud clamours raised by the people against what they deem an infringement of their privileges, impress foreigners with the idea that the country is often ripe for a revolt, when it is nothing more than the effect of that freedom, the pride and boast of our country, and which is so well calculated to correct the follies of those in power. The Parliamentary disputes in 1743 were carried on with so much acrimony, and the people gave such implicit confidence to the assertions of those who represented the nation as being uselessly burdened and oppressed for purposes destructive of British liberty, that a general dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the country, and it appeared to the French ministry a favourable period for assisting the Chevalier de St. George to recover his crown.

This project was agreeable to Cardinal de Tencin, who had succeeded Fleury as Prime Minister of France. He was of a violent enterprising temper. He had been recommended to the purple by the Chevalier de St. George, and was warmly attached to the Stuart family. His ambition was flattered with a prospect of giving a king to Great Britain, of performing such eminent service to his benefactor, and of restoring to the throne of their ancestors a family connected by the ties of blood with all the greatest princes of Europe. He foresaw, that even if his aim should miscarry, a



descent upon Great Britain would make a considerable diversion from the Continent in favour of France, and embroil and embarrass his Britannic majesty, who was the chief support of the house of Austria and all its allies. Actuated by these motives, he concerted measures with the Chevalier de St George at Rome, who, being too much advanced in years to engage personally in such an expedition, agreed to delegate his authority and pretensions to his son Charles, a youth of promising talents, sage, secret, brave, and enterprising; amiable in his person, grave, and even reserved, in his deportment. He approved himself in the sequel composed and moderate in success, wonderfully firm in adversity; and, though tenderly nursed in all the delights of an effeminate country and gentle climate, patient, almost beyond belief, of cold, hunger, and fatigue. Count Saxe was appointed by the French king commander of the troops designed for this expedition, which amounted to fifteen thousand. They began their march to Picardy, and a great number of vessels was assembled for their embarkation, at Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. It was determined that they should be landed in Kent, under convoy of a strong squadron equipped at Brest, and commanded by Monsieur Roquefeuille, an officer of experience and capacity. The Chevalier de St. George is said to have required the personal service of the Duke of Ormond, who excused himself on account of advanced age; be that as it will, Prince Charles departed from Rome about the end of December, in the disguise of a Spanish courier, attended by one servant only, and furnished with passports by Cardinal Aquaviva. He travelled through Tuscany to Genoa, whence he proceeded to Savona, where he embarked for Antibes, and, prosecuting his journey to Paris, was indulged with a private audience of the French king; then he set out incognito for the coast of Picardy. The British ministry, being apprised of his arrival in France, at once comprehended the destination of the armaments prepared at Brest and Boulogne. Mr. Thomson, the English resident at Paris, received orders to make a remonstrance to the French ministry, on the violation of those treaties by which the Chevalier was excluded from the territories of France. But he was given to understand that his most christian majesty would not explain himself on that subject, until the King of England should have given satisfaction on the repeated complaints which had been made to him, touching the infractions of those very treaties which had been so often violated by his orders. In the month of January M. de Roquefeuille sailed from Brest, directing his course up the English Channel, with twenty ships of war. They were immediately discovered by an English cruiser, which ran into Plymouth; and the intelligence was conveyed by land to the board of Admiralty. Sir John Norris was forthwith ordered to take the command of the squadron at Spithead, with which he

sailed round to the Downs, where he was joined by some ships of the line from Chatham, and then he found himself at the head of a squadron considerably stronger than that of the enemy.

Several regiments marched to the southern coasts of England : all governors and commanders were ordered to repair immediately to their respective posts ; the forts at the mouth of the Thames and the Medway were put in a posture of defence, and directions were issued to assemble the Kentish Militia, to defend the coast in case of an invasion. A requisition was made of the 6000 auxiliaries which the States-General were by treaty obliged to furnish on such occasions ; and these were granted with great alacrity and expedition. The Earl of Stair, forgetting his wrongs, took this opportunity of offering his services to the government, and was reinvested with the chief command of the forces of Great Britain. His example was followed by several noblemen of the first rank. The Duke of Montague was permitted to raise a regiment of horse, and orders were sent to bring over 6000 of the British troops from Flanders, in case the invasion should actually take place. King George was exhorted by Parliament to augment his forces by sea and land ; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended for six months, and several persons of distinction were apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices : a proclamation was issued for putting the laws in execution against papists and nonjurors, who were commanded to retire ten miles from London ; and every precaution taken which seemed necessary for the preservation of the public tranquillity.

Meanwhile the French court proceeded with their preparations at Boulogne and Dunkirk, under the eye of Prince Charles ; and seven thousand men were actually embarked. M. de Roquefeuille sailed up the channel as far as Dungeness, a promontory on the coast of Kent, after having detached M. de Barreil with five ships to hasten the embarkation at Dunkirk. While the French Admiral anchored of Dungeness, he perceived, on the 24th of February, the British fleet under Sir John Norris doubling the South Foreland from the Downs : and, though the wind was against him, taking the opportunity of the tide to come up and engage the French squadron. Roquefeuille, who little expected such a visit, could not be altogether composed, considering the great superiority of his enemies ; but the tide failing, the English Admiral was obliged to anchor two leagues short of the enemy. In this interval M. Roquefeuille called a council of war, in which it was determined to avoid an engagement, weigh anchor at sunset, and make the best of their way to the place whence they had set sail. This resolution was favoured by a very hard gale of wind, which began to blow from the north-east, and carried them down the channel with incredible expedition. But the same storm, which in all probability saved their fleet from destruction,

utterly disconcerted the design of invading England. A great number of their transports were driven ashore and destroyed, and the rest so damaged that they could not speedily be repaired. The English were now masters at sea, and their coast was so well guarded, that the enterprise could not be prosecuted with any probability of success. The French Generals nominated to serve in this expedition returned to Paris, and Prince Charles resolved to wait a more favourable opportunity. The French King no longer preserved any measures with the court of London; the British resident at Paris was given to understand that a declaration of war must ensue; and this was actually published on the 20th of March.

A like denunciation of war against France was proclaimed on the 31st of March, with the usual solemnities. On the 5th of June Sir Hector M'Lean, George Bleau of Castlehill, and Lachlan M'Lean, Sir Hector's servant, were apprehended in Canongate of Edinburgh, on suspicion of being in the French service, and of enlisting men there. After several hours' examination by the king's advocate and solicitor, and some gentlemen of the army, they were committed;—Sir Hector to the castle, Mr. Bleau to the jail of that city, and Lachlan M'Lean to that of the Canongate. They were sent under a strong guard to London, where they underwent a long examination, and were afterwards remanded back into the messenger's custody.

Although the design of invasion on a large scale was laid aside by the French ministry, they nevertheless foresaw that the appearance of Charles in Great Britain would embarrass the government, and make a considerable diversion in their favour; and had they been hearty in his cause, a more favourable opportunity could not have been found, for Scotland was quite unfurnished with troops, King George was in Germany, and the Highland chiefs were eager for insurrection. The measures which were adopted for dissolving the system of clanship, and crushing their power, were viewed as innovations which they exerted themselves to discourage, and endeavoured to maintain their influence over their vassals by every means in their power.

They viewed the proceedings of the existing government that were levelled against them, as acts of tyranny, and considered their acquiescence as rivetting the chains which were already forged for them; the recollection of their power, the glory of their forefathers, inspired them with hatred to the Government, and they earnestly solicited the appearance of Charles, who, they flattered themselves, would restore their lost rights. The young Prince, entering into their views, resolved to make a vigorous effort to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Being furnished with a sum of money and a supply of arms by the French ministry, he embarked on board of a small frigate of eleven guns at Port St.



Lazare, on the 15th of July 1745, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been his tutor, Sir John M'Donald, an officer in the Spanish service, Francis Strickland, an English gentleman, Mr. Kelly, a clergyman, Æneas M'Donald, a banker in Paris, Kinloch Moidart's brother-in-law, and Buchanan, the messenger sent to Rome by Cardinal de Tencin. When off Belleisle he was joined by his convoy the Elizabeth, formerly an English man of war, mounted with sixty-six guns, and having on board L.400,000, and arms for several thousand men. Their design was to sail round Ireland, and land in the western part of Scotland; but falling in with the Lion, an English ship of the line, a very obstinate and bloody action ensued. The Elizabeth was so disabled that she could not prosecute the voyage, and with difficulty reached the harbour of Brest; and the Lion was shattered to such a degree, that she floated like a wreck upon the water. Prince Charles in the frigate continued his course to the western isles, and after hovering about several days, put into Boradale in Lochaber, where he landed, and went directly to the house of Mr. Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart. Here he remained in private several weeks, while some of the Highland chiefs were getting the clans together, in order to declare openly for him, and by the middle of August had assembled about 1800 men, consisting of the Stuarts of Appin, the M'Donalds of Glengarry, the Camerons of Lochiel, and others.

The first intelligence of his arrival was not credited by the lords of the regency, who even suspected the integrity of those by whom it was conveyed. But they were soon seriously alarmed when they learned that the information was true; a courier was despatched to Holland to hasten the return of King George, who arrived in England about the latter end of August, and a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of L.30,000 to any one who should take Prince Charles either dead or alive. This proclamation was contrasted by Prince Charles offering the like sum for securing the person of King George:—

“Charles, Prince of Wales, &c., regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

“Whereas we have seen a scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under the pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor King Charles I. of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies: we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though, from our nature and principles, we ab-

hor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize and secure, till our farther orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed, or attempting to land, in any part of his Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

CHARLES, P. R.

Given in our camp, at Kinlocheill, August the 22d, 1745.

By his Highness's command,

JO. MURRAY."

In the beginning of August accounts reached Edinburgh of the debarkation of Prince Charles, and that several Highland chiefs had taken arms in his cause. On the first notice of this, Lieutenant-general Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, gave the necessary orders to the troops; several parties, which were at work upon the roads, were ordered forthwith to rejoin their respective regiments; arms and ammunition were sent to the troops and garrisons from the Castle of Edinburgh; that fortress was ordered to be stored with provisions, and the garrison reinforced with two companies of Lascelles's foot; a camp was formed at Stirling; all military persons whatever in Scotland were required forthwith to repair to their respective posts; and the out-pensioners of Chelsea hospital to present themselves before the Lieutenant-General Guest at Edinburgh, who, as they appeared, were ordered for Stirling, or joined to the garrison of Edinburgh Castle. The new levied companies of Sinclair's Royal Scots Foot, quartered at Perth, received orders, on the 10th of August, to march to Fort William. Having passed Fort Augustus, they were attacked, on the 16th, by the indefatigable Keppoch and a handful of his clan, and made prisoners, after a stout resistance, in which two men were killed, and Captain Scot and several wounded. They were carried to the young Chevalier's quarters, and in a few days the officers and some of the men were liberated upon their parole. Meantime Captain Campbell of Inveraw, with his company, one of the three additional companies of the old Highland regiment, got safe into Fort William, having gone the west road.

On the 19th Cope, accompanied by the Earl of Loudoun, and a great many officers, set out from Edinburgh for Stirling, to put himself at the head of the army. Next day, and the day following, all the infantry, amounting to between 1500 and 2000, with provisions, some field-pieces, cohorns, &c., crossed the Forth by Stirling Bridge, and marched by the way of Tay Bridge to Inver-



ness, where they arrived on the 29th. The Duke of Athol, accompanied by the Laird of Glengarry, visited the general, &c., when encamped at Crieff.

It was expected that Cope would have attacked Prince Charles, but having received accounts, when at Dalwhinnie, that he was much superior in number, and that he lay at an advantageous pass, in expectation of his coming the Fort Augustus road, his excellency sent a detachment that way as a blind, but marched the main body, with the baggage, &c., the Inverness Road; ordering the detachment to follow at an appointed time. This was effected with such expedition, as to prevent his being intercepted at another pass on the Inverness road.

As there was nothing now to oppose the Highlanders, their main body, not exceeding 2500, with Prince Charles at their head, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, &c., reached the braes of Athol, and several Perthshire and Fife gentlemen removed to Edinburgh.

All this while the magistrates and inhabitants of Edinburgh were very attentive to what passed. About the 9th of August proper orders were given to the officers of the trained-bands, constables, &c. A little after the city-guard was augmented with 30 men, and all stablers, innkeepers, &c., were required to give the captain of the guard an account of all strangers, immediately on their coming to lodge with them on pain of £5 for each offence. On the 26th, and some days after, strict search was made through the printing-houses, but without making any discovery, for some papers, said to be entitled "a Declaration"—"a Commission of Regency"—"a Manifesto," &c., copies of which had been dropt at Perth, inclosed in blank covers, addressed to the Sheriff-depute, &c.

Nor were the ministers of State less vigilant. Besides those formerly taken up, Alexander Frazer, sometime servant to John Drummond, a captain in the French service, just come over from Holland, was committed to Edinburgh jail on the 11th of August; John M'Leod, also from Holland, on the 13th; and James Rollo of Powhouse, to Edinburgh Castle on the 23d; all by warrant of the Lord Advocate on suspicion of treason.

When these commotions began, the Duke of Argyle, who was one of the Lords' Justices, was in the west of Scotland. His grace came to Edinburgh on the 16th of August, and set out for London on the 21st.

General Blakeney, who came post from London, arrived at Edinburgh on the 27th, and proceeded to Stirling. Gardiner's dragoons lay at that town, and Hamilton's in Canongate and Leith.

A detachment of the Highlanders entered Perth on the 3rd of September. Next day, at noon, some papers were read at the

cross, supposed to be those above mentioned. In the afternoon Charles entered that town, where the main body soon rendezvoused, and set up a standard, with the motto, "*Tandem Triumphans*," i.e., "At length triumphant." On the 7th a detachment entered Dundee, where they read the papers formerly read at Perth, searched the town for horses, arms, and ammunition, and levied the public money, giving receipts. Next day, however, the ministers of the Established Church preached as usual, prayed for King George, and exhorted the people to be steadfast in their allegiance to him, all without molestation, though some of the Highlanders were present. The ship of William Graham of Perth was seized by them at Dundee, and carried up to Perth, supposed to have had some gunpowder on board. Parties of them were said to have visited some towns in Fife. The main body was at Perth on the 9th, whence the magistrates had retired to Edinburgh before, or soon after their arrival. Travelers got passes, which run in these terms: "Charles Prince of Wales, &c., Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and of the dominions thereunto belonging," which were subscribed by a secretary, and had a royal seal.

Accounts of the Highlanders having entered Athole, came to Edinburgh on the 31st of August, in the evening. At six the drum beat to arms, and Hamilton's dragoons encamped that night in St. Ann's yards. The town-council likewise met, and ordained the keys of the gates to be lodged with the captain of the guard, sentries to be placed at each, and a second augmentation of the city guard to be made. Next night, and for some time after, a company of trained bands mounted guard. Arms were sent from the city magazine to Leith, to arm the inhabitants.—The city walls were ordered to be repaired, cannon to be placed on them, and a ditch to be thrown up from the north side of the castle to the north loch. To hasten these fortifications, the workmen were busied even on Sunday the 8th. That day, the latter part of 6000 stands of arms, from London, were carried to the castle from Leith. A great many of the principal inhabitants having offered to defend the city at the hazard of their lives, together with the regular trained bands, under the command of the Lord Provost, His Majesty's Lord Lieutenant—his lordship, by the advice of the crown lawyers, accepted their offer; and, upon a proper application, a royal sign-manual, dated September 4, came to town, authorising the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, to raise, form, discipline, and maintain, at their own proper charge, by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, 1000 foot, for the defence of the city and support of the existing government. A subscription was accordingly opened on the 9th of September, and, in two hours, money for maintaining 600 men was subscribed for, and a month's pay advanced. The same day

a subscription for volunteers was opened, to which a great number of the inhabitants crowded to sign. Both subscriptions, and the enlisting of the men for the Edinburgh regiment, went on successfully. The volunteers received arms and ammunition from his Majesty's magazine, and were daily exercised. Some ministers filed among them. Glasgow, Aberdeen, and the other principal towns, were likewise taking proper measures for their own security.

Hamilton's dragoons moved their camp from St. Ann's yards to Beardford's Park, to the north of the castle, on the 4th, thence to Leith Links on the 6th. All the vessels in the Forth lay on the south side. Fasts were observed on account of these commotions ; that by appointment of the Presbytery of Edinburgh was on the 5th. Three episcopal ministers and two gentlemen were apprehended at Stirling on the 7th, and committed on suspicion of their intending to join the Prince's army.

About the beginning of September a royal sign-manual came down, for raising twenty independent companies in Scotland, under the direction of the Lord President.

The Highland army was at Perth on the 9th of September ; thence they marched on the 11th, and on the 13th crossed the Forth, a few miles above Stirling. On their approach, Gardiner's dragoons retired to Falkirk. When this news reached Edinburgh, the magistrates, &c., assembled immediately, the trained bands mounted guard in the parliament house, the volunteers in the exchequer, and the Edinburgh regiment in the justiciary hall. The trained bands consisted of sixteen companies, different in number, some sixty, and some one hundred men, but at that time they were fewer, as several of them had joined the gentlemen volunteers. Of these there were six companies, in number about four hundred, commanded by Captain Provost George Drummond, one of the commissioners of excise ; Provost Archibald Macaulay, conservator of the Scottish privileges at Campvere ; Dean of Guild James Nimmo, receiver-general of the excise duties ; James Ker, jeweller, engraver in the mint ; Bailie Alexander Blackwood, merchant in Edinburgh ; and Sir George Preston of Valleyfield. Besides these, there were above two hundred seceders volunteers, commanded by Mr. Bruce of Kennet : they were divided into three companies, under Captain John Moubray, wigmaker, William Beveridge and Richard Jerment, shipmasters. Upwards of 200 men were raised for the Edinburgh regiment, but none of the officers were appointed, except Allan Burn, adjutant. The city guard amounted to about 120 trained men, and had three captains. The trained bands had the city's arms and ammunition ; and the volunteers and Edinburgh regiment got arms and ammunition from the castle.

Next day, the 14th, the banks, public offices, and the most



valuable effects of some private persons, were removed to the castle. On the 14th and 15th the workmen were busied in completing the scaffolding upon the ramparts, erecting palisadoes and barricades at the gates, and planting cannon on the bastions and other proper places. Positive information was received on the 15th, in the morning, that the van of the Highland army was arrived at Linlithgow; and it was reported, that detachments of them were come to Kirkliston, Wainsburgh, and Gogar, about five or six miles west of the city. Gardiner's dragoons retired as they advanced, and drew up at Corstorphine, two miles from the city. On receiving this news, it was proposed to General Guest, who had the chief command in the absence of Cope, that 250 of the volunteers should march out and join the dragoons. The General accepted of them, and sent to ask fifty of the city-guard likewise. The Lord Provost at first thought it absolutely necessary, for the safety of the place, that all the city-guard should be kept within the town; but upon its being remarked, that if, by complying with the General's request, the enemy's progress should be stopped, the city would thereby be effectually preserved, his Lordship, instead of fifty, ordered the whole city-guard, and all the men of the Edinburgh regiment, that were not on guard in the town, to march out, and receive orders from the commanders of the King's troops. Hereupon, General Guest ordered Hamilton's dragoons to decamp from Leith Links, and join Gardiner's at Corstorphine. At eleven o'clock the fire-bell rung, as the signal for the volunteers to arm, and a little after twelve the whole city-guard, together with a detachment of the Edinburgh regiment, marched out, and halted on the east side of Colt-bridge, in expectation of being joined by the body of volunteers, who by this time began to demur, conceiving, that as they had engaged to defend the town, they ought not to march out of it. One or two companies of them, however, marched to the West-Port, but proceeded no farther. Then the Lord Provost sent orders to the city-guard, &c., to march forward and join the dragoons, which they did, and continued under arms till night. At nine o'clock the dragoons retired to the east side of Colt-bridge, and lay upon their arms all night; and the city-guard, &c., returned to town. All the volunteers, a great part of the trained bands, and those of the Edinburgh regiment that had not marched to Corstorphine, continued under arms all day within the town; and at night, after placing the proper guards, consisting of about 700 men, the remainder received orders to be ready to appear at their respective alarm-posts whenever they should hear the fire-bell. Two small bodies of men from about Dalkeith and Musselburgh, came in by order of the Duke of Buccleuch's factor and Sir Robert Dickson of Carberry, to assist in defending the city, and got arms and ammunition delivered to them. Next morning, the city-guard,

and a detachment of the Edinburgh regiment, marched out again and joined the dragoons. Meantime the Highland army continued its march toward Edinburgh. On its approach, a party of dragoons, posted near Corstorphine, retired to the main body at Colt-bridge, which they all quitted about three o'clock in the afternoon. The soldiers came into the town, and the dragoons rode off by the north side of the city towards Leith, then took the road to Musselburgh, and thence to Haddington, leaving behind them their baggage and their tents, which were carried into the castle.

This precipitate flight occasioned a great consternation in the city. There was certain notice got, that Cope, with the troops under his command, was to have embarked at Aberdeen on the 14th or 15th; and the news of his landing in Lothian was hourly expected. But as no account of him was come, as the regular forces had fled, and as all the Ministers of State had withdrawn from the impending danger, a great many of the inhabitants thought it high time to consult the safety of the city likewise. Accordingly, a petition, signed by several citizens of great property, was presented to the Magistrates and Council, then assembled in the goldsmiths' hall, craving that a meeting of the inhabitants should be instantly called, in order to determine what was proper to be done. The Lord Provost seemed not to relish this petition. He said, that as all the inhabitants were well-armed, as some people from the country had likewise come to their assistance, and as great expenses had been laid out in fortifying the city, there was no doubt but they ought to stand to their defence; and that he himself should first mount the ramparts. To this the petitioners answered, that a great many of the trained bands were of opinion that the city was not tenable; that the sudden flight of the regular forces made it evident that they were of the same opinion; and that, if standing out for an hour or two, which was all that could be done, would bring the lives and properties of the inhabitants into certain hazard, without doing any real service to the cause that was intended to be served, it was certainly more eligible to capitulate upon the best terms that could be got. On this the Lord Provost, seeing a gentleman who possessed a considerable place under the government, and was formerly in the army, asked his advice. The gentleman, after commiserating his Lordship's situation, in being at the head of a city so much divided in their sentiments about their own strength, gave it as his opinion, that, if all the inhabitants were of one mind, the city might perhaps hold out for a short time, but as they were divided, care should be taken that the king's arms should not fall into the hands of the enemy. His Lordship, after a great deal of reasoning, agreed to call a meeting of the inhabitants, as desired by the petition. Hereupon all concerned were



invited to attend in the new church aisle. When the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and a great number of the inhabitants were assembled, his lordship told them that the magistrates had called them together for their advice; that the city had been put to very great expense in preparing for a defence; that, for his own part, he had not got a military education, and was altogether unskilled in these matters; and therefore he entreated his fellow-citizens to advise what should be done in the present exigency, and he would cheerfully do what should be agreed upon by them. The point in debate was, whether or not the city should stand out. In the course of the reasoning, mention having been made of the assistance to be expected from the dragoons, the Lord Provost said, that he had been present at a council of war the night before, in which it was the opinion of all the officers, that bringing the dragoons into the town would be cooping them up to their destruction. In a little time, a secretary came with a message from General Guest, from which it appeared, that a warrant had been sent to the general a few hours before, signed by the Lord Provost and Lord Advocate, empowering him, if he thought proper, to send in 100 dragoons to assist in the defence of the city, and his excellency now wanted to know, whether the Lord Provost desired that the 100 dragoons, or a greater number, and what number, should enter the town. When the opinion of the meeting was asked, they answered, "No dragoons." The Lord Provost then desired the secretary to tell the General, that, after what had passed in the council of war, it was to be feared, if he should call in the dragoons, and any ill consequence follow, it might be said that he had drawn them into a snare; that therefore he would not desire them: but if the general thought proper to order the whole or any number in, the gates should be open for their reception. No dragoons, however, came. The question was then put, whether the town should be defended? and only three or four said "Yes." It was then agreed to capitulate upon the best terms that could be got, and that in the meantime the King's arms should be returned to the castle. When they were about to name deputies to treat with the Highland army, a letter was handed in, addressed to the Lord Provost and magistrates, which was ordered to be read. It began, "Whereas we are now ready to enter the beloved metropolis of our ancient kingdom of Scotland"—Here the reader was stopped, and asked by whom the letter was signed, and upon his answering that it was superscribed, "Charles, Prince of Wales," &c. the Lord Provost would not hear it read; so the meeting broke up. The magistrates and council returned to the goldsmith's hall, and sent off the deputies. Meantime the volunteers and Edinburgh regiment marched up to the castle, and returned their arms; and a party of the trained bands and city guard kept watch all night.

About an hour after the deputies had gone out of town, a gentleman assured the council (but his information was premature), that Cope, with the troops, was landed at Dunbar, twenty miles east of the city. The magistrates, &c., regretted that the intelligence had not come an hour sooner; and the Lord Provost and some others so far renewed their thoughts of making a defence, that a gentleman was immediately despatched to call back the deputies; but he did not come up with them. According to their instructions, they waited on the chiefs of the Highland army at Gray's Mill, about two miles south-west of Edinburgh, and proposed terms. The chiefs answered, that the declaration and manifesto emitted by their king and prince contained the only terms any city or person was to expect; and desired to know the magistrates' resolution against two o'clock next morning. In order to protract time, deputies were again sent, to ask a few hours to consider of the terms proposed; but this was refused. A detachment of 900 Highlanders thereupon got orders, and marched before day, undiscovered, close to the Netherbow. They brought some barrels of powder along with them in order to blow up the gate; but a little after their arrival, a coach happening to come down the street, the sentinels, though they had orders not to let the gate be opened, permitted the porter to let out the coach, suspecting no ill consequences, when, as soon as the gate was opened, the Highlanders rushed in, took possession of it, then of the main guard, making the soldiers on duty prisoners, and forthwith placed guards at all the gates, and at the weigh-house, &c. This surprised the magistrates and council, and put an end to their deliberations.

Immediately after the detachment entered the Netherbow, the castle hung out a flag, fired some guns as a signal, and required the inhabitants not to appear on the castle-hill.

About noon the main body of the army came into the King's Park, by the way of Duddingston, having made a circuit to avoid being within reach of the castle guns. The young Prince, in Highland dress, with some of the chiefs, went into the royal palace of Holyrood-house, and the troops lay in the park. Vast numbers of people of all persuasions crowded to see him.

The Highland army seized all the cannon, arms and ammunition belonging to the city, and issued a proclamation, dated September 18, requiring all persons in Mid-Lothian forthwith to deliver up, at the palace of Holyrood-house, all the arms and ammunition they had in their custody, on pain of being treated as rebels. On the 19th a message was sent to the city of Edinburgh, superscribed "Charles, P. R." and subscribed "C. P. R." requiring, on pain of military execution, that 1000 tents, 2000 targets, 6000 pairs of shoes, and a proportional number of water cantines, should be furnished to the army against the 23rd; and

promising payment so soon as the present troubles should be over. A meeting of the inhabitants was called thereupon, and the tents, &c., ordered to be got ready. They were accordingly furnished, and 2s. 6d. laid on each pound of real rent within the city, Canongate, and Leith, for defraying the charge. About the same time some printers were compelled to print several papers for them.

The friends of the government, however, expected that a stop would soon be put to the progress of the Highland army. Brigadier Fowkes, who had arrived at Edinburgh from London on the 15th, marched next day with the dragoons eastward. General Cope, with the transports, arrived off Dunbar the same day. Next day the troops were landed there; and the artillery, &c., on the 18th. The army marched from Dunbar towards Edinburgh on the 19th, and was joined by the two regiments of dragoons. The Highland army, which lay at Duddingston, a mile east of Edinburgh, marched off on the morning of the 20th, to meet Cope, without leaving any men in Edinburgh. That night the two armies came in sight of each other, and next morning came to an action, a little to the north of Tranent, to the east of Prestonpans, and to the west of Seton, about seven miles east from Edinburgh. The best description of this battle that ever was written, and which likewise accords very nearly with the truth, is to be found in *Waverley*; but the following short official account, published immediately after the battle, cannot be omitted:—

“The Grants of Glenmoriston joined the Prince’s army, September 20. That morning his royal highness the Prince put himself at the head of the army at Duddingston, and presenting his sword, said, ‘My friends, I have flung away the scabbard.’ This was answered with a cheerful huzza. The army marched and drew up on Carberry-hill, where we learned that General Cope had fallen down to the low country east of Prestonpans. This directed our march along the brow of the hill, till we descried the enemy, upon which the Highlanders gave a shout by way of defiance, expressing such eagerness to run down upon them, that nothing less than authority could restrain them from coming to action immediately.

“Some gentlemen went out to observe their camp, and reconnoitre the ground, while the army advanced till it came opposite to, and at half a mile’s distance from, the enemy. These gentlemen returning, informed, that they had got into a fastness, having a very broad and deep ditch in front, the town of Prestonpans on the right, some houses and a small morass on the left, and the Frith of Forth on the rear. This made it impracticable to attack them in front but at the greatest risk.

“That evening Mr. Cope discharged several cannon at us. A gentleman, who had seen their army that day, advised us, that



they were above four thousand strong, besides volunteers, seceders, &c., from Edinburgh, and several gentlemen at the head of their tenants ; that General Hamilton's dragoons stood on their right, Colonel Gardiner's on the left ; the regiments of Lascelles and Murray, five companies of Lees's, four of Guise's, three of the Earl of Loudoun's, and a number of recruits for regiments abroad and at home, formed the centre, and that they were all in top spirits.

"Both armies lay upon their arms all night. Mr. Cope's threw off several cohorns, to let us understand they were alert, and had large fires at several places round their camp. Our men continued very silent, not one word was heard.

"About three in the morning of Saturday the 21st, we got off the ground, and marched eastward ; then turning north, formed a line in order to prevent the enemy's retreat through the east country, while another body of men was posted to provide against their stealing a march upon us towards Edinburgh.

"The disposition being made, his royal highness the Prince addressed his army in these words, "Follow me, gentlemen ; by the assistance of God I will this day make you a free and happy people." We marched cheerfully on, and engaged the enemy. The right wing was led on by his grace the Duke of Perth, lieutenant-general, and consisted of the regiments of Clan-Ronald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe. The left by the right honourable Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general, consisting of the battalions of Camerons, commanded by Lochiel, the Stuarts of Appin by Ardsheill ; one body of the Macgregors, with Glencairneg, and the rest of the Macgregors, with the Duke of Perth's men, under Major James Drummond. The enemy's artillery played furiously upon our left, especially on Lochiel's battalions, yet only one private man was killed, and one gentleman wounded ; their cannon also raked our right wing, but did no great execution. Their cannon were followed by a very regular fire of the dragoons on right and left, and this again by close platoons of all their infantry which our men received with intrepidity, and an huzza ; nor did we return the enemy's fire, till we approached them so near as that the colfin of our shot might set their whiskers on fire. The Highlanders then drew their swords, and carried all before them like a torrent, killing or making prisoners every officer of the infantry, except Major Mosman, and either one or two more, who escaped with their general."

The Prince's army found L.4000 sterling, in Cope's military chest.

A second account of the battle gives the following particulars :—

"The signal having been given to form and attack, nothing could parallel the celerity and dexterousness with which the High-

landers performed that motion, except the courage and ardour with which they afterwards fought, and pulling off their bonnets, looking up to heaven, made a short prayer, and run forward. They received a very full fire from right to left of the enemy, which killed several ; but advancing up, they discharged and threw down their muskets, and drawing their broadswords, gave a most frightful and hideous shout, rushing most furiously upon the enemy, so that in seven or eight minutes, both horse and foot were totally routed and drove from the field of battle ; though it must be owned that the enemy fought very valiantly, but they could not withstand the impetuosity or rather fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to run when they could no longer resist.

“ Some dragoons formed soon after on a neighbouring eminence, but observing our men marching to attack them, fled to Dalkeith, others took shelter in the neighbouring villages, others again got to Leith ; some dragoons and foot fled into Edinburgh, who discharged their loaded pistols at people in the street.

“ As the second line, which was commanded by the Lord Nairn, and consisted of the Athol men, Strowan’s people, the Maclachlans, &c., could not come up to have a share of the honour, and the nobility, gentry, &c., stood on horseback, as a reserve, it may in justice be said, that 2000 Highland foot, unsupported by horse, and charged in front and flank with artillery and small arms, routed a regular army of above 4000 horse and foot, in an open plain, and obtained a most signal and complete victory, with a very inconsiderable loss.

“ We had killed on the spot in this battle,—Captain Robert Stuart of Ardsheill’s battalion ; Captain Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch’s ; Lieutenant Allan Cameron of Lindevra, and Ensign James Cameron of Lochiel’s regiment ; Captain James Drummond, *alias* Macgregor, mortally wounded, of the Duke of Perth’s regiment ; and about thirty private men ; and seventy or eighty wounded.

“ It is computed about 500 of the enemy were killed ; and that 900 were wounded, and that we have taken about 1400 prisoners. All their cannon, mortars, several colours, standards, abundance of horses and arms were taken, as was all their baggage, equipage, &c.

“ The Prince, as soon as victory declared for him, mounted his horse, and put a stop to the slaughter ; and finding no surgeons amongst the enemy, despatched an officer to Edinburgh, with orders to bring all the surgeons to attend ; which was accordingly done.”

After the most strict inquiry, it appeared that only 1456 of the Highland army were engaged.

The strokes given by the Highlanders with their swords in this action evinced proofs of their strength ; not only men’s hands and



feet were cut off, but even the legs of horses ; and what many saw may be affirmed for truth, viz., that a Highland gentleman, who led up a division, after breaking through Murray's regiment, fetching a blow at a grenadier, the poor fellow naturally got up his hand over his head, and not only had his hand lopped off, but also his scull cut above an inch deep, so that he expired on the spot.

Prince Charles lay the 21st at Pinkie-house, and next night returned to Holyrood-house. The army lay the first night about Musselburgh ; afterwards came to Duddingston, Canongate, &c., kept guard again in the city as before, and in some days after encamped at Duddingston. The Prince lay in the camp likewise.

All the prisoners taken at the battle of Gladsmuir (so called by the Highland army) were carried to Edinburgh. The officers were liberated upon their parole,—not to depart from the city, nor correspond with the enemies of the Prince ; the soldiers were confined in the church and prisons of Canongate, &c. ; and the wounded were taken care of. Some serjeants, corporals, and several private men, enlisted in the Highland army, but a good many of them afterwards deserted. Towards the end of the month, the private men were sent to Logiriate in Athol, and the officers to Perth. About seventy or eighty of Loudoun's Highland regiment, that could not be prevailed upon to enlist, were liberated, upon their swearing they would never carry arms against the house of Stuart, and received some money each from the Prince to carry them home.

The following curious Chaldee Manuscript, intituled, " The Chronicles of Charles the Young Man," was published about this time :—

#### CHAP. I.

1. And it came to pass in the eighth month, even in the month of August, in the year 1745, that the young man landed at Moidart, in the wilderness of Lochaber.

2. That the prophecies of John the scribe might be fulfilled, who prophesied, saying,

3. In the eighth month, that is, in the month of August, the young man will come again, and many will go out after him.

4. But the people laughed him to scorn, and believed not the words of John the scribe ; for they said, he is a false prophet, and prophesieth for filthy lucre ; for their hearts were hardened.

5. Howbeit the young man landed, and seven more men with him, without foreign force, or the assistance of strangers ; for he reposed his trust in the affections of the subjects of his father, and many resorted to him.

6. And he numbered his hosts, and lo they were two thousand.

7. Now the young man was a great prince, and of a goodly countenance, and all they that saw him loved him, and they called his name Charles.

8. Moreover he had been trained up in arms, in exercise, and in studies, even from his youth, in such as were becoming the son of a great king, and the heir-apparent of the crowns of three kingdoms.

9. Yet he humbled himself in his host, he did eat as the soldiers did eat, and he lay as they did, he marched on foot before them, and encamped with them, saying, I will not dwell in ease whilst they who fight for me suffer hardships.

10. So the soldiers conceived great love for him, and his fame spread itself abroad, for his wisdom, for his courage, and for his beauty.

11. And the hearts of all men were turned towards him, and the hearts of all women.

12. Now it came to pass that George the usurper had taken unto himself a concubine, wife to one of the captains of his host, and the concubine's name was Wolmate.

13. And in spring of the same year, 1745, George spake unto his concubine, saying,

14. Lo we are here perplexed with affairs of State, and with the burden of a land war, which John the scribe has brought me into, that the troops of mine own country might be brought upon British pay, and that they might be at hand when I wanted to put a bridle into the mouth of my parliament.

15. Saying unto me, we will make a war on the continent, where the whole host of Britain will be too small to avail thee.

16. The kings likewise, and the rulers of other states will refuse to hire thee their armies, lest they fall under the wrath of Lewis, King of France, and he wax angry with them, and smite them.

17. Thy parliament will, therefore, concur with thee, to take the troops of thine own country into British pay, when none other can be found.

18. We will spread abroad a report, saying, the young man is coming with great aid from Lewis, and our troops must be called home.

19. But we will leave the troops of Britain abroad and we will call home those of thine own nation, who will be obedient to thy will, and whose strength will overpower the land.

20. Thus shall thy power be established, and thou shalt do with thy people whatsoever seemeth good in thine eyes.

21. So we made war, and mine own troops were taken into pay of Britain.

22. We fought likewise, but mine own troops joined not in the fight, neither did they go forward to the battle, saying within

themselves, let the English fight and be slain, there will fewer remain alive to oppose the will of our master.

23. Wherefore the English soldiers became wroth with my soldiers, and their spirits were filled with indignation exceedingly.

24. The nation likewise murmured, and the parliament refused to keep my troops in pay, and John the scribe fell with them.

25. Howbeit the war still continueth, and Lewis is waxen strong, I will, therefore, send my son William to go forth with the hosts of Britain and the allied hosts, and he shall have the power and the authority over them all, and he shall discomfit the host of Lewis. Did he not fight under me at Dettingen?

26. As for us, we will go to Herenhausen, and live in ease, and there will be peace in our dwellings.

27. I will appoint rulers over the land, who shall govern the people till our return, that we may enjoy rest.

28. And Wolmate, the concubine, answered and said, thy will be done, O king, we will go to Herenhausen, and have our fill of love.

## CHAP. II.

1. And it came to pass when the rulers, who were left by George the usurper, heard that Charles was landed, and that many had resorted to him, they sent a messenger unto Cope, the commander of the host in Scotland, saying,

2. Behold the young man is come, and an host is gathered unto him, go thou, therefore, with the armies of our king, seek him out wherever he is to be found, and fight him, and bring him unto us bound.

3. Now after the messenger had delivered the will of the rulers unto Cope, one of the rulers, who, peradventure, sojourned in the north, and had heard the tidings, went to Cope, and they two communed together.

4. And the rulers said unto Cope, go not beyond the pass, even the strong pass of Stirling, lest the young man get between thee and it, and open his way unto the low countries, or cause thee to fight at disadvantage.

5. But Cope answered the ruler, and said, nay, but my orders are to fight; what are they of the young man's host? are they not naked and unarmed? I will smite them hip and thigh, and I will deliver them into the hand of my master.

6. So Cope passed over the strong pass of Stirling, and went forward on the road as thou goest unto Fort Augustus; all the foot he carried with him, but those who rode upon horses he left behind him at Edinburgh and Stirling.

7. Now Wright was commander of the horse that was left in



Edinburgh, and Gardiner was commander of the horse that was left in Stirling.

8. And a messenger came unto Charles in the wilderness, and said unto him, lo ! Cope hath passed over the pass of Stirling, and marcheth towards thee—and his host numbereth two thousand men on foot.

9. And Charles rejoiced, and was exceeding glad, and his courage was kindled within him.

10. And he said unto his men, Arise, let us make haste, that our enemies may not escape out of our hands.

11. And the armies of Charles were of great courage, and they made haste and ran towards Cope ; and Charles marched at their head on foot.

12. And tidings were brought to Cope that Charles was coming to meet him.

13. And great fear came upon Cope and all his host ; and they said one unto another, what shall we do ? if we go back he will overtake us ; and if we stay, we shall be slain : So Cope and his host were sore dismayed.

14. And Cope said, we will not go back, neither will we tarry here ; we will turn off to another road, and get by him ; peradventure we may escape out of his hands.

15. So Cope led his host to Inverness, and Charles went on his way to the great river of Forth, and passed the river unto the low country, and all men flocked unto him as he went, and his host increased exceedingly.

16. And the people in Stirling, and in the low country, feared greatly, for they had been told that Charles would take away their wives, and their children, and their cattle, and their goods, and they came unto Gardiner, and said, lo, we shall all perish, unless thou protectest us, we shall all be cut off, and there shall not be left one that pisses against the wall.

17. But Gardiner bade them be of good cheer, for he would protect them.

18. Howbeit, when the host of Charles approached, great fear came on Gardiner, and he fled before Charles, even unto the gates of Edinburgh.

19. But Charles came not as a conquering enemy, but as a deliverer and a father to his people ; yea, his host gave money for all things they got, and Charles entreated all men kindly.

20. So the fame of his moderation reached unto the utmost corners, and he made himself many friends.

21. Now when Gardiner came near unto Edinburgh, he called unto Wright, the commander of the horse, and there said unto him,

22. Albeit, when I was alone I did not dare to encounter the host of Charles ; yet when thou art with me, and thy horse, we

will tread them under foot, and preserve this chief city for our master.

23. And Wright hearkened unto Gardiner, and said unto him, so be it, even as thou hast said, we will tread them under foot.

24. So they two marched out with their horse to meet Charles, and to intimidate his soldiers.

25. But when the host of Charles appeared, terror entered into Gardiner and into Wright, and into their men, and a great trembling seized upon them, and they turned to the right, and fled into Musselburgh, which is beyond Edinburgh about a Sabbath day's journey.

26. And Charles entered into Edinburgh, the chief city of Scotland, and ancient residence of his ancestors.

27. Now it came to pass, that while Cope sojourned at Inverness he was very sad, and his heart was sorrowful within him ; and he said unto his councillors, and to his great men that were with him,

28. What shall we now do ? If we return by the way we came, lo, the young man is before us ; if we stay here, our masters will take vengeance upon us for our disobedience to their command.

29. Let us get ourselves ships, and transport ourselves to the Frith of Forth—so shall we be beyond the young man, and we may either fight or flee to England.

30. So Cope embarked his host in a fleet of ships, and landed at Dunbar, on the Frith of Forth, one day after Charles entered into Edinburgh, the chief city.

31. And men came unto Cope, saying, surely thou knewest not the young man's army when thou fledst from them in the Highlands.

32. They are unarmed and undisciplined, and thy soldiers are armed and trained, and now thy men on horses will tread them under foot—up, then, and fight, and show thyself a man—victory waiteth for thee.

33. So Cope marched with his host towards Edinburgh, and encamped in the valley near unto Prestonpans ; and Charles gathered together his host at Duddingston, and he mounted on his horse, and drew forth his sword from the scabbard, and he flung the scabbard from him, and said unto them, this day I will make my people a free and a happy people, or I will perish in the attempt ; and the whole host shouted, and said, we will follow thee, and we will deliver thine enemies into thine hand.

34. And Charles led his host out from Duddingston, and lay on the hill above Cope, on the south as thou goest to Tranent, about the distance of eight furlongs.



35. And Cope had arms, and ammunition, and cannon, and horses ; and Charles had few arms, and no cannon, and no horses.

36. But the Lord was with Charles, and his host ran furiously down upon the host of Cope, and rooted them out, and the Lord delivered the host of Cope into the hands of Charles in that day.

37. And Charles took all the baggage, and ammunition, and cannon of Cope, and likewise his military chest ; but he saved the men, and would not allow them to be destroyed.

38. And Cope fled, and the ministers of the usurper fled, and the great ones of Cope's host fled, and they all fled three hundred and twenty furlongs, even unto Berwick.

39. Now the rest of the acts of Charles, and the mercy that he showed, and why he warred, are they not known throughout all the land of cakes ?

Both the sets of "Johnie Cope" are taken from Gilchrist's collection—a work in two volumes, published lately, and beyond all comparison, the best that has ever appeared of the same description. It consists of poetical tales, songs, and ballads, and they are all of the first order, as well as accompanied by curious and interesting notes.

#### SONG LX.

##### **O my bonny Highland Laddie,**

Is another on the same topic, or, at least, concluding with it, after a short narrative of the preceding campaign. The vapouring of Sir John Cope and the officers of his army, previous to the battle of Prestonpans, was notorious to all the attendants on his camp ; his total defeat, therefore, rendered him a butt, to which the shafts of ridicule were directed both by friends and foes. His bravadoes, when there was no enemy in view, fear on beholding the Highlanders, and precipitate flight, are delineated with much humour in the song. The following elegant speech is said to have been addressed by Cope to the army under his command, a short time before the engagement :

"Gentlemen, you are just now to engage with a parcel of rabble, a parcel of brutes, being a small number of Scots Highlanders. You can expect no booty from such a poor despicable pack. I have authority to declare, that you shall have eight full hours liberty to plunder and pillage the city of Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs, (the places which harboured and succoured them), at your discretion, with impunity."

The song is from Mr. Hardy's MSS. collated with one from Mr. John Wallace of Peterhead.

## SONG LXI.

**Gladsmuir,**

Is rather too much overcharged for a Scottish song, and one may truly say of it, as one bard lately said to another, who asked his opinion of the merits of a poem he had sent him, "I dinna like it ava, man, it's far owre sublime." William Hamilton of Bangour, the author of this song, was of an ancient family in Ayrshire. He was liberally educated, and his genius and delicate constitution seemed to mark him out for pacific pursuits alone, but he thought fit to join the standard of Prince Charles in 1745, celebrated the blaze of his success in this song, and finally escaped to France, after much wandering and many hardships in the Highlands. He made his peace, however, with the government, and came home to take possession of his paternal estate ; but the state of his health requiring a warmer climate, he returned to the continent, where he continued to reside, till a slow consumption carried him off at Lyons, in his 50th year.—*Campbell*. The air was composed by M'Gibbon.

## SONG LXII.

**Battle of Prestonpans.**

THIS popular song was made by Mr. Skirving, a Lothian farmer, father to the late whimsical Mr. Skirving, the celebrated painter.

The bluff dragoons swore blood an' 'oons,  
They'd make the rebels run, man :

In the march from Haddington to Prestonpans, the officers of Cope's army assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle ; for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to attack so complete an army.

*Monteith*—The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, who, happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Prestonpans, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

*Simpson.*—Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by dint of his pistols ; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

*Myrie.*—Mr. Myrie was a student of physic from Jamaica ; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broadswords.

*Lieutenant Smith.*—After the publication of this song this gentleman came to Haddington, and sent a challenge to the author to meet him there, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. "Gang awa back," said the honest farmer to the bearer of the challenge, "and tell Mr. Smith, that I havena leisure to come to Haddington ; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him ; and if no, I'll do as he did—*I'll rin awa.*"

#### SONG LXIII.

##### **The Highland Laddie,**

Is from Cromeck, and is said, by Allan Cunningham, to have been copied from the mouth of a young girl, who learned it from an old woman, who was a Roman Catholic. There are six different airs designated, "*Highland Laddie.*" This is the oldest. It was sung to a very old song, beginning,

"I canna get my mare ta'en,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Master had she never nane,  
My bonny Highland laddie.

"Take a rip an' wile her hame,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Nought like heffing by the wame,  
My bonnie Highland laddie."

I think it probable that this had, likewise, been a Jacobite song, but I do not remember any more of it.

#### SONG LXIV.

##### **Cock up your Beaver,**

Is a clever old song, with an original air, something like

*“Hooly and Fairly.”* There are various sets of it sung in the country. Johnson, in his Museum, has made sure of leaving out all that may be misconstrued, by publishing only one verse to suit the air.

#### SONG LXV.

##### **To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland Lads,**

Is one rather of the street style. It was taken from the mouth of old Lizzy Lamb, a cottager at Ladhope, on Yarrow. This is the air to which she sung it; though I think it must have been composed to *“The king shall enjoy his own again.”*

#### SONG LXVI.

##### **By the side of a Country Kirk Wall,**

Is from Moir’s MS., and there said to have been written by the Rev. and ingenious John Skinner on Mr. Forbes of Pitney Cadell, minister of Old Deer.

#### SONG LXVII.

##### **The Mayor of Carlisle,**

Is likewise from Mr. Moir’s collection, and relates to the battle of Prestonpans, and the subsequent surrender of Carlisle to Prince Charles; so that I must now take up the narrative where we left off at the battle of Prestonpans, and, for brevity’s sake, shall follow Smollet rather than the other diffuse collectors of that period. I find that about the middle of November Prince Charles published a list of his troops, and the officers that led them; these were, no doubt, rather overrated, as it was published in order to encourage his friends to join him.

##### **List of PRINCE CHARLES’s officers and troops.**

Regiments.	Colonels.	Men.
Lochiel, ... ..	Cameron of Lochiel, ... ..	740
Appin, ... ..	Stuart of Ardshiel, ... ..	360
Athol, ... ..	Lord George Murray, ... ..	1000
Carry forward		2100



Regiments.	Colonels.	Men.
Brought forward,		2100
Clanronald, ...	Clanronald of Clanronald, junior, ...	200
Keppoch, ...	Macdonald of Keppoch, ...	400
Glenco, ...	Macdonald of Glenco, ...	200
Ogilvie, ...	Lord Ogilvie, ...	500
Glenbucket, ...	Gordon of Glenbucket, ...	427
Perth, ..	Duke of Perth, (and Pitsligo's foot,) ...	750
Robertson, ...	Robertson of Strowan, ...	200
Maclachlan, ...	Maclachlan of Maclachlan, ...	260
Glencarnick, ...	Macgregor, ..	300
Glengary, ...	Macdonald of Glengary, junior, ...	300
Nairn, ...	Lord Nairn, ...	200
Edinburgh, ...	John Roy Stuart, (and Lord Kelly's,) ...	450
	In several small corps, ...	1000
Horse, ...	{ Lord Elcho, ...	{ 160
	{ Lord Kilmarnock, ...	{
	Lord Pitsligo's horse, ...	140
		<hr/> 7587

Charles bore his good fortune with moderation. He prohibited all rejoicings for the victory he had obtained. The wounded soldiers were treated with humanity ; and the officers were sent into Fife and Angus, where they were left at liberty on their parole, which the greater part of them shamefully broke in the sequel. From this victory the Chevalier reaped manifold and important advantages. His followers were armed, his party encouraged, and his enemies intimidated. He was supplied with a train of field artillery, and a considerable sum of money, and saw himself possessed of all Scotland, except the fortresses, the reduction of which he could not pretend to undertake, without proper implements and engineers. After the battle he was joined by a small detachment from the Highlands ; and some chiefs, who had hitherto been on the reserve, began to exert their influence in his favour. But he was not yet in a condition to take advantage of that consternation which his late success had diffused through the kingdom of England.

Charles continued to reside in the palace of Holyroodhouse ; and took measures for cutting off communications between the castle and the city. General Guest declared, that he would demolish the city, unless the blockade should be raised, so as that provision might be carried into the castle. After having waited the return of an express, which he had found means to despatch to court, he began to put his threats in execution, by firing upon the town. Some houses were beaten down, and several persons killed even at the market cross. The citizens, alarmed at this disaster, sent a



deputation to the Prince, intreating him to raise the blockade, and he complied with their request. He levied a regiment in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. He imposed taxes; seized the merchandise that was deposited in the King's warehouses at Leith and other places; and compelled the city of Glasgow to accommodate him with a large sum, to be repaid when the peace of the kingdom should be re-established. The number of his followers daily increased; and he received considerable supplies of money, artillery, and ammunition, by single ships that arrived from France, where his interest seemed to rise in proportion to the success of his arms. The greater and richer part of Scotland was averse to his family and pretensions; but the people were unarmed and undisciplined, consequently passive under his dominion. By this time, however, he was joined by the Earl of Kilmarnock, the Lords Elcho, Balmerino, Ogilvie, Pitsligo; and the eldest son of Lord Lovat had begun to assemble his father's clan, in order to reinforce the victor, whose army lay encamped at Duddingston, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Kilmarnock and Balmerino were men of broken and desperate fortune: Elcho and Ogilvie were sons to the Earls of Wemyss and Airly; so that their influence was far from being extensive. Pitsligo was a nobleman of a very amiable character, as well as of great personal interest; and great dependance was placed upon the power and attachment of Lord Lovat, who had entered into private engagements with the Chevalier de St. George, though he still wore the mask of loyalty to the government, and disavowed the conduct of his son when he declared for Prince Charles. This old nobleman is the same Simon Fraser who was a partisan and emissary of the court of St. Germain in the year 1703. He had renounced his connexions with that family; and, in the rising immediately after the accession of George I. approved himself a warm friend to the Protestant succession. Since that period he had been induced, by disgust and ambition, to change his principles again, and was in secret an enthusiast in Jacobitism. He had greatly augmented his estate, and obtained a considerable interest in the Highlands, where, however, he was more dreaded than beloved. He was bold, enterprising, vain, arbitrary, rapacious, cruel, and deceitful; but his character was chiefly marked by a species of low cunning and dissimulation, which, however, overshot his purposes, and contributed to his own ruin. While Charles resided at Edinburgh, the Marquis de Guilles arrived at Montrose, as envoy from the French King, with several officers, some cannon, and a considerable quantity of small arms for his army.

While the young Chevalier endeavoured to improve the advantages he had gained, the ministry of Great Britain took every possible measure to retard his progress. Several powerful chiefs in the Highlands were attached to the government, and exerted

themselves in its defence. The Duke of Argyle began to arm his vassals ; but not before he had obtained the sanction of the legislature. Twelve hundred men were raised by the Earl of Sutherland ; the Lord Rae brought a considerable number to the field ; the Grants and Monroes appeared under their respective leaders for his Majesty ; Sir Alexander Macdonald declared for King George ; and the laird of Macleod sent two thousand hardy islanders from Sky to strengthen the same interest. These gentlemen, though supposed to be otherwise affected, were governed and directed by the advice of Duncan Forbes, president of the college of justice at Edinburgh ; a man of extensive knowledge, agreeable manners, and unblemished integrity. He procured commissions for raising twenty independent companies, and some of these he bestowed upon individuals who were either attached by principle or engaged by promise to Prince Charles. He confirmed several chiefs who began to waver in their principles. Some he actually converted by the energy of his arguments, and brought over to the assistance of the government which they had determined to oppose ; others he persuaded to remain quiet without taking any share in the present troubles. Certain it is, this gentleman, by his industry and address, prevented the insurrection of 10,000 Highlanders, who would otherwise have joined the Chevalier ; and therefore he may be said to have been one great cause of that prince's miscarriage. The Earl of Loudon repaired to Inverness, where he completed his regiment of Highlanders, directed the conduct of the clans who had taken arms in behalf of his majesty, and by his vigilance overawed the disaffected chieftains of that country, who had not openly engaged in the cause of the Stuarts. Immediately after the defeat of Cope, 6000 Dutch troops arrived in England ; and three battalions of guards, with seven regiments of infantry, were recalled from Flanders for the defence of the kingdom. They forthwith began their march to the north under the command of General Wade, who received orders to assemble an army, which proceeded to Newcastle. The enterprising Prince Charles, having collected about 5000 men, resolved to make an irruption into England, which he accordingly entered by the west border on the 6th of November. Carlisle was invested, and in less than three days surrendered ; the keys were delivered to him at Brampton, by the mayor and aldermen on their knees.

The following is the account given by the Highland army of its operations :

“The trenches were opened before Carlisle on Wednesday the 13th, in the evening, and were conducted under the direction of Mr. Grant, chief engineer, (whose skill is very much extolled) with such success, that on Friday morning the batteries were erected within forty fathoms of the walls. All that time the cannon and small arms from both city and castle played most fu-

riously ; but with no loss to the besiegers, other than of a French gunner and a private man killed. The Duke of Perth and the Marquis of Tullibardine wrought at the trenches in their shirts, though the weather was so excessively cold, that none of the army but the Highlanders, who were accustomed by their climate, could easily endure it. On Friday when the cannon began to play, and the scaling ladders brought forward in order to an assault, a white flag was hung out, and the city offered to surrender upon terms for themselves. On this an express was sent to the Prince who was at Brampton with a great part of the army, in order to oppose Marshal Wade, in case he should advance with design to raise the siege. He answered that he would not do things by halves, and that the city had no terms to expect unless the castle surrendered at the same time. When this answer was reported, Colonel Durand consented to surrender the castle also. The terms were, that the town and castle, with the artillery and magazines, should be delivered up ; that the men should lay down their arms in the market-place, after which they should have passes to go where they pleased, upon taking an oath not to carry arms against the house of Stuart for a twelvemonth ; that the city of Carlisle should retain its privileges ; that they should deliver up all arms, &c. and also the horses of such as had appeared in arms against the Prince ; and that all the deserters, particularly the soldiers enlisted with the Highlanders after the late battle, who had fled to Carlisle, should be delivered up. On Friday afternoon the Duke of Perth took possession of the place in the Chevalier's name, and next day they proclaimed his and his son's manifestoes, &c., attended by the mayor and other magistrates, with the sword and mace carried before them. They found in the castle and city a great number of cannon, about fifteen cohorn mortars, a great quantity of cannon balls, grenadoes, small bombs, pick-axes, and other military stores ; likewise many of the broadswords that were taken at Preston in 1715, and about 100 barrels of gunpowder. It was said, that all the plate and valuable effects lodged in the castle for security were ordered to be delivered to the owners.

The mayor and aldermen were, by the capitulation, obliged to assist at the ceremony of reading the declarations, &c. It was observed, that the day before the Highland army returned from Brampton, the Mayor wrote to Lord Lonsdale, lord lieutenant of the county, that he had done more than Edinburgh, and even all Scotland. This, indeed, it was remarked at the time, proved true, by his surrender of a strong and important fortress, which was what the Highlanders never got possession of in Edinburgh, nor in all Scotland.

General Wade being apprised of Prince Charles's progress, decamped from Newcastle, and advanced across the country as far



as Hexham, though the fields were covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. There he received intelligence that Carlisle was reduced, and forthwith returned to his former station. In the meantime, orders were issued for assembling another army in Staffordshire, under the command of Sir John Ligonier. Prince Charles, notwithstanding this formidable opposition, resolved to proceed. He had received assurances from France that a considerable body of troops would be landed on the southern coast of Britain, to make a diversion in his favour, and he never doubted but that he should be joined by all the English malcontents, as soon as he could penetrate into the heart of the kingdom. Leaving a small garrison in the castle of Carlisle, he advanced to Penrith, marching on foot in the Highland garb, at the head of his forces ; and continued his route through Lancaster and Preston to Manchester, where, on the 29th of the month, he established his head-quarters. There he was joined by about 200 Englishmen, who were formed into a regiment under the command of Colonel Townley. The inhabitants seemed to receive him with marks of affection, and his arrival was celebrated by illuminations and other public rejoicings. His supposed intention was to prosecute his march by the way of Chester into Wales, where he hoped to find a great number of adherents. But all the bridges over the river Mersey being broken down, he chose the route to Stockport, and forded the river at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle. He passed through Macclesfield and Congleton ; and on the 4th of December entered the town of Derby, in which his army was quartered, and his father proclaimed with great formality. He had now advanced within one hundred miles of the capital, which was filled with terror and confusion. Wade lingered in Yorkshire. The Duke of Cumberland had assumed the command of the other army assembled in the neighbourhood of Litchfield ; he had marched from Stafford to Stone ; so that the Highlanders, in turning off from Ashborne to Derby, had gained a march between him and London. Had Charles proceeded in his career with that expedition which he had hitherto used, he might have made himself master of the metropolis, where he would have been certainly joined by a considerable number of his well-wishers, who waited impatiently for his approach ; yet this exploit could not have been achieved without hazarding an engagement, and running the risk of being enclosed within three armies, each greatly superior to his own in number and artillery. Orders were given for forming a camp on Finchley-common, where the king resolved to take the field in person, accompanied by the Earl of Stair, field-marshal and commander-in-chief of the forces in South Britain. Some Romish priests were apprehended. The militia of London and Middlesex were kept in readiness to march ; double watches were posted at the city

gates, and signals of alarm appointed. The volunteers of the city were incorporated into a regiment ; the practitioners of the law, headed by the judges, weavers in Spitalfields and other communities, engaged in associations ; and even the managers of the theatres offered to raise a body of their dependents for the service of the government. Notwithstanding these precautions and appearances of unanimity, the trading part of the city, and those concerned in the money corporations, were overwhelmed with fear and dejection. They reposed very little confidence in the courage or discipline of their militia and volunteers. They had received intelligence that the French were employed in making preparations at Dunkirk and Calais, for a descent upon England. They dreaded an insurrection of the Roman Catholics, and other friends of the house of Stuart ; and they reflected that the Highlanders, of whom by this time they had conceived a most terrible idea, were within four days' march of the capital. Alarmed by these considerations, they prognosticated their own ruin in the approaching revolution ; and their countenances exhibited the plainest marks of horror and despair. On the other hand, the Jacobites were elevated to an insolence of hope, which they were at no pains to conceal ; while many people who had no private property to lose, and thought no change could be for the worse, waited the issue of this crisis with the most calm indifference.

This state of suspense was of short duration. The young Chevalier found himself miserably disappointed in his expectations. He had now advanced into the middle of the kingdom, and except a few that joined him at Manchester, not a soul appeared in his behalf. One would have imagined that all the Jacobites of England had been annihilated. The Welsh took no step to excite an insurrection in his favour ; the French made no attempt towards an invasion ; his court was divided into factions ; the Highland chiefs began to murmur, and their clans to be unruly. He saw himself with a handful of men hemmed in between two considerable armies, in the middle of winter, and in a country disaffected to his cause. He knew he could not proceed to the metropolis without hazarding a battle, and that a defeat would be attended with the inevitable destruction of himself and all his adherents ; and he had received information that his friends and officers had assembled a body of forces in the North, superior in number to those by whom he was attended. He called a council at Derby, and proposed to advance towards London. The proposal was supported by Lord Nairn with great vehemence ; but, after violent disputes, the majority determined that they should retreat to Scotland with all possible expedition. Accordingly, they abandoned Derby on the 6th of December, early in the morning, and measured back the route by which they had advanced. On the 9th their vanguard arrived at Manchester. On



the 12th they entered Preston, and continued their march northwards. The Duke of Cumberland, who was encamped at Meriden, when first apprised of their retreat, detached the horse and dragoons in pursuit of them ; while General Wade began his march from Ferrybridge in Lancashire, with a view of intercepting them in their route ; but at Wakefield he understood that they had already reached Wigan. He therefore repaired to his old post at Newcastle, after having detached General Oglethorpe, with his horse and dragoons, to join those who had been sent off from the Duke's army. They pursued with such alacrity, that they overtook the rear of the Highlanders, with which they skirmished in Lancashire. The militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland were raised and armed by the Duke's order, to harass them in their march. The bridges were broken down, the roads damaged, and the beacons lighted to alarm the country. Nevertheless, they retreated regularly with their small train of artillery. They were overtaken at the village of Clifton, in the neighbourhood of Penrith, by two regiments of dragoons. These alighted, and lined the hedges, in order to harass part of the enemy's rear-guard, commanded by Lord George Murray ; who, at the head of the Macphersons, attacked the dragoons sword in hand, and repulsed them with some loss. On the 19th of the month the Highland army reached Carlisle, where the majority of the English in the service of the Chevalier were left, at their own desire. Charles, having reinforced the garrison of the place, crossed the rivers Eden and Solway into Scotland, having thus accomplished one of the most surprising retreats that ever was performed. But the most remarkable circumstance of this expedition was the moderation and regularity with which those ferocious people conducted themselves in a country abounding with plunder. No violence was offered, no outrage committed ; and they were effectually restrained from the exercise of rapine. Notwithstanding the excessive cold, the hunger and fatigue to which they must have been exposed, they left behind no sick, and lost a very few stragglers ; but retired with deliberation, and carried off their cannon in the face of their enemy. The Duke of Cumberland invested Carlisle with his whole army on the 21st of December, and on the 30th the garrison surrendered on a sort of capitulation made with the Duke of Richmond. The prisoners, amounting to about 400, were imprisoned in different jails in England, and the Duke returned to London.

The Chevalier proceeded by the way of Dumfries to Glasgow, from which last city he exacted severe contributions, on account of its attachment to the government, for whose service it had raised a regiment of 900 men, under the command of the Earl of Home. Having continued several days at Glasgow, he advanced towards Stirling, and was joined by some forces which had been

assembled in his absence by Lords Lewis Gordon and John Drummond, brothers to the Dukes of Gordon and Perth. This last nobleman had arrived from France in November, with a small reinforcement of French and Irish, and a commission as general of those auxiliaries. He fixed his head-quarters at Perth, where he was reinforced by the Earl of Cromarty, and other clans, to the number of 2000, and he was accommodated with a small train of artillery. They had found means to surprise a sloop of war at Montrose, with the guns of which they fortified that harbour. They had received a considerable sum of money from Spain. They took possession of Dundee, Downcastle, and laid Fife under contribution. The Earl of Loudoun remained at Inverness, with about 2000 Highlanders in the service of His Majesty. He conveyed provisions to Fort Augustus and Fort William; he secured the person of Lord Lovat, who still temporised, and at length this cunning veteran accomplished his escape. The Laird of Macleod and Mr. Munro of Culcairn, being detached from Inverness towards Aberdeenshire, were surprised and routed by Lord Lewis Gordon at Inverary; and that interest seemed to preponderate in the north of Scotland. Prince Charles, being joined by Lord John Drummond, invested the castle of Stirling, in which General Blakeney commanded; but his people were so little used to enterprises of this kind, that they made little progress in their operations.

By this time a considerable body of forces was assembled at Edinburgh, under the conduct of General Hawley, who determined to relieve Stirling castle, and advanced to Linlithgow on the 13th day of January. Next day his whole army rendezvoused at Falkirk, while the Highlanders were cantoned about Bannockburn. On the 17th of the month, they began their march in two columns to attack the King's forces, and had forded the water of Carron, within three miles of Hawley's camp, before he discovered their intention. Such was his obstinacy, self-conceit, or contempt of the enemy, that he slighted the repeated intelligence he had received of their motions and design, firmly believing they durst not hazard an engagement. At length, perceiving they had occupied the rising ground to the southward of Falkirk, he ordered his cavalry to advance and drive them from the eminence; while his infantry formed and were drawn up in order of battle. The Highlanders kept up their fire, and took aim so well, that the assailants were broke by the first volley. They retreated with precipitation, and fell in among the infantry, which were likewise discomposed by the wind and rain beating violently in their faces, wetting their powder and disturbing their eye-sight. Some of the dragoons rallied, and advanced again to the charge, with part of the infantry which had not been engaged. Then the Chevalier marched up at the head of his corps-de-

reserve, consisting of the regiment of Lord John Drummond and the Irish piquets. These, reinforcing the Camerons and the Stuarts in the front line, immediately obliged the dragoons to give way a second time; and they again disordered the foot in their retreat. They set fire to their camp, and abandoned Falkirk with their baggage and train, which last had never reached the field of battle. The Highlanders followed their first blow, and great part of the royal army, after one irregular discharge, turned their backs, and fled in the utmost consternation. In all probability few or none of them would have escaped, had not General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondeley rallied part of some regiments, and made a gallant stand, which favoured the retreat of the rest to Falkirk, from whence they retired in confusion to Edinburgh, leaving the field of battle, and part of their tents and artillery to the enemy; but their loss of men did not exceed 300, including Sir Robert Monro, Colonel Whitney, and some other officers of distinction. It was at this period that the officers, who had been taken at the battle of Prestonpans, and conveyed to Angus and Fife, finding themselves unguarded, broke their parole, and returned to Edinburgh, on pretence of their having been forcibly released by the inhabitants of those parts.

#### SONG LXVIII.

##### *The Battle of Falkirk Muir,*

Is a severe one on General Hawley, who was reputed to be a natural son of King George. By "Highland Geordie" is meant the Lord George Murray who that day led the attack. It is an excellent jocular song to the favourite tune of "*Up an' waur them a', Willie.*"

#### SONG LXIX.

##### *The Highlandmen came down the Hill,*

Is one on the same subject, and highly descriptive of the ease with which the Whig army was overcome. The Highlandmen came boldly to the attack, and there is no doubt began with intrepidity: but when their enemies wheeled and fled, they only took it for some sage manœuvre, and expected to have the brunt of the battle to abide at the bottom of the descent. This made them march onward with caution toward the camp, but when they came there no enemy was to be seen. They looked to one ano-



ther, and oft repeated the question in Gaelic, "What is become of the men? Where are they?" The tune is a popular reel, bears the same name with the song, and is well known.

## SONG LXX.

### *Arms and the Man,*

Is also on the same engagement, and the last I shall admit. I got it in two single folios, printed, the one the same week the battle happened, the other the week following. I got also the following account of the battle, printed on a folio, the day after the engagement :—

*"Falkirk, January, 17, 1746.*

"Early this morning, his Royal Highness CHARLES, Prince Regent, having left his grace the Duke of Perth, with several battalions, to push on the siege of the castle of Stirling, drew up his army in line of battle, a mile east from Bannockburn, which was the head-quarters, being informed that the enemy, who were encamped at four miles distance, a little below the town of Falkirk, were advancing to give him battle; but finding about mid-day they did not move, he resolved, in a council of war, to march and attack them. And immediately Lord George Murray marched at the head of the army in two columns, holding above the Torwood; as the high-road leading from Stirling to Falkirk was too narrow. The army passed the water of Carron at Duniepace, the two columns keeping always an equal distance of about two hundred yards; they were then in sight of the enemy, being about two miles and a half distant. At the same time Lord John Drummond, who commanded the left wing, had gone with most of the host to reconnoitre the enemy, and made a movement, as intending to march the high-way through the Torwood.

"The two columns continued their march without the least stop, and went up the hill of Falkirk, to take advantage of the wind and the rising ground. The enemy were perceived to be in motion from the time we passed the water, and were marching up the hill. Their cavalry being in the front and a good way before them, had now taken possession of a rising ground opposite to our right, and within half cannon shot; upon which we immediately formed, it being betwixt three and four o'clock in the afternoon. As it was believed their foot was forming close behind them, orders were given by his Royal Highness for the first line to march softly forwards, the second line keeping the usual distance, to drive them from that eminence; which was done accordingly, with the utmost regularity and exactness; for when they were

within pistol shot, the dragoons bore down towards us at the trot, in order to break us ; then our men gave part of their fire so apropos, that they entirely broke them, doing great execution.

“So soon as our men, who had fired, charged their muskets again, which they did in their march, they advanced to attack the infantry ; but the ground was so unequal, being interspersed with risings and hollows, that they could not perceive what was doing on their left, but only heard the firing upon that side.

“Our left not being fully formed when the attack began on the right, a considerable body of the enemy’s horse came up also to attack them ; but receiving part of their fire, they broke and ran off. Their infantry coming in upon that side with six pieces of cannon, were attacked by some battalions, who, receiving the fire of the enemy, went in sword in hand, and drove them down the hill with great impetuosity and slaughter ; but not perceiving our right, by reason of the unevenness of the ground, they made a stop till such time as the two wings should join to the centre, and the second line come up.

“His Royal Highness, who was mostly in the centre, attended by the French ambassador, and whose attention was turned to all parts, seeing that the enemy had outlined us on the left wing, sent Brigadier Stapleton with the piquets of the Irish brigade, with some other troops, to take up that space upon the left. Then the whole army marched down towards the enemy, who were retreating on all sides in great disorder ; but by reason of the unevenness of the ground, and night coming on, with great wind and rain, they could not overtake them, as they were positively ordered to keep their ranks. Had the enemy staid a quarter of an hour longer on the ground, they must have inevitably been cut to pieces ; however, they went off with the utmost precipitation, and were just got to the east end of the town of Falkirk, when Lord John Drummond entered on that side, Lord George Murray in the middle, and Lochiel in the west end. Lord John Drummond was slightly wounded in the arm by a musket shot, at the end of the town, by one of the soldiers, whom he was taking prisoner. We took all their cannon, consisting of two large ones, five field pieces, all of brass, three iron cannon, several mortars and cohorns, with a great number of shells, all their ammunition, waggons, tents,\* three standards, two stand of colours, a kettle drum, many small arms, their baggage, clothing, and generally every thing they had not burned or destroyed.† We made above seven hundred prisoners, beside officers, and we reckon above six hundred were

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\* Which we found almost all standing, few of them having been consumed by the fire which they had themselves set to their camp.

† The most valuable part of the effects are continually exposed to view, and shall be forthcoming whenever the late owners shall think proper to present themselves and put in their claim.



killed in the field of battle, besides what we are told were drowned in fording the river Carron.

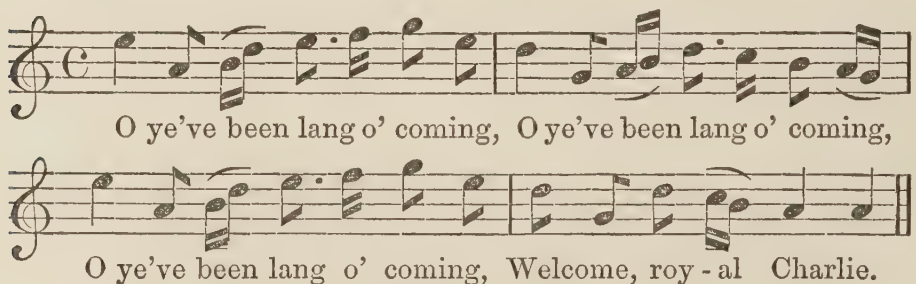
“We had not above forty men killed on our side, among which were two or three Captains and some subaltern officers. There was near double that number wounded, among whom was young Lochiel, on the ankle, but so slightly, that it did not hinder him from marching in pursuit of the enemy to the town of Falkirk. His brother was likewise wounded.

“His Royal Highness’s first care early next morning, was to send up to the field of battle to cause bury the dead, as well those of the enemy as our own people; and some of their officers that could be distinguished (of which, it is said, are Sir Robert Monro and Colonel Whitney) were brought down to the town to be decently interred, in the same manner as our own officers were. Had not the night come on, and so stormy, his Royal Highness’s army would have got betwixt them and Linlithgow, and would have utterly destroyed them. All the officers and private men behaved with invincible courage; and the order which they kept in their marching and attack surprised even the officers who had been in the former and present wars abroad. The Irish officers were of vast use, in going through the different posts of the army, and assisting in the various dispositions that were made.”

#### SONG LXXI.

### *Welcome, Royal Charlie.*

THERE are many editions of this song, which is popular all over the country, both south and north. This was communicated by Mr. Fairley of Tweedsmuir. It is generally sung to the air given; but the original one is better; I cannot find it, but remember the chorus runs thus:—



#### SONG LXXII.

### *Second Set,*

Is copied from the Scots Magazine for February 1817, and has the signature “F. C. Banks of Clyde.”

## Kane to the King.

### SONG LXXIII.

THIS seems to have been made by some Highland minstrel, to instigate the chiefs of the Prince's army to a foray on the Grants, and others of their Whig friends, after the retreat of the army to the north. I can make nothing of the chiefs that were to be robbed. They seem to have been gentlemen of the shires of Banff and Moray; and it must be an interesting amusement for the people of that traditionary country to find out who is meant. "The Lady of Moy" was herself in the Prince's army, at the head of 200 brave Mackintoshes. The laird having refused to engage in the cause, she raised these men herself, and put them under the command of Donald Macgillavry; but kept mostly in the camp to encourage them in their fidelity to the Prince. Another still more celebrated heroine, Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessery, likewise attended the Prince in all his warlike exploits. This lady, finding her nephew, the laird, a minor, and a youth of no capacity, as soon as she heard of the Prince's arrival, set about raising the men herself, and on the summons being sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charles's head-quarters, at the head of 250 well armed men. She was dressed in a sea-green riding habit, with a scarlet lapell, trimmed with gold, her hair tied behind in loose buckles, with a velvet cap, and scarlet feather; she rode on a bay gelding decked with green furniture, which was fringed with gold; instead of a whip, she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage arrived at the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight, and it being reported to the young Chevalier, he went out of the lines to meet this supply; Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least concern, and gave him a soldier-like salute, and addressed him in words to the following effect:—"That as her nephew was not able to attend the royal standard, she had raised his men, and brought them to his Highness; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them; for she found that so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman; what an effect, then," added she, "must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress? These men, sir, are yours, they have devoted themselves to your service; they bring you hearts as well as hands: I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your success." This speech being ended, she ordered her men to pass in review before the Chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with their appearance, but much more so with the gallantry of their female

leader. He conducted her to his tent, and treated her in the most polite manner ; her humour was extremely free, and as full of gayety as if she had been but fifteen ; the young Chevalier was much delighted with her conversation, and while she continued in the camp, he spent several hours with her, and frequently called her Colonel Cameron, by which name she was often jocularly distinguished afterwards. She continued with the army till they marched into England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return ; and being in the battle on Falkirk Muir, she was there taken prisoner, and committed to the Castle of Edinburgh. She afterwards got free, and was chosen guardian to her nephew as long as she lived.

The song has a beautiful and most original Gaelic air. Frazer, in his Collection, calls it "*Brìgus mhic Ruairidh*," which, I suppose, has originated from some circumstance the same as the song, that is, *stealing from the men with the breeks*.

#### SONG LXXIV.

#### **Culloden Day,**

Is the first of a long series of mournful and affecting ditties on that battle, in which all the hopes of the bold assertors of the right of the Stuarts were for ever annihilated. The song is the address of a Highland bard to the lady of his chief ; and he comforts her with the horrid proposal of killing her, and hiding her in the grave of her father, rather than suffer her to be taken or disgraced by the enemy, a strong feature of the despair to which the country was reduced. The air bears the same name with the song. Frazer calls it "*N' eual sibh mar thackair dhuin*."

#### SONG LXXV.

#### **Young Airly.**

TRUSTING to a note in Cromek's Collection, I never doubted that this was a song of 1745, and reserved it for this volume, and even for this latter division of it. I find, however, in searching for the event to which it relates, that it is the very oldest Scots song in the collection, being one of 1640. In that year James, Earl of Airly, left Scotland, to avoid being compelled to subscribe the covenant. The Estates of Parliament being informed of his departure, ordered the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to take possession of his house. On their coming to Airly castle, in June 1640, they summoned Lord Ogilvy to surrender it, being a place of very great natural strength, well manned, with all sorts of am-



munition and provisions. Lady Ogilvy answered, that her husband was absent, and had left no orders with her to give up the house to any subject, and that she would defend the same to the utmost of her power till her husband returned from England. After interchanging some shots, the assailants desisted from the attack. The Estates of Parliament then ordered the Marquis of Argyle to proceed against it ; he accordingly raised no less than 5000 men for that purpose ; but when Lord Ogilvie heard of his coming with such irresistible force, he wisely left Airly castle with all his men. Argyle demolished Airly and Forther, the two principal seats of the Earl of Airly, destroyed everything he could, and plundered the tenants of all their goods, corn, and cattle.

#### SONG LXXVI.

##### **Another Set,**

Is one on the same subject from the verses in Cromek, and a street ballad collated.

#### SONG LXXVII.

##### **Bonnie Charlie,**

Is a beautiful and highly popular song and air. It seems either to have been made by or in the name of Captain Stuart of Invernahoyle. I took these verses from the singing of my friend, Mr. James Scott, but I heard a girl term the glen Inverneil. The air bears the same name with the song.

#### SONG LXXVIII.

##### **Callum-a-Glen.**

It is a pity that I have too much hand in these songs from the Gaelic to speak of them as I feel ; and though this is indebted to me for the rhyme, I could take it against any piece of modern poetry. I see that my friend, Mr. Stenhouse, has changed the air to which I set it, doubtless with the kindest intentions in the world ; for seeing the song a good song, he had chosen to set it to

an appropriate air, and one of the best extent ; but then it is an Irish one ; and unluckily the song has an original tune of its own, and bearing the same name. It is to be found in Frazer's Collection.

AIR FROM CAPTAIN FRAZER'S COLLECTION.



Was e - ver old warrior of suff'ring so weary?



Was e - ver the wild beast so bay'd in his den?



The Southron blood-hounds lie in ken-nel so near me,



That death would be freedom to Cal - lum - a - Glen.



My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me,



No child to pro - tect me where once there were ten;



My chief they have slain, and of stay have be - reft me.



And wo to the gray hairs of Cal - lum - a - Glen!



## SONG LXXIX.

**The Sun rises bright in France,**

Is a sweet old thing, very popular both in Scotland and England. I got some stanzas from Surtees of Mainsforth ; but those printed are from Cromek. It is uncertain to what period the song refers.

## SONG LXXX.

**The old Man's Lament,**

Is likewise from Cromek, and very like what my friend, Allan Cunninghame, might write at a venture.

## SONG LXXXI.

**Now Charles asserts his Father's Right,**

Was copied from Sir W. Scott's collection of loose papers. The air is taken at random, I have forgot from whence.

## SONG LXXXII.

**Farewell to Glenshalloch.**

THIS beautiful Highland ditty has likewise an original air of its own, one of the most simple and sweet things existing ; but Mr. Stenhouse, in his friendly exertions to put every thing to rights, has changed it for "*M'Gregor-a-Ruara*," that every one might know it, and be able to sing it with due effect. The true air is however to be found in Captain Frazer's work, where it is called, I think, "*Bodhan an Eassain*." The verses are closely from the original, and there are few that can compare with them.

## AIR FROM CAPTAIN FRAZER'S COLLECTION.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shal-loch, A farewell for ev - er;  
 Fare-well to my wee cot, That stands by the ri - ver.  
 The fall is loud sounding, In voic - es that va - ry.  
 And the echoes sur - rounding Lament with my Ma - ry.

## SONG LXXXIII.

**The Lovely Lass of Inverness.**

THIS beautiful song is from Cromek. Who can doubt that it is by Cunninghame, or suppose that such a song really remained in Nithsdale unknown to Burns? The music is by Oswald.

## SONG LXXXIV.

**Modern Set,**

Is by Burns, altered from some old lines.

## SONG LXXXV.

**The Frasers in the Correi.**

I MUST beg pardon of the Highlanders for adding so much to the original ideas in this song, by which it is nothing improved. Frazer has a fuller set of the air, I believe, to the same name.

## SONG LXXXVI.

**A Ballad for those whose Honour is sound, &c.**

I HAD one copy of this from Dr. Traill of Liverpool, and another from Mr. Hardy of Glasgow, singular title and all. The air is "*Auld lang syne*."

## SONG LXXXVII.

**The Highlander's Lament,**

HAS often been published, both song and air, with the exception of the stanzas reprobating some Highland chiefs. The curses are doubtlessly pronounced on the two chiefs of Skye who departed so wofully from the tenets and loyalty of their fathers. The song is likely to have been made by some of the sennachies of Appin, the old inveterate foe of the Campbells, whose prevailing power crushed and finally ruined him.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to Skye,**

WAS copied verbatim from the mouth of Mrs. Betty Cameron from Lochaber; a well-known character over a great part of the Lowlands, especially for her great store of Jacobite songs, and her attachment to Prince Charles, and the chiefs that suffered for him, of whom she never spoke without bursting out a-crying. She said it was from the Gaelic; but if it is, I think it is likely to have been translated by herself. There is scarcely any song or air that I love better. I cannot possibly take in all Charles's adventures after the battle of Culloden; but, for the sake of explaining this song, and one that follows, namely, song 92, I must give the history of his meeting with Flora Macdonald, and of the time he remained under her protection; that being the most romantic part of the whole. After a thousand perils by land and water, he was at last so closely beset in the island of South Uist, that escape seemed impracticable. In this perplexity, his only attendant, O'Neil, thought proper to apply to a young lady, of the name of Flora Macdonald, who was at her brother's at Milton, in South Uist, upon a visit from the isle of Skye. O'Neil, having some little acquaintance with this young lady, proposed to her to assist the Prince in his escape; and requested her to go

with him to the Prince, to concert what was best to be done, to which she at first objected, with specious reasons ; but being apprised of the situation in which Charles was placed, which would not admit either of his coming to her, or of long delay, she at last consented, and taking her faithful servant, Neil M'Echan, with her, accompanied O'Neil to the place where the Prince was. They there concerted two plans, the one of which was to be put in execution without her farther interference, and in the event of its failing, Flora promised to do her utmost in order to bring the other to bear. O'Neil, finding it impossible to get off the Prince in the manner intended, was by him despatched to Milton, whither Flora had returned, to make her acquainted with this ; and came back again, charged with a message to him from Miss Macdonald.

Pursuant to the plan which had been laid down, Flora Macdonald set forwards, on Saturday the 21st of June, for Clanronald's house, to get what was necessary for the Prince's disguise, and other things in readiness ; but when going to cross a ford, she and her man were taken prisoners by a party of militia, because they had no passports to show. She demanded to see their officer ; but being told that he would not be there till next morning, she asked his name, and finding that it was her own step-father, she chose to remain till he should arrive, rather than answer their questions. She was accordingly kept a prisoner in the guard-room till relieved by her father-in-law, who arrived in the forenoon of next day, and was not a little surprised to see her in custody. Flora took him aside, and telling what she was about, desired a passport for herself, her man M'Echan, and one Betty Burke, a woman who was a good spinner ; and as her mother had a quantity of linen to spin, requested also a letter recommending Betty Burke to her, all which her father-in-law consented to. Flora then proceeded to Clanronald's house, where she informed Lady Clanronald of her design, who was ready to give her all the assistance in her power. She remained there till Friday the 27th, during which time O'Neil passed and repassed several times with messages betwixt the Prince, Lady Clanronald, and Flora. Lady Clanronald, another Macdonald, Flora, and her man, conducted by O'Neil, then went to the Prince, who was eight miles distant, and carried with them a new dress, and some other things to serve him in his voyage, particularly a part of a bottle of white wine, which was all that the soldiers had left Clanronald. This the Prince would not taste a drop of, but preserved with great care for his female guide. When they arrived they found Prince Charles Stuart in a small hut, cheerfully engaged in roasting for his dinner, the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, on a wooden spit. When O'Neil introduced the visitors to him, they expressed their compassion and sorrow at seeing him in such a situation, but he cheered them with an affable piece of mirth, and a contempt



of his sufferings : "The wretched to-day," said he, "may be happy to-morrow ;" and then growing serious, he said, "All great men would be the better to feel a little of what I do." They dined here, and at table Charles placed Flora on his right hand, and Lady Clanronald on his left. The rest of the company sat by chance, and ate very heartily, and he smoked a pipe with them. Next morning they heard of General Campbell's arrival at Benbecula, and soon after a servant of Lady Clanronald's came in a great hurry, and informed her that Captain Ferguson, with an advanced party of Campbell's men, were at her house, and that the Captain lay there all night. She was therefore obliged to take leave of the Prince, and return to her own house, where she was examined very strictly by Ferguson, but contrived to excuse herself, by saying that she had gone to see a child that had been sick. After the departure of Lady Clanronald and the other Macdonald, Flora bade the Prince prepare himself, for it was now time to go. The faithful O'Neil begged hard to accompany them, but to this Flora objected, on account that there would be too many of them together, and they might, therefore, be the more taken notice of. So Prince Charles and he parted, having taken leave of one other in an affectionate manner. O'Neil then went and met Sullivan, who was yet upon the island. About two days after, a French cutter, having 120 men on board, arrived at the Isle of South Uist, to carry off the Prince, who, they had been informed, was there. Sullivan immediately went on board, and O'Neil went back for the Prince, hoping that he and Flora Macdonald might still be somewhere on the island ; but finding that they had left it two days before, he returned to the place where he had left the cutter. Two small wherries, filled with armed men, and which had been sent out by an English officer after the cutter, had just come within sight of her, when, the wind being fair, she had set sail at the instigation of Sullivan, who, having an opportunity of saving his own life, deemed it as convenient to leave the Prince and O'Neil to their shifts. O'Neil was soon after taken, but being a foreign officer, he was only kept as a prisoner of war ; he was put on board of a man-of-war, where, in a short time, he saw Flora Macdonald also a prisoner, for doing what he had been the means of bringing about. He was conveyed to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and thereafter sent home according to the cartel. After the company were gone, Miss Macdonald desired the Prince to put on his new attire, which being done, they, with their crew, removed their quarters to be somewhat nearer the water side, where their boat was afloat, to be ready in case of any surprise from the shore. They arrived in a very wet condition, and made a fire upon a piece of a rock to dry themselves, and keep them warm till night. They had not been long there till they were alarmed by seeing four wherries, full of armed men, ap-



proaching towards the shore ; they extinguished their fire, and concealed themselves among the heather, but the wherries sailed by to the southward, within gun-shot, not perceiving them. On the 28th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, they set sail in very clear weather, but had not gone above a league before the sea became rough, and, at last, tempestuous. The Prince finding Flora and the sailors begin to be uneasy at their situation, sung them several Highland songs ; among others, an old song, made for the 29th of May, called "The Restoration." By this, and telling them merry stories, he contrived to keep up their spirits. Notwithstanding the night storm, Miss Macdonald was so fatigued that she fell asleep in the bottom of the boat ; Prince Charles observing it, covered her to save her as much as he could from the cold, and sat by her, lest anything should hurt her, or lest any of the boatmen, in the dark, should trample upon her ; but the sea was so rough that she did not sleep long. Next morning, though it was clear and calm, the boatmen knew not where they were, the wind having varied several times in the night ; however, they made a point of Waternish, in the west corner of Skye, where they tried to land, but found the place possessed by a body of forces, who had also three boats near the shore, and several men-of-war were in sight. A man on board of one of these boats fired at the Prince and crew to make them bring to—but they rowed off. They would, to a certainty, have been taken, had it not been providentially very calm, and the ships at some distance ; the militia on shore could not stir for want of the oars that were hauled up and flung among the ling by their crew ; but, however, they sent up to alarm the people in a little town not far off. The Prince's boat got safe into a creek or cliff in a rock, and remained there to rest the men, who had been at work all night, and to get some refreshment ; however, as soon as they could, they set forwards again, lest the alarm should bring down the people of the village upon them, and they had not proceeded far till they observed them approaching the place they had so lately quitted. At length they landed safely at Kilbride, in Trotternish, in the isle of Skye, about twelve miles north from the above-mentioned point, and just at the foot of the garden of Mouggestot. In this neighbourhood there were also several parties in search of the Prince. Miss Macdonald left the Prince in the boat, and went with her man to Mouggestot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then with the Duke of Cumberland. She sent a message to Lady Margaret Macdonald, to let her know she was come, having before apprised her of her errand, by a Mrs. Macdonald, who went for that purpose.

Flora was introduced into a room where company were, among whom chanced to be the commanding officer of the forces in the neighbourhood. He asked her several questions, all of

which she answered as she thought proper, and readily enough, so that he had no suspicion of what she was about. Flora having told Lady Macdonald where she had left the Prince, and the situation he was in, her Ladyship, at a loss how to act in so critical a conjuncture, sent off directly an express to Donald Roy Macdonald, brother to Balshar, in North Uist, who was at a surgeon's house about two miles off, under cure of a wound he had received through his foot at Culloden, requiring his immediate attendance. She applied, in the meantime, to Mr. Macdonald of Kingsborough, a relation of Sir Alexander's, and his factor, who happened to be then in the house, and was walking in close conference with him when Donald arrived. It was then agreed that the Prince should be conducted that night to Port Rei, or King's Port, about seven miles from Kingsborough, by way of that house; that Donald Roy should ride directly to Port Rei, and endeavour to find out the old laird of Rasay, to whose care the Prince was to be entrusted; and that Neil M'Echan should return immediately to the Prince, inform him of the scheme concerted for his preservation, and direct him to the back of a certain hill, about a mile distant, where he was to wait for Kingsborough for his conductor. Kingsborough, taking some wine and other refreshments, set out, soon after, for the place appointed. He had, at first, some difficulty to find out the Prince, who, however, soon made up to him very briskly, with a thick short cudgel in his hand, and asked, "Are you Mr. Macdonald of Kingsborough?" "Yes, sir," answered Kingsborough. "All is well then," replied the Prince, "come, let us be jogging." Mr. Macdonald told him he must first partake of the refreshments he had brought, which he accordingly did, the top of a rock serving for a table. This done, they proceeded together; and in conversing, Kingsborough told his fellow-traveller, with no less admiration than joy, that he could recollect no cause, either of business or duty, for his being at Mouggestot that day. "I'll tell you the cause," said the prince, "Providence sent you thither to take care of me." The country people were just returning from church, and Kingsborough had some difficulty in getting rid of their conversation, as they came up one party after another; however, they passed by all at last, and the Prince and he proceeded alone.

When Flora thought the Prince and Kingsborough might be got to some distance, she made a motion to go, and ordered her horses out directly. Lady Macdonald pressed her much before the officer to stay, but Flora excused herself, and all things being got ready, she set forwards, attended by Mrs. Macdonald above-mentioned, and her man and maid. When they overtook the Prince and Kingsborough, Mrs. Macdonald was very desirous of seeing the Prince's face, which he as carefully avoided, by looking away from her, but, however, she had several opportunities of ob-

serving it. In wading a rivulet, the Prince lifted his petticoats so high, that Neil M'Echan called to him for God's sake to take care, else he would discover himself. The Prince laughed heartily, and thanked him for his kind concern. Mrs. Macdonald's maid could not keep her eyes off the Prince, and said to Flora, "I think I ne'er saw sic an impudent-looking woman as Kingsborough is a-walking with; I daresay she is an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's claes." Miss Macdonald replied, she was an Irishwoman, for she knew her, and had seen her before. "Bless me," quoth the maid, "what lang strides she takes, and how awkwardly she wurks her petticoats. I believe those Irishwomen could fecht as weel as the men." Miss Macdonald, not liking the maid's observations, and knowing they were near the place where the Prince and Kingsborough were to turn out of the common road and that it was not proper to let Mrs. Macdonald's man and maid servant see what route they should take, called out to Mrs. Macdonald to ride faster; "for," said she, "we shall be late out." This was complied with, and they soon lost sight of the two on foot, who, presently after, turned out of the common road to avoid the militia, and went over the hills S.S.E. till they arrived at Kingsborough's house, which they did about eleven o'clock at night, on Sunday, June the 29th, in a very wet condition, having walked seven long miles in almost constant rain. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time along the highway, having parted with her three companions. Lady Kingsborough, not expecting her husband home at that time of night, was undressed, and just going into bed, when one of her maid-servants went up and told her that Kingsborough was returned, and had brought some company with him. "What company?" said Mrs Macdonald. "Milton's daughter," said the maid, "and some company with her." "Milton's daughter," replied Mrs Macdonald, "is very welcome here, with any company she pleases to bring; but, make my compliments to her, and tell her to be free with any thing in the house, for I am sleepy, and undressed, so I cannot see her to-night." In a short time, Kingsborough's daughter ran up in a great hurry, crying out, "mamma, mamma, my father has brought hither a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife, as ever I saw; nay, and has taken her into the hall too." She had scarcely said this before Kingsborough himself entered the room, and desired his wife to dress again as fast as she could, and get what meat she had ready for supper. "Who have you with you?" said Mrs. Macdonald. "You shall know that in good time," replied he, "only make haste." Mrs. Macdonald then desired her daughter to go and fetch the keys which she had left in the hall; the girl went, but came running back again, crying, "I canna gang in for the keys, mamma, because the muckle woman is walking up and down the hall, and I am afraid o' her." Mrs. Macdo-



nald then went herself, but was so frightened, as she said, "at seeing sic a muckle trollop o' a carlin mak sic lang strides through the hall, that she did not like her appearance." She then desired her husband to fetch them, but he would not, and she was obliged, at last, to go herself. When she went into the room, the Prince was sitting, but got up immediately and saluted her. Mrs. Macdonald then began to tremble, having found a rough beard; imagining it was some distressed nobleman or gentleman in disguise, but never dreamed that it was the Prince. She, therefore, went directly out of the room, with the keys in her hand, without saying one word to the Prince, and greatly importuned Kingsborough to tell her who it was; and if he, meaning the person in disguise, could tell anything of what was become of the Prince. Kingsborough smiled at her naming the beard, and told her, "My dear, it is the Prince." "The Prince!" cried she, "then we are a' ruined; we will a' be hanged now." "Hut," said he, "we will die but once, and if we are hanged for this, we die in a good cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity. But go, make haste with supper; bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else is ready." "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" quoth she, "what a supper is that for a Prince!" "Oh, wife," replied he, "you little know how this good Prince has lived of late: this will be a feast to him; besides, to make a formal supper would make the servants suspect something; the less ceremony therefore the better: make haste and come to supper yourself." "I come to supper!" said she, "I know not how to behave myself before majesty." "You must come," replied Kingsborough, "for the Prince will not eat one bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him; so obliging and easy is he in conversation." At supper the Prince placed Miss Flora at his right hand, (always paying her the greatest respect, wherever she was, and always rising up whenever she entered the room,) and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. He made a plentiful supper, eating four eggs, some collops, bread and butter, drank two bottles of small beer at supper, and then calling for a bumper of brandy, he drank health and prosperity to his landlord and landlady, and better times to us all; and after supper smoked a pipe: he smoked as an antidote against the toothache, and kept the same pipe till it was as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump. After drinking a few glasses of wine, and finishing their pipes, the Prince went to bed.

When the Prince and Kingsborough were going from Mouggestot to Kingsborough, the Prince said he proposed going to the Laird of Macleod's, as being a place the government's people would not suspect; but Kingsborough would not agree to that, and gave some of his reasons to support his opinion. "What!" said the Prince, "do you think that Macleod to his former doings would

add that of thirsting after my blood?" "I am not certain of that," replied Kingsborough, "but I have received a letter from the Laird of Macleod, wherein he desires me to deliver you up if you fell into my way; and said I should thereby do a service to my country." The Prince thereupon dropped that project, and said, "I hope Macleod will live to see his mistake." Some time after this the Laird of Macleod asked for the letter again; but Kingsborough absolutely refused to give it to him, and further said, "he would keep that to show what part Macleod acted, from under Macleod's own hand." Kingsborough, among other things, asked the Prince if he looked upon Lord George Murray to have acted a treacherous part; the Prince said he hoped not.

After the Prince was gone to bed, Mrs. Macdonald desired Miss Flora to relate the Prince's adventures as far as she knew of them; which she did: and when she had concluded her story, Mrs. Macdonald asked her what was become of the boatmen who brought them to that island. Flora replied, "They went back again directly for South Uist." "That was wrong," said Mrs. Macdonald, "for you should have kept them on this side for some time, at least till the Prince could have got farther from his pursuers." As Mrs. Macdonald conjectured, so it proved; for the boatmen were immediately seized on their return, and threatened with torture or death, both which are absolutely contrary to our law, but are always to be expected when people are ruled by those they pay. By these threats of torture, the men were so much intimidated, that they revealed all that they knew, and gave a description of the gown the Prince had on, being a linen or cotton gown, with purple twigs, thickly stamped, and a white apron. This thought of Mrs. Macdonald determined Flora to desire the Prince to change his dress, as we shall find presently he did; being himself not willing to march any further in that dress, having found it too troublesome the day before.

Morning being come and far advanced, Miss Macdonald began to be afraid lest the Prince, lying too long, should give his enemies time to overtake him, and therefore desired Kingsborough to go into his room and call him up; who, with much persuasion, went; but finding him in a sound sleep, would not waken him: but every thing being soon after ready for his journey, Miss Macdonald insisted that Kingsborough should call him up, which he did: and having awakened the Prince, asked how he had rested. "Never better," he answered, "for I thought I never lay on so good a bed; and, to tell the truth, I almost forgot what a bed was." Kingsborough then begged leave to tell the Prince, it was high time to be preparing for another march; that though it would be proper for him to go away in the disguise he came in, "Yet," said he, "Sir, as you are a very bad pretender, and the rumor of your disguise may have taken air, I think it advisable for you



to reassume your proper dress ; and if you will stop at the entrance of the wood on yonder hill, I shall take care to bring you thither every thing necessary for that purpose." The Prince thanked his good landlord, and approved the proposal. When the Prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies went into his chamber to pin his gown and cap. Before Flora put on the cap, Mrs. Macdonald desired her in Erse, to ask the Prince for a lock of his hair, which she refused to do, saying, "Can't you ask him yourself ?" The Prince, finding they were disputing about something, desired to know what it was, and then Mrs. Macdonald told him her request, which he immediately granted, and, laying his head on Flora's lap, bade her cut a lock off ; which she did, and gave Mrs. Macdonald one half, and kept the other to herself.

The Prince being dressed, cried, "lusty wench this is ;" and having breakfasted, asked a snuff of Lady Kingsborough, who took that opportunity of prevailing with him to accept of a silver snuff-box. He then took leave of his kind landlady, thanking her very courteously for all her civilities. Then he and Kingsborough, with a parcel of Highland clothes under his arm, went to the place appointed, and there changed his dress. This being done, the Prince embraced Kingsborough in his arms, and bade him a long and happy adieu, and in a most affectionate manner thanked him for his services, and assured him he would never forget them. "Who knows," said he, "Kingsborough, but you and I may drink a pot of porter together at a certain place, after all this." Tears fell from the eyes of both, and a few drops of blood from the Prince's nose. Kingsborough was alarmed at seeing the blood, but the Prince told him this was usual with him at parting from dear friends. Kingsborough then sent a guide with him to Port Rei through all the bye-ways, while Flora went on horseback by another road, the better to gain intelligence and prevent a discovery. The Prince attended by Neil M'Echan, and having Kingsborough's herd-boy Macqueen, of about eleven years old, for a guide seven long Scots miles, got safe, though very wet, to Port Rei. Here he had the pleasure of meeting once more his female preserver, as well as Donald Roy Macdonald ; who, though disappointed in his search after the old laird of Rasay, had got a boat from that island for the Prince's reception, and three choice friends to attend him, viz., John and Murdoch, Macleod of Rasay's eldest and third sons, and Captain Malcolm Macleod. The two last gentlemen had been in the Prince's service. The Prince would fain have persuaded cripple Donald to accompany him, but Donald had the resolution to resist his importunities, as well as to sacrifice his own inclination to the Prince's safety ; for his wound did not permit him to move without a horse, which he well judged would have rendered him too conspicuous a companion for the Prince's privacy. To this faithful friend, therefore, as well as to

his female deliverer, the Prince was obliged to bid a tender farewell, regretting much that he had not a Macdonald with him to the last, and said, "Well, Miss Flora, I hope we shall yet be in a good coach and six before we die, though we be now a-foot."

About six or eight days after the Prince left Skye, Captain Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit; and from the boatmen, who were taken at or in their return to South Uist, having got an exact description of the gown and dress the Prince had on, pursued him to Sir Alexander Macdonald's house, and there searching very strictly, and hearing only of Miss Flora Macdonald, went to Kingsborough, and there examined Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and Mrs. Ann Macalister, their daughter. He first found Kingsborough, and asked him several questions, some of which he answered, and others he either could or would not, but told the captain he had better ask Mrs. Macdonald, who could give him proper answers; Kingsborough accordingly called Mrs. Macdonald, and told her that Captain Ferguson was come to ask her a few questions about her late guests. "If Ferguson," said she, "is to be my judge, then God have mercy on my soul!" Ferguson asked her why she said so. "Because the whole world says you are a very cruel hard-hearted man; and indeed I don't like to go through such hands." Ferguson then asked Kingsborough where Miss Macdonald, and the person who was with her in woman's clothes, lay; Kingsborough answered, he knew where Miss Flora lay, but as for servants, he never asked any questions about them. The Captain then asked Mrs. Macdonald whether she laid "the young Pretender and Miss Flora in the same bed." She answered, "Sir, whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you, it is not the fashion in Skye to lay the mistress and the maid in the same bed together." He then desired to see the rooms wherein each lay; which, being shown, he remarked, that that in which the supposed servant-maid slept, was better than the other. Kingsborough was taken prisoner, and carried to Fort Augustus, and was there plundered of his shoe-buckles, garters, watch and money; and, in a few hours after, thrown into a dungeon heavily loaded with irons. When Sir Everard Falkner examined him, he put him in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsborough replied, "Had I gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done." While Kingsborough was prisoner at Fort Augustus, an officer of distinction came and asked him if he would know the young Chevalier's head if he saw it; Kingsborough said, he would know the head very well if it were on the shoulders. "But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should

know it in that case?" "In that case," replied Kingsborough, "I will not pretend to know anything about it." So no head was brought. Kingsborough was removed thence to Edinburgh castle, under a strong guard of Kingston's light-horse, who entered the city with sound of trumpet, and beat of kettle-drums, a thing not very common in such a case. He was, at first, put into the same room with Major Macdonald, Mr. George Moir, laird of Leckie, Mr. Thomas Ogilvie, and others; but was, soon after, removed into a room by himself, under a very close confinement; none was permitted to see him except the officer upon guard, the sergeant, and the keeper, which last, was appointed to attend him as servant. He was kept there until the act of grace, and was then discharged, having been confined a year for one night's lodging.

Miss Macdonald, having taken leave of the Prince, left Port Rei immediately, and went to her mother's, in Armadale; but neither told her mother, nor any other person, what she had been about. Little more than a week after she got home, she received a message from a Mr. Macdonald, who lived about four miles from Slait, to go to his house as soon as possible. This message had been sent at the desire of Macleod of Taliskar, an officer in one of the independent companies, who wanted to examine her with respect to what had happened. She, suspecting something of their design, communicated the whole matter to her friends, and asked their advice regarding the course of conduct she ought to pursue; they persuaded her not to go till next day. On her way she met her father-in-law, to whom she made known all that had happened since her seeing him last, and the circumstances in which she was then placed. Shortly after parting from whom, she was taken prisoner by an officer and a party of soldiers, who were on their way to her mother's house to search for her, and conveyed on board the *Furnace*, Captain Ferguson, without being permitted to take leave of her friends, or to go for her clothes and linen. She was under terrible apprehensions, on account of Captain Ferguson's great reputed inhumanity and cruelty; but very luckily for her, General Campbell was on board, who gave strict orders that she should be treated with the greatest civility and respect; that she should have a maid-servant to attend her; and that these two should have a lieutenant's cabin to themselves, forbidding every person to go into the same without her leave or consent. This kindness Miss Flora acknowledged many times. About three weeks afterwards, the ship being near her mother's, General Campbell permitted her to go on shore to take leave of her friends, in custody of two officers, and a party of soldiers; and, on condition that she should not say anything in Erse, or out of hearing of the officers. On her examination, after being taken prisoner, she said that a woman, calling herself a soldier's wife, came to her



as she was stepping into the boat, and intreated to be taken across with her, as she had been left on the island without money or friends ; that she had granted her request, and on landing in Skye, she went on her way, thanking her for the favour. When she was examined by General Campbell, however, she told him the whole truth. Miss Macdonald was removed on board Commodore Smith's ship, where she was exceedingly well treated ; and she consented to sit for her picture while in London, at his request. The ship on which she was a-board, was some time in Leith roads ; and after being conveyed from place to place, she was at last put on board the Royal Sovereign, lying at the Nore, whence, in a short time after, she was removed to London, in the custody of Mr. William Dick, a messenger ; after being five months on ship board, in this person's custody, she remained until July 1747, when she was discharged, and returned to Edinburgh without being asked a question.

This relation is taken from the journal of O'Neil, and the mouths of Kingsborough, his lady, and Miss Flora Macdonald.

#### SONG LXXXIX.

### **The Highland Widow's Lament,**

Is a well-known and popular song, which has often been published.

#### SONG XC.

### **Here's his Health in Water,**

HAS likewise been published. The air bears the same name.

#### SONG XCI.

### **Up an' rin awa, Willie,**

Was taken from Mr. Hardy's MSS. It is rather inferior to some previous ones to the same air.

## SONG XCII.

*The Lament of Flora Macdonald.*

I GOT the original of these verses from my friend, Mr. Neil Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment.

## SONG XCIII.

*The Tears of Scotland,*

WAS written by the celebrated Dr. Smollet ; the air was by James Oswald. Both have often been published.

## SONG XCIV.

*You're welcome, Charlie Stuart.*

THIS song has been published several times ; and the air, which bears the same name, in almost every collection of Scottish tunes.

## SONG XCV.

*The Highlander's Farewell.*

I HAVE entirely forgot who it was that translated this beautiful song for me, as well as where I picked up the air ; and now, that I see them in the running copy, they appear to me as if I had never seen either of them before.



## XCVI.

**Towly's Ghost.**

I COPIED this song from the Honourable Miss Rollo's papers ; and though I got several other copies, yet the name in them all was Towly. I, however, find no such name among those who followed Prince Charles. There was a Colonel Francis Townly, who led the 200 men that joined the Highland army at Manchester, and who was after taken at the surrender of Carlisle, and executed with the rest.

## SONG XCVII.

**Lenochan's Farewell,**

WAS translated to me by Mr. John Stewart, who affirmed it to be an Appin song, and told me the name of the emigrant who was said to have composed it, which, I think, was Macmurich, or some such sounding name. It is highly characteristic. The air is beautiful, a true Highland one, and in Frazer bears nearly the same name with this song, "*Ho cha neil mulad oirn.*"

## SONG XCVIII.

**Bessy's Haggies,**

Is an excellent old song, and never before published that I know of. The tune often occurs in old collections, and is supposed to be older than 1745. I had the song, with other three excellent ones, all of which are published in these volumes, from Mr. Gordon, of Ford.

## SONG XCIX.

**Wae's me for Prince Charlie.**

THIS sweet little Jacobite song is said to have been written by a Mr. William Glen, about Glasgow. I have seen a poem on the

death of the Princess Charlotte, and some small pieces of merit in periodical works, by a Mr. Glen, of that country. Whether or not these are by the same I have not been able to learn. The air is "*The Gypsie Laddie*."

## SONG C.

**Charlie Stuart.**

THIS short and pithy song is from Cromek. I hope it is old, yet scarcely think so. The air is "*Barbara Allan*," to which it has evidently been composed.

## SONG CI.

**Will he no come back again.**

THIS old song was never published till of late years. I had it in manuscript ; but a copy, scarcely so perfect, is to be found in a late Paisley publication.

## SONG CII.

**The Battle of Val.**

I GOT this song among Miss Rollo's papers, but do not even know what battle is alluded to, if it was not that at Lafeld, before Maestricht, in which the Duke of Cumberland is said to have exerted himself with courage.

## SONG CIII.

**Carlisle Yetts,**

Is from Cromek ; and if it is not Allan Cunninghame's, is very like his style.

## SONG CIV.

**Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell.**

OF all the songs that ever were written since the world began, this is the first ; it is both so horrible and so irresistibly ludicrous. It is copied from Cromek, but the editor makes no mention how or where he came by it. The two last verses he refused to publish, but I thought it a pity that any part of such a morsel should be lost. This secretary, Murray, was a Mr. Murray of Broughton, in Tweeddale ; and on being taken and carried to London, he betrayed some secrets, that caused great trouble to several families, who would, otherwise, have escaped ; and from an idea that he did this for a reward, all this obloquy was attached to him by the friends of the Prince ; indeed, they had formerly entertained suspicions of his integrity. The following excellent poem of that day was kindly transmitted to me by Mr. George Moir, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.

—*Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

To all that virtue's holy ties can boast,  
 To truth, to honour, and to manhood lost,  
 How hast thou wandered from the sacred road,  
 The paths of honesty, the pole to God !  
 O fallen ! fallen from the high degree  
 Of spotless fame, and pure integrity !  
 Where all that gallantry that filled your breast ?  
 The pride of sentiment, the thought profest,  
 Th' unbiassed principle, the generous strain,  
 That warmed your blood, and beat in every vein ?  
 All, all are fled !—Once honest, steady, brave ;  
 How great the change to traitor, coward, knave !  
 O hateful love of life, that prompts the mind  
 The godlike, great, and good, to leave behind ;  
 From wisdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,  
 From all on earth that dignifies the man,  
 With steps unhallowed ; wickedly to stray,  
 And trust and friendship's holy bands betray !  
 Cursed fear of death ! whose bug-bear terrors fright  
 Th' unmanly breast from suffering in the right ;  
 That strikes the man from th' elevated state,  
 From every character, and name of great,

And throws him down beneath the vile degree  
Of galley'd slaves, or dungeon villainy.

O Murray ! Murray ! once of truth approved,  
Your Prince's darling, by his party loved,  
When all were fond your worth and fame to raise,  
And expectations spoke your future praise ;  
How could you sell that Prince, that cause, that fame,  
For life enchained to infamy and shame ?  
See gallant Arthur, whose undaunted soul  
No dangers frighten and no fears control,  
With unconcern, the axe and block surveys,  
And smiles at all the dreadful scene displays ;  
While undisturbed his thoughts so steady keep,  
He goes to death as others go to sleep.  
Gay 'midst their gibbets and devouring fire,  
What numbers hardy in the cause expire !  
But what are these to thee ? examples vain ;  
Yet see and blush if yet the power remain ;  
Behold the menial hand that broke your bread,  
That wiped your shoes, and with your crumbs was fed,  
When life and riches proffered to his view,  
Before his eyes the strong temptation threw,  
Rather than quit integrity of heart,  
Or act, like you, the unmanly traitor's part,  
Disdains the purchase of a worthless life,  
And bares his bosom to the butch'ring knife,  
Each mean compliance gallantly denies,  
And in mute honesty is brave, and dies.  
While you, though tutored from your early youth  
To all the principles of steady truth ;  
Though station, birth, and character conspire  
To kindle in your breast the manly fire,  
Friends, reputation, conscience, all disclaim,  
To glory lost, and sunk in endless shame,  
For the dull privilege to breathe the air ;  
Let everlasting infamy declare,  
And down to late posterity record  
A name that's cursed, abandoned, and abhorred !

Go, wretch ! enjoy the purchase you have gained,  
Scorn and reproach your every step attend,  
By all mankind neglected and forgot,  
Retire to solitude—retire and rot.  
But whither, whither can the guilty fly  
From the devouring worms that never die ?  
Those inward stings that rack the villain's breast,  
Haunt his lone hours, and break his tortured rest ;



'Midst caves, 'midst rocks, and deserts you may find  
 A safe retreat from all the human kind ;  
 But to what foreign region can you run,  
 Your greatest enemy, yourself, to shun ?  
 Where'er thou go'st wild anguish and despair,  
 And black remorse attend with hellish stare,  
 Tear your distracted soul with torments fell ;  
 Your passions, devils, and your bosom, hell !  
 Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,  
 Some minutes more inglorious life prolong ;  
 And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,  
 Weary of being, yet afraid of death,  
 If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,  
 JUDAS and MURRAY both may go to heaven !

With regard to Murray's great and illustrious associate in the infernal regions, among a thousand other anathemas that have been presented to me, take the few that follow as specimens :

“ Minute of the incorporation of fleshers of Edinburgh, admitting the Duke of Cumberland a freeman member of the incorporation.

*Convening House, April 10, 1746.*

“ Which day the whole members being convened by order of the deacon, and they taking into their serious consideration the high qualities, and most eminent and unparalleled services his Royal Highness, Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. &c. has already done for the welfare and prosperity of this kingdom, and of this city in particular, in subjecting the enemies of our religion, laws, and liberties, who had taken up arms against the nation, in favour of a popish pretender to the crown of this realm, thereby preserving our present happy constitution from popery, slavery, arbitrary, despotick, and tyrannical power, to the great danger of his royal person, which must fire the heart of every true Briton with gratitude, loyalty, and zeal ; and that it became them to shew the same on such an occasion so far as was in their power ; and a motion being made to present his Royal Highness with the freedom of the incorporation, the incorporation accordingly did, and hereby do elect and chuse his Royal Highness, Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. &c. to be a freeman member of this incorporation, and declared, and hereby declare him a freeman thereof, and entituled to all the immunities, privileges, and righteous pertinents thereof, in such manner and form as any other brother or member of the incorporation ever did, or presently does enjoy the same, any law or practice of the incorporation notwithstanding.”



## Epitaph on WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

“ When William shall depart this life,  
 And from this world be hurled,  
 Sure to express into what place,  
 Would puzzle all the world.  
 In heavenly mansions there's no rest  
 For one of such contagion ;  
 Nothing unclean can enter in  
 Within that blessed region.

“ Where shall we find a place that's fit ?  
 In hell he cannot enter ;  
 The devil no equal will admit ;  
 Then chain him to the center,  
 Until that great and dreadful day,  
 When fervent heat will purge him ;  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 May all the furies scourge him !”

## AN INSCRIPTION.

“ Here continueth to stink  
 The memory of the Duke of Cumberland ;  
 Who, with unparalleled barbarity,  
 And inflexible hardness of heart,  
 In spite of all motives to lenity,  
 That policy or humanity could suggest,  
 Endeavoured to ruin Scotland  
 By all the ways a tyrant could invent,  
 Nor was he more infamous  
 For the monstrous inhumanity of his nature,  
 Than fortunate in accumulating  
 Titles and wealth ;  
 For,  
 Without merit,  
 Without experience,  
 Without military skill,  
 He was created a field-marshal, and  
 Had the profits of two regiments,  
 And a settled revenue of £40,000 a year !  
 He was the only man of his time  
 Who acquired the name of a hero  
 By the actions of a butchering provo't ;  
 For, having with 10,000 regular troops,  
 Defeated half that number of famished and fatigued militia,

He murdered the wounded,  
 Hanged or starved the prisoners,  
 Ravaged the country with fire and sword,  
 And,  
 Having rioted in continued cruelty,  
 Posted off at length in triumph,  
 With the supposed head  
 Of a brave unfortunate prince !  
 O, loyal reader,  
 Let not this success tempt thee to despair ;  
 Heaven, that punisheth us for our sins,  
 Never overlooks such crimes as these.  
 Having, at last, filled up the measure of his iniquity,  
 He floundered in the mud of contempt ;  
 His glory vanished like the morning dew ;  
 And  
 They who once adored him as a hero and a god,  
 Did at last curse him  
 As a madman and a devil !”

## SONG CV.

**Geordie sits in Charlie's Chair,**

Is near akin to the foregoing masterpiece, highly popular, and sung in many different ways. It appears, from the numberless copies I have got, that the song had been very short at first, and that parts had been added, now and then, by different hands, until some of the most common editions appear rather like a medley than a regular ballad. This set may be received as the most perfect, all the good verses being in it, and a kind of uniformity throughout. I have been told the song was originally composed by an itinerant ballad-singer, a man of great renown in that profession, ycleped “mussel-mou’ed Charlie,” and that while in his possession, it consisted only of four full stanzas, the two first, the first halves of the third and sixth, and the last verse, was made up of the last four lines of the sixth, and the following four :

But a’ the whigs maun gang to hell,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 That sang Charlie made himsel’,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

A very good and judicious hint, as Charles, save in that instance, had only sung songs made by other people.

## SONG CVI.

**Lawland Lassie.**

THIS song should have been placed further back in the volume, to have suited the arrangement, but was placed here because it sung to the same air with the celebrated one immediately before it. I copied it from the MSS. sent me by John Steuart, Esq. younger of Dalguise.

## SONG CVII.

**Highland Laddie.**

I WROTE this song some time in early youth. It is not much worth, and hardly deserved to appear in such company ; but “selfe esteime, thou arte ane forwarde jaudde.”

## SONG CVIII.

**On the Restoration of the Forfeited Estates, 1748,**

Is the first of a new series, breathing a spirit of acquiescence in measures that could not be remedied, and grateful acknowledgment to a sovereign, whose well-judged clemency restored the gallant exiles to the homes of their fathers. All that relates to Culloden being now finished, and the Jacobite matter of the kingdom so much exhausted as to render all future collections unavailing, it remains only to draw the right onward narrative to a close, which I shall do partly in the words of Smollet, than which nothing can be better said, thought, or written.

## SONG CIX.

**The Mill of Lochiel,**

Is another song of the Camerons, a genuine strain of joy, supposed to be sung by an exile on returning to the scene of his youth-

ful pastimes. It was sent to me by Captain John Steuart. The air is to be found in Frazer's work, under the same title. Here I must once again bear testimony to the inestimable value of that gentleman's collection to all true lovers of the genuine airs and melodies of his country ; I will not say it is worth all the collections that ever were made ; but, certainly, no single collection of Scottish music ever was made like it, for the number, the beauty, and the originality of the tunes.

### SONG CX.

#### *Lassie, lie near me,*

Is from Cromek ; being an old song, a little varied from the original of "*Laddie lie near me :*" and with it I shall close this short series of the lays of returning minstrels, and take up the relation where I left off, at the battle of Falkirk.

As some of the foregoing songs fully illustrate, the great General Hawley's boasts came all to nothing. He had vaunted that, with two troops of dragoons, and no more, he would drive the Highlanders before him to the farthest corner of the country, and into the sea, if they durst abide him there ; but behold, at the very first sight he got of them, "a Jacobite storm sent him back with a jerk ;" and on his return to Edinburgh he made as poor a figure as his great prototype, Sir John Cope, did on his appearance on the border, and finally at London, a few months before. To hide his own cowardice, however, he wreaked his vengeance manfully on others ; for, getting a court martial established at Edinburgh, of which Brigadier Mordaunt was chosen President, a number of private men were shot for cowardly behaviour, and a far greater number severely whipped for flinging down their arms and running off as soon as the Highlanders came in sight.

On the day after the battle, the second son of the Laird of Glen-garry was accidentally killed, on the streets of Falkirk, by one of the young men belonging to the Master of Lovat ; which had nearly bred much strife, and proved a great grief to his clan and all his connexions ; for he was a brave and intrepid youth. I have heard a long Whig song that in one of the verses mentions this accident ;

" A young Highland man had got a new gun,  
Wi' rowth o' new bullets to boot, man,



An' though gentles past by, his gun he wad try,  
Some maukins or men for to shoot, man ;  
An' the bauld young Glengarry was shot for a harie,  
A fierce maukin that troubled them a', man," &c.

Prince Charles marched back to Stirling on the 18th, and summoned the castle to surrender, and, on General Blakeney's refusal, began to lay siege to it, but his army was dreadfully distressed for want of provisions, it being the depth of winter, and the roads impassable, and he had no cannon for his batteries, save three small pieces. Forces were gathering around him on all quarters, and the Duke of Cumberland was sent to take the command. The chiefs now began to remonstrate with Charles on the necessity of making a retreat to the north, and, though their reasons for that procedure were such as could not be denied, yet the high-spirited Prince protested against it, declaring, that with the army he had he was willing to meet and fight the enemy whenever they chose. His reasons, however, were overborne, and an order was of course given to commence a retreat, on the morning of the 3d of February, 1745, which was effected with all expedition ; the army crossing unmolested at the ford of Frew, proceeded straight to Crieff, and was there divided and marched in three several corps ; the clans, with the Prince at their head, went by Aberfeldie, a body of east Lowlanders by Dunkeld, and the third and largest corps, turned down by Perth. The Prince, in his route, found great difficulty in maintaining his forces, that part of the country being quite exhausted. He hoped to be reinforced in the Highlands, and to receive supplies of all kinds from France and Spain ; he therefore retired by Badenoch to Inverness, which the Earl of Loudon abandoned at his approach. The fort was surrendered to him almost without opposition, and here he fixed his head-quarters. His next exploit was the siege of Fort Augustus, which he in a little time reduced. The Duke of Cumberland, having secured the important posts of Stirling and Perth, with the Hessian battalions, advanced with the army to Aberdeen, where he was joined by the Duke of Gordon, the Earls of Aberdeen and Findlater, the laird of Grant, and other persons of distinction. While he remained in this place, refreshing his troops and preparing magazines, a party of the Highlanders surprised a detachment of Kingston's horse, and about seventy Argyleshire Highlanders at Keith, who were either killed or taken. Several advanced parties of that militia met with the same fate in different places. Lord George Murray invested the castle of Blair, which was defended by Sir Andrew Agnew, until a body of Hessians marched to its relief, and obliged the besiegers to retire. The Prince ordered all his forces to assemble, in order to begin their march for Aberdeen, to attack the Duke of Cumberland ; but, in consequence of a remonstrance from the



clans, who declined leaving their families at the mercy of the garrison in Fort William, he resolved previously to reduce that fortress, the siege of which was undertaken by Brigadier Stapleton, an engineer in the French service ; but the place was so vigorously maintained by Captain Scott, that in the beginning of April they thought proper to relinquish the enterprize. The Earl of Loudon had retired into Sutherland, and taken post at Dornoch, where his quarters were beat up by a strong detachment of the Highlanders, commanded by the Duke of Perth. A major and sixty men were taken prisoners ; and the earl was obliged to take shelter in the Isle of Skye. These little checks were counterbalanced by some advantages which his Majesty's arms obtained. The sloop of war which the Highlanders had surprised at Montrose was retaken in Sutherland, with a considerable sum of money and a great quantity of arms on board, which she had brought from France for the use of the Chevalier. In the same county, the Earl of Cromarty fell into an ambuscade, and was taken by the militia of Sutherland, who likewise defeated a body of Highlanders at Golspie. This action happened on the very day which has been rendered famous by the victory obtained at Culloden.

In the beginning of April, the Duke of Cumberland began his march from Aberdeen, and on the 12th passed the deep and rapid river Spey without opposition, though a detachment of the Prince's army appeared on the opposite side. Why they did not dispute the passage is not easy to be conceived ; but, indeed, from this instance of neglect, and their subsequent conduct, we may conclude they were under a total infatuation. His Royal Highness proceeded to Nairn, where he received intelligence that the enemy had advanced from Inverness to Culloden, about the distance of nine miles from the royal army, with intention to give him battle. The design of Charles was to march in the night from Culloden, and surprise the Duke's army at daybreak. For this purpose, the English camp had been reconnoitred ; and on the night of the 15th the Highland army began to march in two columns. Their design was to surround the enemy, and attack them at once on all quarters ; but the length of the columns embarrassed the march, so that the army was obliged to make many halts ; the men had been under arms during the whole preceding night, were faint with hungry and fatigue, and many of them overpowered with sleep. Some were unable to proceed, others dropped off unperceived in the dark ; and the march was retarded in such a manner that it would have been impossible to reach the Duke's camp before sunrise. The design being thus frustrated, the Prince was with great reluctance prevailed upon, by his general officers, to measure back his way to Culloden ; at which place he had no sooner arrived than great numbers of his followers dispersed in quest of provisions ; and many, overcome with weariness and sleep, threw themselves

down on the heath and along the park walls. Their repose, however, was soon interrupted in a very disagreeable manner. Their Prince, receiving intelligence that his enemies were in full march to attack him, resolved to hazard an engagement, and ordered his troops to be formed for that purpose. On the 15th of April, the Duke of Cumberland, having made the proper dispositions, decamped from Nairn early in the morning, and, after a march of nine miles, perceived the Highlanders drawn up in order of battle, to the number of 4000 men, in thirteen divisions, supplied with some pieces of artillery. The Royal army, which was much more numerous, the Duke immediately formed into three lines, disposed in excellent order; and about one o'clock in the afternoon the cannonading began. The artillery of the Highlanders was ill served, and did very little execution; but that of the Duke's army made dreadful havoc among the enemy. Impatient of this fire, their front line advanced to the attack, and about 500 of the clans charged the Duke's left wing with their usual impetuosity. One regiment was disordered by the weight of this column; but two battalions of the second line advancing, sustained the first, and soon put a stop to their career by a severe fire, that killed a great number. At the same time, the dragoons, under Hawley, and the Argyleshire militia, pulled down a park wall that covered their flank, and the cavalry, falling in among the Highlanders, sword in hand, completed their confusion. The French piquets on their left covered the retreat of the Highlanders by a close and regular fire; and then retired to Inverness, where they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. An entire body of the Highlanders marched off the field in order, with their pipes playing, and the Prince's standard displayed; the rest were routed with great slaughter; and the Prince was with reluctance prevailed upon to retire. In less than thirty minutes they were totally defeated, and the field covered with the slain. The road, as far as Inverness, was strewn with dead bodies; and a great number of people, who, from motives of curiosity, had come to see the battle, were sacrificed to the undistinguished vengeance of the victors; 1200 of the Prince's adherents were slain or wounded on the field and in the pursuit. The Earl of Kilmarnock was taken; and in a few days Lord Balmerino surrendered to a country gentleman, at whose house he presented himself for that purpose. The glory of the victory was sullied by the barbarity of the soldiers. They had been provoked, by their former disgraces, to the most savage thirst of revenge. Not contented with the blood which was so profusely shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field, after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring; nay, some officers acted a part in this cruel scene of assassination, the triumph of low illiberal minds, uninspired by sentiment, untinged by humanity. The vanquished

Prince rode off the field, accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, and a few horsemen ; he crossed the water of Nairn, and retired to the house of a gentleman in Struttharick, where he conferred with old Lord Lovat ; then he dismissed his followers, and wandered about, a wretched and solitary fugitive, among the isles and mountains, for the space of five months, during which he underwent such a series of dangers, hardships, and misery, as no other person ever outlived. Thus, in one short hour, all his hope vanished, and the rising in his favour was entirely suppressed. One would almost imagine the conductors of this desperate enterprise had conspired their own destruction, as they certainly neglected every step that might have contributed to their safety or success. They might have opposed the Duke of Cumberland at the passage of the Spey ; they might, by proper conduct, have afterwards attacked his camp in the night, with a good prospect of success. As they were greatly inferior to him in number, and weakened with hunger and fatigue, they might have retired to the hills and fastnesses, where they would have found plenty of live cattle for provision, recruited their regiments, and been joined by a strong reinforcement, which was actually in full march to their assistance. But they were distracted by dissensions and jealousies. They obeyed the dictates of despair, and wilfully devoted themselves to ruin and to death. When the news of the battle arrived in England, the nation was transported with joy, and extolled the Duke Cumberland as a hero and deliverer. Both houses of Parliament congratulated his Majesty on the auspicious event. They decreed, in the most solemn manner, their public thanks to the Duke, which were transmitted to him by the speakers ; and the Commons, by bill, added £25,000 per annum to his former revenue.

Immediately after the decisive action of Culloden, the Duke took possession of Inverness, where six and thirty deserters, convicted by a court martial, were ordered to be executed ; then he detached several parties to ravage the country. One of these apprehended the Lady Mackintosh, who was sent prisoner to Inverness. They did not plunder her house, but drove away her cattle, though her husband was actually in the service of government. The castle of Lord Lovat was destroyed. The French prisoners were sent to Carlisle and Penrith. Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Cromarty, and his son, the Lord Macleod, were conveyed by sea to London ; and those of an inferior rank were confined in different prisons. The Marquis of Tullibardine, together with a brother of the Earl of Dunmore, were seized and transported to the tower of London, to which the Earl of Traquair had been committed on suspicion. In a few months after the battle of Culloden, Murray, the Prince's secretary, was apprehended ; and the eldest son of Lord Lovat, having surrendered himself, was imprisoned in the castle of Edin-



burgh. In a word, all the gaols of Great Britain, from the capital northwards, were filled with these unfortunate captives ; and great numbers of them were crowded together in the holds of ships, where they perished in the most deplorable manner, for want of necessaries, air, and exercise. Some chiefs escaped in two French frigates, which had arrived on the coast of Lochaber, about the end of April, and engaged three vessels belonging to his Britannic Majesty, which they obliged to retire. Others embarked on board of a ship on the coast of Buchan, and were conveyed to Norway, whence they travelled to Sweden. In the month of May, the Duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped ; and sent off detachments on all hands to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengarry and Lochiel were plundered and burned ; every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate without distinction ; all the cattle and provisions were carried off ; the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial ; the women, after having seen their fathers and husbands murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was inclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles ; all was ruin, silence, and desolation.

The humane reader cannot reflect upon such a scene without grief and horror ; what, then, must have been the sensation of the Prince, when he beheld these spectacles of woe, the dismal fruit of his ambition ? He was now surrounded by armed troops, that chased him from hill to dale, from rock to cavern, and from shore to shore. Sometimes he lurked in caves and cottages, without attendants, or any other support but that which the poorest peasant could supply. Sometimes he was rowed in fisher-boats from isle to isle, among the Hebrides, and often in sight of his pursuers. For some days he appeared in woman's attire, and even passed through the midst of his enemies unknown. But, understanding his disguise was discovered, he assumed the habit of a travelling mountaineer, and wandered about among the woods and heaths, with a matted beard, and squalid looks, exposed to hunger, thirst, and weariness, and in continual danger of being discovered. He was obliged to trust his life to the fidelity of above fifty individuals, and many of these were in the lowest paths of life. They knew that a price of £30,000 was set upon his head ; and, that by betraying him, they should enjoy wealth and affluence ; but they detested the thought of obtaining riches on such infamous terms, and ministered to his necessities with the

utmost zeal and fidelity, even at the hazard of their own destruction. In the course of these peregrinations, he was more than once hemmed in by his pursuers, in such a manner as seemed to preclude all possibility of escaping ; yet he was never abandoned by his hope and recollection ; he still found some expedient that saved him from captivity and death ; and through the whole course of his distresses, maintained the most amazing equanimity and good humour. At length, a privateer of St. Malo, hired by the young Sheridan, and some other Irish adherents, arrived in Lochnannach ; and on the 20th of September, this unfortunate Prince embarked in the habit which he wore for disguise. His eye was hollow, his visage wan, and his constitution greatly impaired by famine and fatigue. He was accompanied by Cameron of Lochiel, and his brother, with a few other exiles. They set sail for France, and after having passed unseen, by means of a thick fog, through a British squadron commanded by Admiral Lestock, and been chased by two English ships of war, arrived in safety at Roscau, near Morlaix, in Bretagne. Perhaps he would have found it still more difficult to escape, had not the vigilance and eagerness of the government been relaxed, in consequence of a report that he had already fallen among some persons that were slain by a volley from one of the Duke's detachments.

Thus have we summed up the last efforts of the falling dynasty of the Stuarts. They are like the struggles of a dying man waxing weaker and weaker, and the last the most violent of all, with the least power remaining. From the fateful day of Culloden, the clans had no more strength to exert in support of those rights which they venerated. Their spirits were broken, for they saw that the hand of Heaven was against them ; and well might they say with their bard, in song 83, " The hand of God hung heavy here." Much as every lover of his country must deprecate the arbitrary principles of that exiled house, an hereditary disease of which it expired, he must have a cold and selfish heart who sheds not a tear at its misfortunes. The series of calamities that attended that family, are without example in the annals of the unfortunate calamities of which those they experienced after their accession to the throne of England were only a continuation. Their misfortunes began with their royalty, adhered to them through ages, increased with the increase of their dominions, and did not forsake them when dominion was no more.

The only documents that I have now to add, relate to their last day on the field ; for as no official account of that ruinous day was ever published on the part of Prince Charles, all that relates to it must be interesting to the descendants of those brave men who perished in an attempt so chivalrous and disinterested. It is well-known, for one thing, that the remnant of the clans attached a great deal of blame to Lord George Murray, for the



disasters that befel them that day, and even made out the following articles of impeachment against him :

“I. That he (Lord George Murray) was suspected and accused of mal-practices by the public, and, particularly, by John Murray, secretary ; and that it was destructive to the Prince’s interest, that he (Lord George Murray) should, under such accusations, and after the interception of the letters at Derby, solicit and retain command, to the great discontent of the Prince’s friends and forces, especially after he (Lord George) had lost the confidence of the people.

“II. That he did not pay proper deference to wise counsels ; and that he acted presumptuously and arrogantly, without calling councils of war.

“III. That he wantonly urged the battle of Culloden, though he well knew that a considerable number of as good men as any the Prince had, were absent.

“IV. That, in the night expedition, he acted contrary to the plan set down, in filing-off in the dark, without giving advice to the second line, by which the Prince’s scheme was disconcerted, and the lives of his men endangered.

“V. That the Prince’s army was by his (Lord George’s) means kept under arms, marching and counter-marching without rest, and half-starved for want of meat and drink, for forty-eight hours before the battle ; and therefore could not exert their wonted strength ; on which, with their usual way of fighting, much depended.

“VI. That, just before the battle, the Lord Elcho asked him (Lord George) what he thought of the event ; to which he answered, “We are now putting an end to a bad affair.”

“VII. That in forming the order of battle, he suddenly altered the plan by which they were drawn up the day before, commanding the Macdonalds to the left, the Camerons to the right ; well knowing that the Macdonalds, who, time immemorial, held the right, would not fight under such an indignity.

“VIII. That he wilfully marched the front line out of an advantageous situation, and refused to level some huts and walls, which apparently would prove an obstruction to the second line in supporting the first ; or ruinous in case of a necessity for a retreat ; although he (Lord George) was solicited to remove these evils.

“IX. That, by his neglect, the artillery was ill served, and ill executed.

“X. That when the right of the Highlanders had broke the left of the crown army, he (Lord George) neglected his duty in not having them duly supported, whereby they were attacked in flank by the crown horse.

“XI. That he had industriously put himself in the advance-

posts upon the night expedition, and on the day of battle ; and had, without any necessity, put himself in posts of danger, and therewith prevented the execution of all designs.

“XII. That it is evident that the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the crown army, would never draw off his horse from his right, and weaken that wing where the Highland force was most powerful against him, if he had not had intelligence that such an alteration would be suddenly made in the Highland army, as would create such disgust as to render their left wing quite inactive and useless ; which intelligence could not be given by any but him (Lord George Murray) as he had made such sudden alterations, without the approbation of a council of war, and without the previous knowledge, consent, or advice of the Prince, or any of the Prince’s faithful friends and general officers.

“All which actings and doings manifestly demonstrate, that the said Lord George Murray had not faithfully discharged the trust and confidence reposed in him ; and that he has been an enemy to the Prince, and to the good people of the British dominions, by swerving from his duty and allegiance.

The following letter was written from Lochaber only a month after the battle, and is apparently designed to obviate the above charges. It is supposed to be written by Lord George Murray himself, but I think it more probable that it was written by one of his friends :—

“Sir,—In answer to what you wrote about the Highland army having not behaved with their usual bravery, or that some of their principal officers had not done their duty, which might be the occasion of their late misfortune, I must inform you, that by all I can learn, the men shewed the utmost eagerness to come to action ; nor did I hear of one officer but behaved well, so far as the situation and circumstances would allow. The truth seems to be, that they were overpowered by a superior force, and their field of battle was ill chosen, which gave the Duke of Cumberland great advantage, especially in his cannon and horse. Another misfortune they lay under was a total want of provisions, so that they were reduced to the necessity either of fighting an enemy a third stronger, starve, or disperse.

“I shall let you know what happened the day of the battle, and the preceding day, so far as consists with my knowledge.

“On the 15th, all those of the Highland army who were assembled, were drawn up in line of battle upon a moor, south from Culloden, facing eastward ; this was done very early in the morning, as it was known that the Duke of Cumberland had come to Nairn the night before ; but as he did not move in the morning, it was judged that he would not march that day, it being his birthday, and as his troops had made no halt from the time they

left Aberdeen, it was reasonable to think he would give them a day's rest.

"About ten o'clock Lord George Murray desired Brigadier Stapleton and Colonel Ker to cross the water of Airn, near where the army was drawn up (not far from the place where the battle was fought next day), to take a view of the hilly ground on the south side of the water, which to him, seemed to be steep and uneven, consequently much more proper for Highlanders; for the ground they were drawn up on was a large plain moor, and though in some parts it was interspersed with moss and deep ground, yet, for the most part, it was a fair field, and good for horse. After two or three hours they returned, and reported that the ground was rough and rugged, mossy and soft, so that no horse could be of use there; that the ascent from the water side was steep, and there were but two or three places in about three or four miles where the horse could cross, the banks being inaccessible; they could not tell what kind of ground was at a greater distance, but the country people informed them, that for a great way it was much the same. Upon this information, Lord George Murray proposed that the other side of the water should be the place for the army to be drawn up in the line of battle next day; but this was not agreed to; it was said that it looked like shunning the enemy, being a mile farther than the moor they were then upon, and at a greater distance from Inverness, which it was resolved not to abandon, a great deal of ammunition and baggage being left there.

"It was then proposed to make a night attack upon the Duke of Cumberland's army in their camp, which, if it could be done before one or two o'clock in the morning, might (though a desperate attempt) have a chance of succeeding; several of the officers listened to this, as they knew the Duke of Cumberland was much superior in number to the Highlanders. The objections to it were, that a great many of the army had not yet joined, particularly Keppoch, Master of Lovat, Clunie, Glengyle, the Mackenzies, and many of Glengary's men, and other regiments, which were all expected in two or three days, or sooner, and if they should fail in the attempt, and be repulsed, it would not be easy rallying the Highlanders in the dark; that if the Duke of Cumberland was alarmed by any of the patrols (suppose no spy should give him intelligence), he might have time to put his army in order in their camp, place his cannon, charged with cartouch shot, as he had a mind, and his horse might be all in readiness, so as to pursue, if the Highlanders were beat off. And, lastly, the difficulty of making the retreat, with, perhaps, many wounded men, whom the Highlanders will never leave behind, if it is possible to bring them off. It is to be observed, that there was no intelligence of the situation of the enemy's camp; add to this,



how fatiguing it would be to march backward and forward twenty miles, and probably be obliged to fight next day, even could they make a safe retreat, and not be attacked before they joined the rest of their army.

“On the other hand, the Prince was very much bent for the night attack, and said he had men enough to beat the enemy, who, he believed, were utterly dispirited, and would never stand a brisk and bold attack. The Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond seemed to relish it, and Lord George Murray, Lochiel, with others, were induced to make a fair trial of what could be done, though they were sensible of the danger, should it miscarry. They observed, with much concern, the want of provisions; the men had only got that day a biscuit each, and some not that, and it was feared they would be worse next day, except they could take provisions from the enemy; and they had reason to believe, that if the men were allowed to disperse to shift for some meat, which many of them would do, if the army continued there all night, that it would be very difficult to assemble them in the event of a sudden alarm; which, considering the nearness of the enemy, might reasonably be supposed; and as they must have lain that night upon the moors near Culloden, as they had done the night before, they knew many of the men would disperse without liberty, to several miles’ distance, for provisions and quarters, and that it would be far in the day before they could be assembled again; and as Keppoch came up and joined the army that afternoon, they flattered themselves the men they had might do, if they could make the attack by one or two in the morning; especially if they were undiscovered, as they had great hopes they might; for having examined the different roads, of which they had perfect intelligence from the Mackintoshes, who lived in those very parts, they found they could keep upon a moor the whole way, so as to shun houses, and be a considerable way from the high way that leads from Inverness to Nairn. They also considered, that, in the event of making the attack, should they be beat off, without the desired success, they might, before day-break get back as far as Culraick, which was very strong ground, and from thence by a hill they could retire the whole way on the south side of the water of Airn, till they were joined by their friends, whom they expected, and by the stragglers; nor did they believe the enemy would follow (suppose the Highlanders were beat back) till it was good day-light, so as they could see about them, and send out reconnoitering parties to prevent their falling into snares and ambuscades; and before all this could be done, the Highland army might have reached Culraick, and the hilly ground on the south side of the said water, where regular troops could not easily overtake them, and where their cannon and horse, in which would have been their greatest superiority, would have been of little use

That they found the Prince was resolved to fight the enemy, without waiting for the succours that were soon expected, and without retiring to any stronger ground, or endeavouring to draw the Duke of Cumberland's army any farther from the sea, from whence he got all his provisions that were brought in ships, that sailed along as the army marched near the shore.

"For these reasons, the above gentlemen, and most, if not all others, who were spoke to upon the subject, seemed to think that the night attack might be attempted; but most of them thought they were in very bad circumstances at any rate; and no attempt could well be more desperate than their present situation.

"About seven at night an incident happened that had like to have stopped the designed attempt, and thereupon many were designed to have given it up as impracticable. The thing was this, numbers of the men went off to all sides, especially towards Inverness, and when the officers, who were sent on horseback to bring them back, came up with them, they could by no persuasion be induced to return, giving for reason, that they were starving, and said to the officers, they might shoot them if they pleased, but they would not go back till they got some provisions. "But the Prince continued keen for the attack, and positive to attempt it; and said that there was not a moment to be lost, for as soon as the men should see the march begin, not one of them would flinch. It was near eight at night when they moved, which could not be sooner, else they might have been perceived at a considerable distance, and the enemy have seen them on their march. Lord George Murray was in the van, Lord John Drummond in the centre, and the Duke of Perth towards the rear, where was also the Prince, having Fitzjames's horse and others with him. Proper directions were given by small parties to possess all the roads, that intelligence might not be carried to the enemy. There were two officers and about thirty men of the M'Intoshes in the front as guides; and some of these men were in the centre and rear, and in other parts, to prevent any of the men from losing their way in the dark. Before the van had marched a mile, which they did as slow as could well be, to give time to the line to follow, there was express after express sent to stop them, the rear being far behind; upon this the van marched still slower; but in a short time after there came aid-de-camps, and other officers, to stop them, or at least to make them go slower; and of these messages I am sure there came near one hundred before the front got as far as Culraick, which retarded them to such a degree, that the night was far spent; for from the place the army began the march to Culraick, was but six miles, and they had still four long miles to Nairn.

"It was now about one o'clock in the morning, when Lord John Drummond came up to the van, and said that several were far



behind, and if they did not stop or go slower, he was afraid the rear could not get up. In a little time after, the Duke of Perth came also to the front, and assured them, that if there was not a halt, the rear could not join. There was a stop accordingly ; Lochiel had been mostly in the van all night, and his men were next to the Athol-men, who were in the front. There were also several other officers that came up, there being a defile a little way behind, occasioned by a wall at the wood of Culraick, which also retarded the march of those who were behind.

“ The officers, talking of the different places of making the attacks, it was said by some that it was better to make the attempt with four thousand men before day-break, as with double that number after it was light. Mr. Sullivan was also come up to the front ; and it being now evident, by the time the army had taken to march little more than six miles, it would be impossible to make the other part of the road, which was about four miles, before it was clear day-light, besides the time that must be spent in making the disposition for the attack, as it could not be done by the army in the line on their long march. Mr. Sullivan said he had just then come from the Prince, who was very desirous the attack should be made ; but as Lord George Murray led the van, and could judge of the time, he left it to him whether to do it or not. There were several gentlemen, having joined the Athol-men as volunteers, had walked all night in the front, and as the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, and the other officers seemed much diffculted what to resolve upon, Lord George Murray desired them to give their opinion ; for they were all deeply concerned in the consequence. The young gentlemen were all for marching on, and eager to come to an engagement ; which opinion showed abundance of courage, for they must have been in the first ranks had there been an attack ; but most of the officers were of a different opinion, as several of them expressed. Lochiel and his brother said that they had been as much for the night attack as any body could be, and it was not their fault that it was not done, but blamed those in the rear who had marched so slow, and retarded the rest of the army. Lord George Murray was of the same way of thinking, and said if they could have made the attack, it was the best chance they had, especially if they could have surprised the enemy ; but to attack a camp that were near double their number in day-light, when they could be prepared to receive, must be reckoned madness by everybody.

“ At this very time Mr. John Hay came up, and said that the line was joined ; being informed that the resolution was taken to return, he began to argue upon the point, but it was too late. This was the gentleman the army blamed for want of provisions, (he having the superintendency of those things,) but with what justice I shall not take it upon me to say. It was about two o'clock in the morn-

ing (the halt not being above a quarter of an hour) when they went back in two columns, the rear facing about, and the van taking another way at a little distance. They had a view of the fires in the Duke of Cumberland's camp ; and as they did not shun passing near houses, as they had done in advancing, they marched very quick ; day light began to appear in about an hour ; they got to Culloden pretty early, so that the men had three or four hours rest ; they killed what cattle and sheep they could find ; but few of them had time to make any thing ready, before the alarm came of the enemy being on their march and approaching. The horse of the Prince's army had been all on so hard duty for several days and nights before, that none of them were fit for patrolling at that time : Fitzjames's horse, and several others, had gone to Inverness to refresh ; so that at first it was not known whether it was an advanced party, or the Duke of Cumberland's whole army ; however, the Highlanders got ready as quick as possible, and marched through the parks of Culloden in battalions, just as they happened to be lying, to the moor on the south side, facing eastward, and about half a mile farther back than where they had been drawn up the day before.

"Lord George Murray once more proposed to pass the water of Airn, as being the strongest ground, and much the fittest for Highlanders, and Clunie, who was expected every moment, was to come on that side ; but this was not agreed to, for the same reason that was given the day before, namely, that it was like shunning the enemy, and abandoning Inverness. Speaking to Mr. Sullivan, he told him he was afraid the enemy would have great advantages in that plain moor, both in their horse and cannon. But he answered, that he was sure horse could be of no use there, because there were several bogs and morasses ; but, I am sorry to say it, the event proved otherwise. Mr. Sullivan drew up the army in line of battle, being both adjutant and quarter-master-general, the right near to some inclosures near the water of Airn, and the left towards the parks of Culloden. I cannot justly tell what order they were drawn up in ; there had been some disputes a day or two before about the rank, but nobody who had any regard for the common cause insisted upon such things on that occasion.

"Those who had gone off the night before, and early that morning, to Inverness and other parts, had now joined, and the master of Lovat was come up with a considerable recruit of his men. It was observed, that upon the right there were park walls, under which so many of the enemy could draw up and flank the Highlanders ; Lord George Murray, who commanded that wing, was very desirous to have advanced and thrown them down ; but, as this would have broke the line, and the enemy forming their line of battle very near that place, it was judged, by those about him, too dangerous to attempt.

“Both armies being formed, the cannonading began on both sides, after which, there were some alterations made in the dispositions of the two armies, by bringing troops from the second line to the first, as both endeavoured to outflank one another. The Highlanders were much galled by the enemy’s cannon, and were growing so impatient, that they called out for the attack ; upon which it was judged proper to attack, and orders were given accordingly. The right wing advanced first, as the whole line did much at the same time, and gave the onset with their usual intrepidity. The left wing did not go in sword in hand, imagining they should be flanked by a regiment of foot, and some horse which the enemy brought up about that time from their second line, or corps-de-reserve. When the right wing were within pistol-shot of the enemy, they received a most terrible fire, not only in front, but also in flank, from a side battery supported by the Campbells, &c. ; notwithstanding which they went sword in hand, after their giving their fire close to the enemy ; and though they were received by them with their spontoons and bayonets, the two regiments of foot that were upon the enemy’s left, would have been entirely cut to pieces, had they not been immediately supported by two other regiments from their second line. As it was, these two regiments (being Barrel’s and Monroe’s) had above two hundred men killed and wounded. Two regiments of dragoons coming up on the same side, entirely broke that wing of the Highlanders ; and though three battalions of the right of the second line were brought up and gave their fire very well, yet, the ground and everything else was so favourable to the enemy, that nothing could be done, but a total route ensued.

“I am positively informed, that the whole Highland army did not consist of above five thousand fighting men, and the Duke of Cumberland’s must have been at least above eight thousand. In the one army there were not above one hundred and fifty horse, of which one-half was of the regiment of Fitzjames’s ; in the other army they had eleven or twelve hundred. When a misfortune happens, people are apt to throw the blame upon persons and causes, which frequently are the effects of malice and ignorance, without knowing the real springs of motives.

“Some are of opinion that the night attack could have been made, but I am convinced of the contrary, for the following reasons :—

“The Highland army, when they halted near Culraick, were not above four thousand men ; they had four miles to march, part of them were to have made a considerable circumference, so that it would have been sun-rise before they could have made the attack. The ground about Nairn, where the enemy was encamped, was a hard dry soil, and plain moors for three miles round, except where the sea intervened, the nearest strong and uneven



ground being the wood of Culraick. Let it be supposed that the Highlanders had made an attack in broad daylight upon the enemy, double their number, in their camp, who were well refreshed by a day and two nights' rest, with plenty of all kinds of provisions, with their cannon pointed as they thought proper, and their horse drawn up to their wish, in a fine plain, what must the consequences have been? What must be said of officers who led men on in such circumstances and in such situation? Would it not have been certain death and destruction to all who had made the attack? Would it not have been said (and justly too) why go on in so desperate an attempt, seeing it could not be done by surprise and undiscovered, as was projected? Why not try the chance of a fair battle by retiring and being joined by the rest of the army, as well as those who had withdrawn the night before, as a great many others who were hourly expected, where also they would have cannon, and might have the choice of the field of battle? by this means, there was a fair chance; by the other, there was none.

"As to the above-mentioned facts, you may rely upon them. I saw the Duke of Perth, the Duke of Athol, Lord John Drummond, Lord George Murray, Lord Ogilvie, Colonel Stuart of Ardshiel, Colonel John Roy Stuart, Lord Nairn, and several others at Ruthven in Badenoch, on the Friday after the battle; they all agreed on the same things. There is one thing I must take notice of, that from the beginning of the whole affair, till that time, there had never been the least dispute or misunderstanding among any of the officers. Some found fault that the night march was undertaken, seeing there was not a certainty of reaching Nairn in time to make the attack before daylight; as also that they had too few men. In answer to this, there was nobody doubted, when the march was begun, but that there would be abundance of time; their greatest precaution was to take care not to be discovered. The Highlanders had often made very quick marches in the night-time. The French piquets, I believe, were in the rear, and were not so clever in marching. The moor they went through was more plashy than was expected, and they were obliged to make some turns to shun houses, and there were two or three defiles that took up a good deal of time to pass. The guides, though they knew the ground very well, yet were not judges what time it would take to march those ten miles, as they were called, though, by reason of the indirect line, the distance must have been much more.

"Notwithstanding all this, I am persuaded that the clans (had they not been retarded by repeated orders and messages,) would have reached Nairn by two o'clock in the morning. As for their numbers, though not half that of the enemy, they might very probably have succeeded; for had they made the attack un-

discovered, so as to have got in sword in hand, they had undoubtedly cut the enemy to pieces. Nothing, indeed, is more uncertain than the events of war? Night attacks are most of all subject to disappointments. This march and countermarch was too sure, as things turned out a great disadvantage; it fatigued the men much, and the time might have been much better employed; a council of war might have been obtained, in which, doubtless, a resolution would have been taken to choose a more advantageous field of battle, and, perhaps, have postponed fighting till the succours that were coming up, with the utmost expedition, should join. Councils of war were seldom held, and were out of request from the time the army marched into England. I remember only two that were held there, one at Brampton in regard of besieging Carlisle, or going to attack General Wade, the other was at Carlisle where it was resolved to march forward. What happened at Derby was accidental; most of the officers being at the Prince's quarters, and taking into their consideration their situation, they were all unanimous in advising the Prince to retreat, rather than come to an engagement, without almost a certainty of success, in a country that stood waiting to declare for the conquerors; in which case a defeat to his army there must have proved fatal.

"I think there was but one council of war called after they returned to Scotland, and that was near Crieff, the day after the retreat from Stirling, where there was some difference of opinion; some, at first, being for the army going all one road, but it was at last agreed to march for Inverness, in two separate bodies, the one by the Highland road, and the other by the coast. The day of the battle of Falkirk the officers were called together in the field, where the army was drawn up betwixt Bannockburn and Torwood, and they all agreed to march straight to the enemy. As to retreat from Stirling, it was advised by many of the principal officers, particularly the clans. They drew up their reasons, and signed them at Falkirk, three days before the retreat was made; the chief of which was, a vast number of their men had gone home, after the battle, and were not returned, and that as the siege of Stirling castle was not advancing, they did not think it advisable to fight in such circumstances.

"This letter has been much longer than I intended; but before I conclude, I must acquaint you with a proposal that was made six weeks before the battle of Culloden; some officers proposed sending up meal to several places in the Highlands, and in particular towards Badenoch, that in the event of the Duke of Cumberland's marching to Inverness, before the army was gathered, they might retreat for a few days, till they could assemble; or, if a misfortune should happen by a defeat, there might be some provisions in those parts; but this was reckoned a timorous advice, and was rejected as such; though I have reason to think



it was the opinion of almost all the Highland officers, who were not for precipitating anything. There is no doubt to be made but that the Highlanders could have avoided fighting, till they had found their advantage by so doing. They could have made a summer's campaign, without running the risk of any misfortune. They could have marched through the hills, to places in Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, the Mearns, Perthshire, Lochaber, and Argyllshire, by ways that regular troops could not have followed ; and if they ventured among the mountains, it must have been attended with great danger and difficulty ; their convoys might have been cut off, and opportunities might have offered to attack them with almost a certainty of success ; and though the Highlanders had neither money nor magazines, they would not have starved in that season of the year, so long as there were sheep and cattle ; they could also have separated themselves in two or three different bodies, got meal for some days' provisions, met again at a place appointed, and might have fallen upon the enemy where they least expected. They could have marched in three days what would have taken regular troops five ; nay, had those taken the high roads (as often they would have been obliged, upon account of their carriages) it would have taken them ten or twelve days ; in short, they might have been so harassed and fatigued that they must have been in the greatest distress and difficulties, and at length probably been destroyed ; at least much might have been expected by gaining of time, perhaps the Highlanders might have been enabled to have made an offensive instead of a defensive war. This was the opinion of many of the officers who considered the consequences of losing a battle ; they knew well that few Highlanders would join heartily against them so long as they continued entire, but would upon a defeat.

“One great objection to this was, that the Irish officers (who were as brave men, and zealous in the cause as any could be) and some of the low country gentlemen could not well endure the fatigue of a Highland campaign ; and as to the common soldiers that came from France, there were not above four hundred of them remaining : they and their officers (even though a battle had been lost) had only to surrender, and were prisoners of war. It was very different with the Scots, whose safety depended upon their not venturing a battle, without great probability of success ; but any proposition to postpone fighting was ill received, and was called discouraging the army. I have nothing more to add, but that I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“*Lochaber, 16th May, 1746.*”

I have searched all the documents I can find, and my own opinion is, that Lord George was altogether blameless ; I take him to have been a noble, generous, and gallant officer, but he had some-

thing arbitrary in his manner that the Highland chiefs could ill brook; and he had given high offence in the way of ordering the battle, by changing the M'Donalds from the right to the left of the line. The privilege of fighting on the right of the line may have been always claimed by the M'Donalds; but it was a rule that was as often honoured in the breach as in the observance; for I find that they fought at least twice on the left under Montrose; and they fought on the left under Clavers at the battle of Killiecrankie. Yet in none of all these fields can I find that they fought with their usual intrepidity. At Killiecrankie they rather lost than won ground, when the M'Leans and Camerons carried all before them; and at Culloden they certainly did not advance with the intrepidity of the rest of the clans. Some small columns of them rushed from their places, brandished their broad swords at their enemies, and in apparent fury hewed up the heather on the moor, and a short hedge that was before them; but these, not being supported or followed up by the rest, were obliged to fall back into their places; and if these had pierced and shaken the regiments on the right of the King's army, as much as the men of Athol and the Camerons did Barrel's on the left, it is probable the day might have terminated otherwise than it did. The clans who exerted themselves most were the M'Intoshes, the Camerons, and the men of Appin. These rushed headlong on the regulars, either for death or victory; every man in the front line of these clans fell, and the grape shot from the cannon levelled their close columns every moment. The M'Intoshes were the first that made the attack, sword in hand, and all from that regiment to the right did the same, except the Athol men, who could not close with the King's troops, by reason of the destructive fire to which that flank was exposed; but the five clans next to them closed, piercing both Barrel's and Price's regiments, and making them to reel. The confusion, however, was but temporary, and both breaches were soon filled up.

Most of the chiefs who commanded these five regiments were killed, and almost every man in the front rank of each regiment. M'Lachlan, colonel of the united regiment, was killed by a cannon ball, and the lieutenant-colonel, M'Lean of Drimnin, who succeeded to the command, bringing off his shattered regiment, and missing two of his sons, for he had three in the field, turned back to look for them, and was killed by a random shot. M'Gillavry of Drumnaglass, colonel of the M'Intosh regiment, was killed in the attack, with the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and all the officers of his regiment, three excepted, Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallachie, who was lieutenant-colonel, and commanded the Fraser regiment, was killed. The master of Lovat, (afterwards General Fraser) colonel of the Fraser regiment, was not present at the battle; but having gone to his father's country,

which is near Inverness, to bring up the men wanted to complete his regiment (to which a second battalion had been added) he was coming up with three hundred men ; and when half way between Inverness and Culloden, he met the Highlanders flying from the field. The Stuart regiment had a number, both officers and men, killed in the attack ; but Stuart of Appin, their chief, never having joined the standard of Prince Charles, the regiment was commanded by Stuart of Ardshiel, who escaped from the field. Cameron of Lochiel, advancing at the head of his regiment, was so near Barrel's that he had fired his pistol and was drawing his sword, when he fell, wounded with grape shot in both ankles. The two brothers, between whom he was advancing, raised him up, and carried him off in their arms. When the Macdonalds' regiment retreated, without having attempted to attack, sword in hand, Macdonald of Keppoch advanced with his drawn sword in one hand and his pistol in the other ; he had got but a little way from his regiment, when he was wounded by a musket shot, and fell. A friend who had followed, conjuring him not to throw his life away, said, that the wound was not mortal, that he might easily join his regiment, and retreat with them. Keppoch desired him to take care of himself, and going on, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

The Macdonald officers said, and Macdonald of Morar (eldest cadet of Clanronald) has left it in writing, that their men were affronted at being deprived of the right, (the post of honour) which the Macdonalds had at the battles of Preston and Falkirk, and have had, they say, from time immemorial. The Duke of Perth in the battle of Culloden, stood at the head of the Glengary regiment ; and hearing the men murmur (for they murmured aloud) said to them, that if the Macdonalds behaved with their usual valour, they would make a right of the left, and he would call himself Macdonald.

Patullo, muster-master of Prince Charles's army, makes the number of their men in the field to have been only 5000; for, says he, although there were 8000 upon paper, 3000 were absent ; Lord Cromarty was in Sutherland with his own regiment. He had also with him Glengyle, Mackinnon, Barrisdale, and their men. Clunie, with the Macphersons, was on his march to Culloden, and at no great distance when the battle was fought. Besides these regiments and considerable bodies of troops, a good number of men from every regiment, when they came back to Culloden, after the night march, had gone to Inverness and other places in quest of food, and were not returned when the Duke of Cumberland's army came in sight of the Highlanders.

The wanderings of Prince Charles have been so often published that it would be superfluous to give them all here ; but there is not an incident recorded in the various narratives that does not



reflect rays of honour on the character of the Highlanders, and rays of no ordinary splendour. No mercenary consideration could induce the meanest peasant to swerve from the high principles of honour for which that people have so often been lauded. The trust, confided in them was held sacred, though imprisonment and death threatened on the one side, and riches and power beckoned on the other. Whoever reads through these Jacobites Relics without acquiring additional admiration of the Highland clans, their chiefs, bards, and steady principles, partakes in no degree of the feelings of the collector; and I cannot dismiss the subject for ever without testifying with what enthusiasm I have contemplated their acts of chivalry performed in a sinking cause. Honoured be the names of the brave who have fallen in it!

The remainder of the life of Prince Charles is a tissue of the most lamentable disgrace and misfortune. His heart, that had been proud of his exalted lineage, was broken, his high and chivalrous spirit crushed in the dust, and from the time of his leaving Scotland, it may be observed, that all his future acts are those of a man driven to desperation. When we look back at the reign of the Stuarts in Scotland, it is something like the journey of the sun over that boisterous clime in a winter day. He rises in blood, and struggles through clouds of storm, at times only lighting the land with a brilliant and transitory gleam, till at last he sinks down in the evening amid clouds of utter darkness and dismay. So rose, reigned, and set, the star of the house of STUART; but not like the luminary of heaven: it sank to rise no more for ever.

# APPENDIX.

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## PART I.

### Jacobite Songs.

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#### SONG I.

#### *The Bee-Hive.*

For the Air, see Song LVI. Vol. I.

\* There was an old woman that had a bee-hive,  
And three master bees about it did strive ;  
And to each master bee she did give a name.  
It was for to conquer each other they came.  
With a fal de ral, &c.

There was one they called Geordie, and one they called Fed,  
The third they called Jamie ; pray who was the head ?  
Jamie and Geordie together did strive  
Who should be the master bee of the bee-hive.  
With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Geordie to Jamie, “ I’d have you forbear,  
From ent’ring my hive ; if you do, I declare,  
My bees in abundance about you shall fly,  
And if they do catch you, you surely shall die.”  
With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Jamie to Geordie, “ ’Twas very well known  
Before you came hither the hive was my own,  
And I will fight for it as long’s I can stand,  
For I’ve forty thousand brave bees at my command.  
With a fal de ral, &c.



“ But you’ve clipped all their wings, and shorn all their backs :  
 Their stings they hing down with a devilish relax ;  
 But the summer will come and restore the green plain,  
 And something may hap that will rouse them again.”  
 With a fal de ral, &c.

Then bee Geordie said, “ Sir, I’d have you be gone  
 Abroad with you’re hive, for ’tis very well known  
 Yours is not true honey, nor gathered at noon,  
 But sucked up abroad by the light of the moon.”  
 With a fal de ral, &c.

“ Thou vulgar marsh bee,” then said Jamie again,  
 “ For the hive have my fathers long travelled in pain ;  
 And the whole world knows, and the old woman owns,  
 That mine is THE BEE-HIVE, but thine are THE DRONES.”  
 With a fal de ral, &c.

## SONG II.

### Over the Seas an’ far awa.

For the Air, see Song XXXII., Vol. I.

\* When we think on the days of auld,  
 When our Scots lads were true as bauld,  
 O weel may we weep at our foul fa’,  
 An’ grieve for the lad that’s far awa !  
     Over the seas, an’ far awa,  
     Over the seas, an’ far awa,  
 O weel may we maen for the day that’s gane  
 An’ the lad that’s banished far awa.

Some traitor lairds, for love o’ gain,  
 They drove our true king owre the main,  
 In spite o’ right, an’ rule, an’ law,  
 An’ the friends o’ him that’s far awa.  
     Over the seas, &c.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,  
 And gatherit devil’s birds anew ;  
 Wi’ kingsmen’s blude they gorge their maw ;  
 O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa !  
     Over the seas, &c.

An' cruel England, leal men's dread,  
 Doth hunt an' cry for Scottish bleid,  
 To hack, an' head, an' hang, an' draw,  
 An' a' for the lad that's far awa.  
     Over the seas, &c.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,  
 There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,  
 There's blude for blude to ane an' a',  
 That sent our bonnie lad far awa.  
     Over the seas an' far awa,  
     Over the seas an' far awa,  
 He'll soon be here, that I loe dear,  
     An' he's welcome hame frae far awa !

## SONG III.

**The wind has blawn my plaid away.**

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

\* Over the hills, an' far away,  
 It's over the hills, an' far away,  
 O'er the hills, an' o'er the sea,  
 The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.  
 My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,  
 That keepit me frae wind an' weet,  
 An' held me bien baith night an' day,  
 Is over the hills, an' far away.

There was a wind, it cam to me,  
 Over the south, an' over the sea,  
 An' it has blawn my corn an' hay,  
 Over the hills an' far away.  
 It blew my corn, it blew my gear,  
 It neither left me kid nor steer,  
 An' blew my plaid, my only stay,  
 Over the hills an' far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,  
 An' blawn the bonnet off my head,  
 There's something hid in Highland brae,  
 It hasna blawn my sword away.  
 Then over the hills, an' over the dales,  
 Over all England, an' through Wales,  
 The braidsword yet shall bear the sway,  
 Over the hills an' far away.

## SONG IV.

**Ober the Seas an' far away.**

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

## MODERN.

THERE's some shall shift their cap an' coat,  
 There's some shall sit where they wot not,  
 There's some maun here nae langer stay,  
 When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, an' far away,

Over the seas, an' far away,

There's a nest on the tree that maunna be,  
 When he comes hame that's far away.

There's lint i' the heckle, an' meal i' the mill,  
 There's somebody comin' owre the hill,  
 An' somebody else will be here or day,  
 That will tell us o' ane that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

There's some crack crouse that'll soon get a claw,  
 There's ane sits high that'll soon get a fa',  
 An' some has that he maunna hae,  
 When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

The clans are comin' i' mony a raw,  
 Wi' braidsword an' wi' targe sae braw ;  
 There's ridin' an' runnin' owre muir an' brae,  
 An' a' for the laddie that's far away.

Over the seas, &c.

I wear a badge I ne'er shall tine,  
 You have a sword, an' here is mine ;  
 We'll bear us out as best we may,  
 An' drink to him that's far away.

Over the seas, an' far away,

Over the seas, an' far away.

A health I'll gie wi' three times three,  
 To ane ye ken, that's far away.

T. G.

## SONG V.

**Let Misers tremble o'er their Wealth.**

For the Air, see Song LXVII. of this Vol.

- \* Let misers tremble o'er their wealth,  
 And starve amidst their riches,  
 Let statesmen in deceit grow old,  
 And pine with envious wishes.  
 But we whom no vain passion sways,  
 Our mirth from wine arising,  
 Our nobler passions will obey,  
 Both knaves and fools despising.

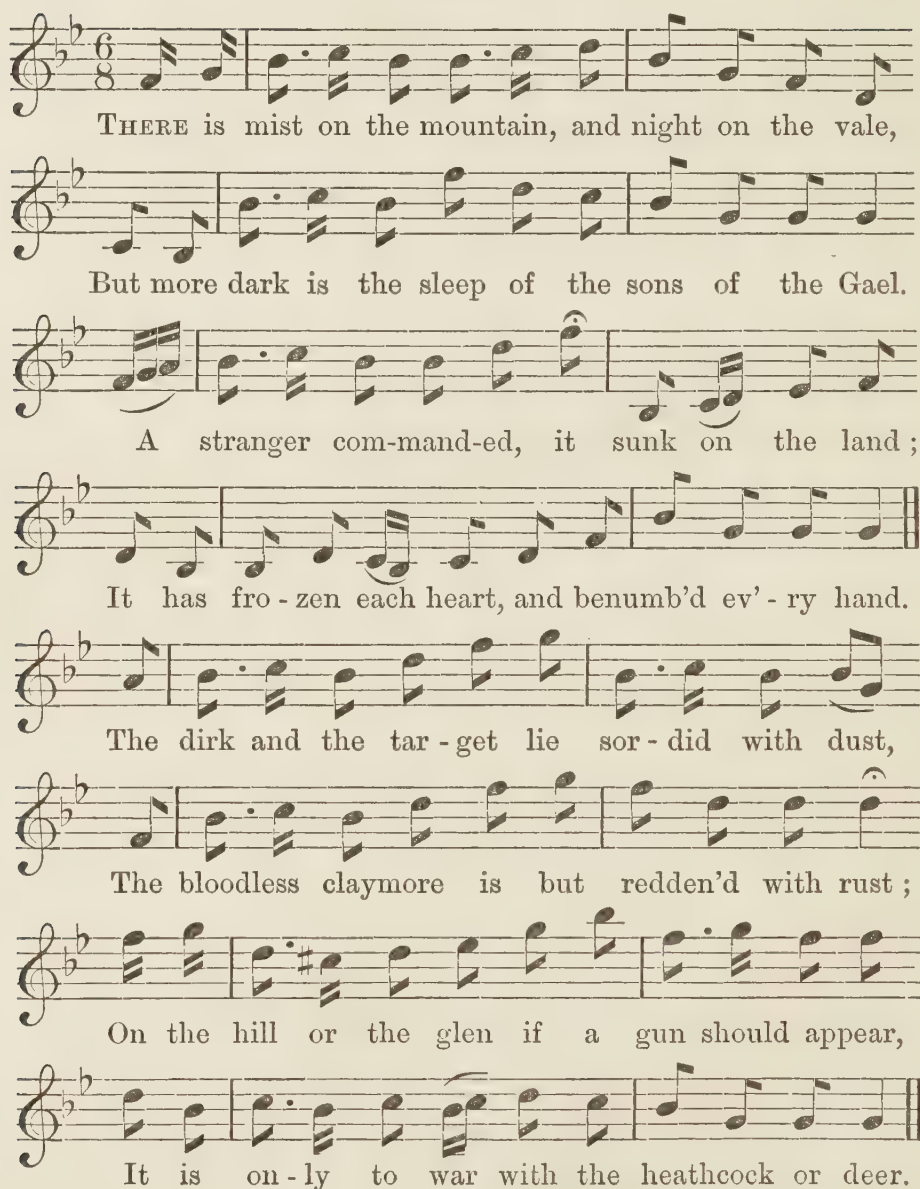
Let them lament who have betrayed  
 Their king and bleeding nation :  
 The rich they always are afraid,  
 However high their station.  
 But we will chant, and we will sing,  
 And toast our bonnie lasses :  
 To all we wish, and all we want,  
 We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,  
 The brave feel no disaster,  
 No bold informer dare control,  
 Here's a health to our lawful master.  
 Our loyalty we will maintain,  
 And drink a health to true hearts ;  
 We'll ever honour and obey  
 The royal race of Stuarts.

## SONG VI.

*The Gathering of the Clans.*

MODERN.



THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,  
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.  
A stranger com-mand-ed, it sunk on the land;  
It has fro-zen each heart, and benumb'd ev'-ry hand.  
The dirk and the tar-get lie sor-did with dust,  
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust;  
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,  
It is on-ly to war with the heathcock or deer.



The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,  
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse ;  
 Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,  
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.  
 But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,  
 The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;  
 Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,  
 And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray !—the exiled—the dear !  
 In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear ;  
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,  
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.  
 Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,  
 Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake ?  
 That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,  
 But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,  
 Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat,  
 Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,  
 And, resistless in union, rush down on the foe.  
 True sons of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,  
 Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel !  
 Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,  
 Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell.

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,  
 Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale.  
 May the race of Clan-Gilleann, the fearless and free,  
 Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee.  
 Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given  
 Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,  
 Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,  
 To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display  
 The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray !  
 How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe  
 Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe !  
 Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,  
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callain-More !  
 Mac-Neill of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,  
 For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,  
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !

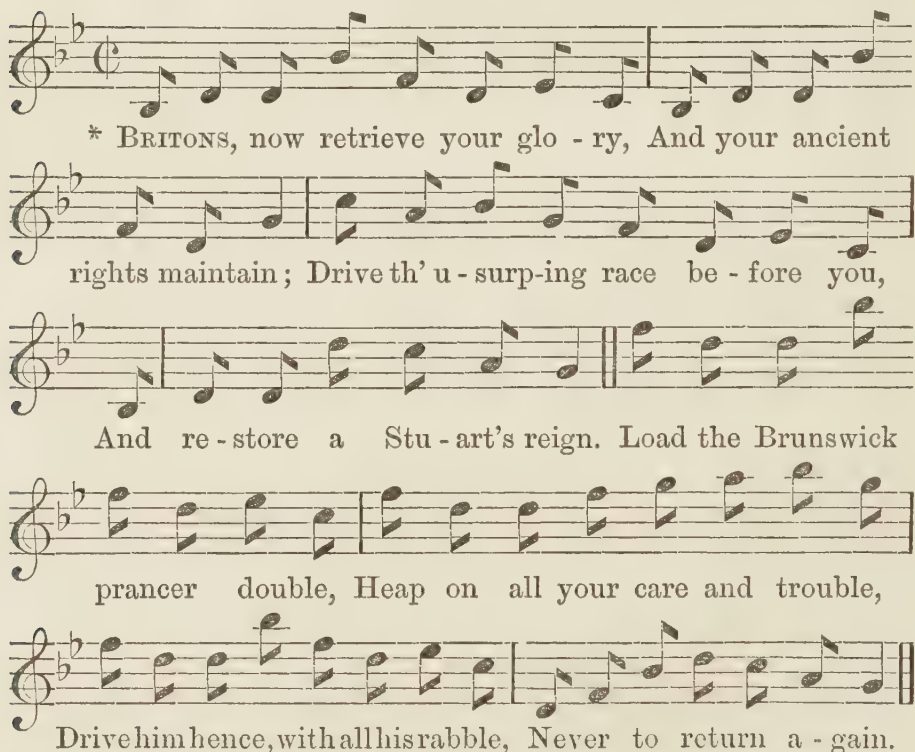
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chace is the call ;  
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.  
 'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,  
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;  
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,  
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !  
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !  
 Burst the base foreign yoke, as your sires did of yore,  
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.  
 Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,  
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !  
 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chace is the call ;  
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

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SONG VII.

**Britons, now Retrieve your Glory.**



\* BRITONS, now retrieve your glo - ry, And your ancient  
 rights maintain; Drive th' u - surp-ing race be - fore you,  
 And re - store a Stu - art's reign. Load the Brunswick  
 prancer double, Heap on all your care and trouble,  
 Drive him hence, with all his rabble, Never to return a - gain.

Call your injured king to save you,  
 Ere you farther are oppressed ;  
 He's so good, he will forgive you,  
 And receive you to his breast.  
 Think on all the wrongs you've done him,  
 Bow your rebel necks, and own him,  
 Quickly make amends, and crown him,  
 Or you never can be blest.

## SONG VIII.

*The Whigs' Glory.*

MODERN.

ILK loy - al sub - ject fill his glass, And keep the toast in  
 mind, man, "Con - fu - sion to the whining Whigs, The  
 dregs of a'mankind, man." You loyal subjects a' re - joice,  
 And fill a flow - ing can, man, To drink con - fu - sion  
 to the Whigs, Frae Highland ranks that ran, man.

Wha ever saw the Whiggish louns  
 At ought come better speed, man ?  
 Their shanks were o' the very best,  
 And stood them in gude stead, man.

The Highlandmen awhile pursued,  
 But turned at last, and swore, man,  
 “Hersel had peated mony a race,  
 “But ne’er was peat pefore, man.”

When they could such offence avoid,  
 To fight they thought it sin, man ;  
 And none can say that they did wrang,  
 In saving of their skin, man.  
 Then all you noble sons of war,  
 Let this your maxim be, man,  
 No man should ever stand and fight,  
 When he has room to flee, man.

’Tis fit you vaunt most manfully  
 Of daring deeds of skaith, man ;  
 But if your en’mies be so mad  
 As run the risk of death, man,  
 Be sure that you prove wiser men,  
 And live while yet you may, man,  
 For he that falls is not so safe  
 As he that runs away, man.

T. G.

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### SONG IX.

#### Scotland’s Call.

For the Air, see Scng XXVII. of this Vol.

#### MODERN.

BE kind to me as lang’s I’m yours ;  
 I’ll maybe wear awa yet,  
 He’s coming o’er the Highland hills,  
 May tak me frae you a’ yet.  
 He’s coming here, he will be here ;  
 He’s coming here for a’ that,  
 He’s coming o’er the Highland hills,  
 May tak me frae you a’ yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,  
 And loyal hearts are a’ that ;—  
 Auld love is better aye nor new ;—  
 Usurpers maunna fa’ that.  
 He’s coming here, &c.

The king is come to Muideart bay,  
 And mony bagpipes blaw that ;  
 And Caledon her white cockade,  
 And gude claymore may shaw yet.  
 He's coming here, &c.

Then loudly let the piobrach sound,  
 And bald advance each true heart ;  
 The word be, " SCOTLAND'S KING AND LAW !"  
 And " DEATH OR CHARLIE STUART !"  
 He's coming here, he will be here,  
 He's coming here for a' that,  
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills  
 May tak me frae you a' yet.

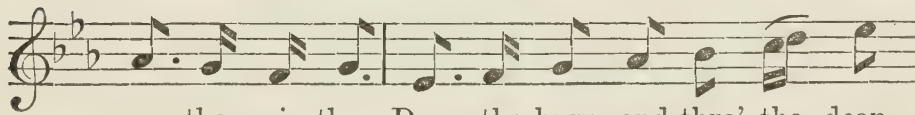
## SONG X.

## Owre the Muir amang the Heather.

MODERN.



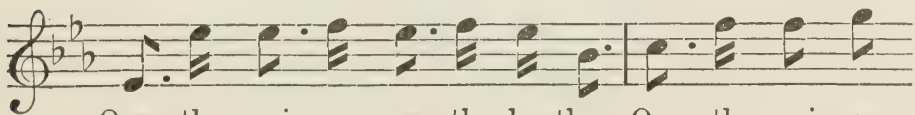
ON by moss and mountain green, Let's buckle a', and



on the - gi - ther, Down the burn, and thro' the dean,

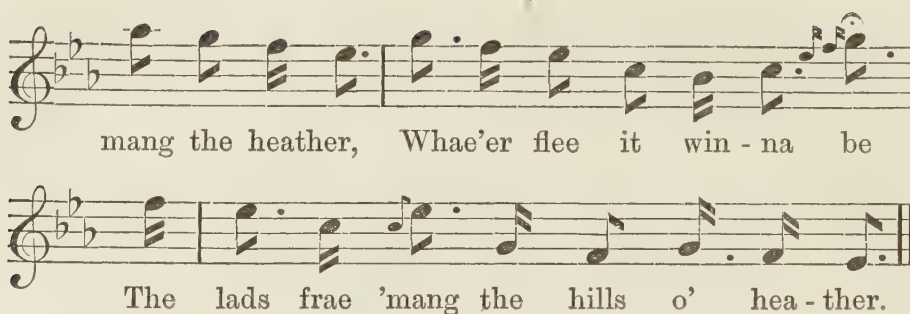


And leave the muir a - mang the hea - ther.



Owre the muir a - mang the heather, Owre the muir a -





Sound the trumpet, blaw the horn,  
 Let ilka kilted clansman gather,  
 We maun up an' ride the morn,  
 An' leave the muir amang the heather.  
 Owre the muir, &c.

Young Charlie's sword is by his side,  
 Come weel, come woe, it maksna whether,  
 We'll follow him whate'er betide,  
 An' leave the muir amang the heather.  
 Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel my native valley ; thee  
 I'll never leave for ony ither ;  
 But Charlie King of Scots maun be,  
 Or I lie low amang the heather.  
 Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel a while, my auld cot-house,  
 When I come hame I'll big anither,  
 An' wow but we will be right crouse  
 When Charlie rules our hills o' heather.  
 Owre the muir, &c.

Hark ! the bagpipe sounds amain,  
 Gather, ilka leal man, gather,  
 These mountains a' are Charlie's ain,  
 These green-swaired dells, an' muirs o' heather.  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie's right,  
 To gie him back his hills o' heather ?

T. G.

## SONG XI.

**The Lady looked frae her ha'.**

For the Air, see Scng LXXV. of this Vol.

## MODERN.

THE lady looked frae her ha',  
 Her thoughts were sad and dreary,  
 To think her lord was far awa,  
 O wow ! but she was eerie.  
 "What means now a' that warlike din,  
 "Spears I see glancin' clearly,  
 "I wish my lord, wi' kith and kin,  
 "Were near the towers o' Airlie.

"O gin my lord and his brave men  
 "Kenned now a fae was near me,  
 "Soon wad he speed o'er hill an' glen,  
 "Wi' his brave clan to cheer me.  
 "O yon's Argyle's proud crest I see  
 "Wave on yon hill sae clearly ;  
 "Weel kens he brave Lord Ogilvie  
 "Is far awa frae Airlie."

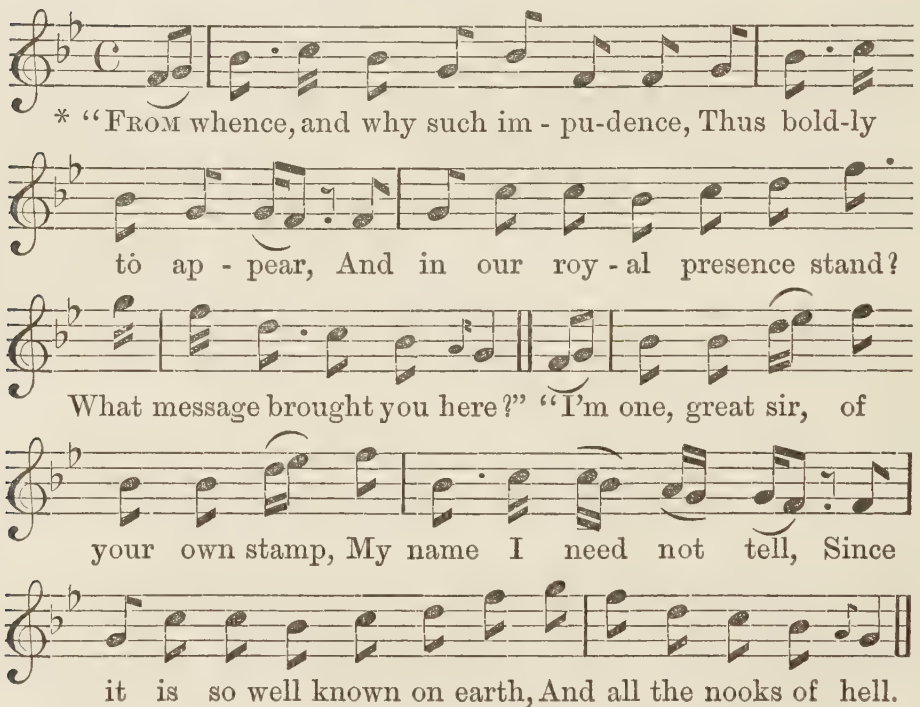
"O why now o'er that bloomin' cheek  
 "Fa's the bright tear sae pearly ?  
 "O let me dry that ee sae meek,  
 "For I do loe thee dearly.  
 "Now gie me but thy milk white hand,  
 "An' three sweet kisses fairly,  
 "An' I will gie my men command  
 "To spare the house o' Airlie."

"O proud Argyle, great is thy power ;  
 "Ye ken my lord's wi' Charlie ;  
 "An' now ye come to waste my bower,  
 "But ye may rue it sairly :  
 "Gae fight wi' men, but never let  
 "The warld at you ferlie !  
 "Ae kiss frae me ye ne'er shall get,  
 "Though it should save sweet Airlie.

"O bring my plaid o' tartan sheen,  
 "And I shall wander eerie ;  
 "Black is the sight to my sad een,  
 "An' lang's the gate an' weary :  
 "But ten brave sons I now hae born  
 "To my dear lord o' Airlie,  
 "An' they may gar the proud Lord Lorn  
 "Rue this black day fu' sairly."

## SONG XII.

**The Appearance of Cromwell's Ghost, on the Eve  
 of the Battle of Culloden.**



\* "FROM whence, and why such im - pu - dence, Thus bold-ly  
 to ap - pear, And in our roy - al presence stand?  
 What message brought you here?" "I'm one, great sir, of  
 your own stamp, My name I need not tell, Since  
 it is so well known on earth, And all the nooks of hell.

"You've heard, no doubt, of mighty Noll,  
 "Who kept the world in awe;  
 "And made these very walls to shake,  
 "Whose word was then a law.

“ I come express to you, great sir,  
“ From our infernal cell,  
“ Where your great dad, and Nassau’s prince,  
“ And Walpole, greet you well.

“ With mighty news I fraughted come,  
“ Here is a full detail,  
“ Which Grosset brought express this night  
“ Straight from the field to hell.  
“ It much exceeds the power of words,  
“ Or painting, to describe  
“ What change these news made on the looks  
“ Of all our scorched tribe.

“ Such a procession, Pluto owns,  
“ He never saw before,  
“ What crowds of kings, and mitred heads,  
“ But of usurpers more.  
“ Your dad and Nassau first appeared,  
“ Clad in their royal buff,  
“ And loyal Sarum next advanced  
“ With his well singed ruff.

“ Then Calvin and Hugh Peters they  
“ Joined Luther and John Knox ;  
“ And Bradshaw with his loyal bench,  
“ A set of godly folks.  
“ And I was stationed in the rear,  
“ By right and due my post ;  
“ Where whigs and independents made  
“ A most prodigious host.

“ These worthies all, great sir, expect  
“ Right soon to see you there,  
“ Together with your Cumbrian duke  
“ And Shelly-coat, your heir.  
“ Thus my commission I’ve obeyed,  
“ And e’er I downward bend,  
“ Shall wait with pleasure infinite  
“ What answer you will send.”

“ Pray make my humble compliments  
“ To all our friends below ;  
“ And for these welcome news you brought  
“ Most grateful thanks I owe.

“ We still your principles pursue,  
 “ And shall subservient be,  
 “ Till we and all our progeny  
 “ Our destined quarters see.”

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## SONG XIII.

**Culloden.**

For the Air, see Song LVIII. of this Vol.

## MODERN.

THE heath-cock crawled o'er muir an' dale ;  
 Red raise the sun o'er distant vale ;  
 Our Northern clans, wi' dinsome yell, ·  
 Around their chiefs were gath'ring.  
 “ O, Duncan, are ye ready yet ?  
 “ M'Donald, are ye ready yet ?  
 “ O, Fraser, are ye ready yet ?  
 “ To join the clans in the morning.”

On yonder hills our clans appear,  
 The sun back frae their spears shines clear ;  
 The Southron trumps fall on my ear,  
 'Twill be an awfu' morning.  
 “ O, Duncan, &c.”

“ The Prince has come to claim his ain,  
 “ A stem o' Stuart's glorious name ;  
 “ What Highlander his sword wad hain,  
 “ For Charlie's cause this morning.  
 “ O, Duncan, &c.”

“ Nae mair we'll chace the fleet, fleet roe,  
 “ O'er downie glen or mountain brow,  
 “ But rush like tempest on the foe,  
 “ Wi' sword an' targe this morning.  
 “ O, Duncan, &c.”

The contest lasted sair an' lang,  
 The pipers blew, the echoes rang,  
 The cannon roared the clans amang,  
 Culloden's awfu' morning.



Duncan now nae mair seems keen,  
 He's lost his dirk and tartan sheen,  
 His bannet's stained that ance was clean ;  
 Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day,  
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flee ;  
 Culloden hills were hills o' wae,  
 It was an awfu' morning.  
 Duncan now, &c.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,  
 The midnight dew fa's on her cheek ;  
 What Scottish heart that will not weep,  
 For Charlie's fate that morning ?  
 Duncan now, &c.

## SONG XIV.

**Bauldy Fraser.**

For the Air, see Song XVII. of this Vol.

## MODERN.

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;  
 I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,  
 I brak my shin, an' tint a han',  
 Upon Culloden lee, man :  
 Our Highlan' clans were pauld an' stout,  
 An' thought to gie te loons a clout,  
 An' laith were they to turn about,  
 An' owre the hills to flee, man.

But sic a hurly-burly raise,  
 Te fery lift was in a plaze,  
 As a' te teils had won ter ways,  
 On Highlandmen to flee, man :  
 Te cannon an' te pluff tragoon,  
 Sae proke our ranks, an' pore us town,  
 Her nainsell ne'er cot sic a stoun,  
 Sin' she was porn to tee, man.

Pig Satan sent te plan frae hell,  
 Or pat our chiefs peside hersel,  
 To plant her in te open fell,  
 In pase artillery's ee, man :

For had she met te tirty duke,  
 At ford of Spey or Prae-Culrook,  
 Te plood of every foreign pouk  
     Had dyed the Cherman sea, man.

We fought for a' we loved an' had,  
 An' for te right, put Heaven forpade ;  
 An' mony a ponnie Highlan' lad  
     Lay pleading on te prae, man.  
 Fat could she to, fat could she say,  
 Te praif M'Donnell was away ;  
 An' her ain chief tat luckless day  
     Was far ayont Drumboy, man.

Macpherson and Macgregor poth,  
 Te men of Muideart an' Glenquoich,  
 An' coot Mackenzies of te Doich,  
     All absent frae te field, man :  
 Te sword was sharp, te arm was true,  
 Pe honour still her nainsel's due ;  
 Impossibles she could not do,  
     Tho' laithe she pe to yield, man.

When Charlie wi' te foremost met ;  
 Praif lad, he thought her pack to get ;  
 " Return, my friends, an' face tem yet,  
     We'll conquer or we'll die, man : "  
 Put Tonalld shumpit o'er te purn,  
 An' swore, pe Cot, she wadna turn,  
 For ter was nought put shoot an' purn,  
     An' hangin' on te tree, man.

O had you seen tat hunt of teath,  
 She ran until she tint her praith,  
 Aye looking pack on Scotland's skaithe,  
     Wi' hopeless, shining ee, man :  
 Put Pritain ever may teplore,  
 Tat tay upon Culloden more,  
 Her praifest sons laid in ter gore,  
     Or huntit cruellye, man.

O Cumberland what meant you ten,  
 To ravage ilka Highland glen ?  
 Her crime was truth an' love to ane,  
     She had nae spite at thee, man :

An' you an' yours may yet pe glad,  
 To trust te honest Highland lad ;  
 Te ponnet plue, an' pelted plaid,  
 Will stand te last o' three, man.

## SONG XV.

*Culloden ; or, Lochiel's Farewell.*

MODERN.

CUL-LO-DEN, on thy swarthy brow Spring no wild  
 flow'rs nor ver-dure fair: Thou feel'st not sum-mer's  
 gen-ial glow, More than the freez-ing win-try air;  
 For once thou drank'st the he-ro's blood, And  
 war's un-hal-low'd footsteps bore. The deeds un-ho-ly  
 na-ture view'd, Then fled, and curs'd thee e-ver-more.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens,  
 How proudly Lovat's banners soar !  
 How fierce the plaided Highland clans  
 Rush onward with the broad claymore !  
 Those hearts that high with honour heaved,  
 The volleying thunder there laid low !  
 Or scattered like the forest leaves,  
 When wintry winds begin to blow !

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel !  
 The braided plume's torn from thy brow.  
 What must thy haughty spirit feel,  
 When skulking like the mountain roe !  
 While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,  
 On April eve, their loves and joys ;  
 The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers,  
 To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,  
 As o'er the deep his galley bore,  
 He often looked, and cried, " Adieu !  
 " I'll never see Lochaber more !  
 " Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,  
 " My dear, my injured native land !  
 " In other climes thy foe shall feel  
 " The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

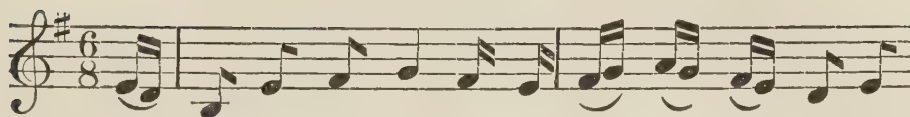
" Land of proud hearts and mountains gray !  
 " Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung !  
 " Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,  
 " That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.  
 " Where once they ruled and roamed at will,  
 " Free as their own dark mountain game ;  
 " Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel  
 " A longing for their father's fame.

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,  
 " Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;  
 " No trophies mark your common grave,  
 " Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell !  
 " But generous hearts will weep your fate,  
 " When far has rolled the tide of time ;  
 " And bards unborn shall renovate  
 " Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme !"

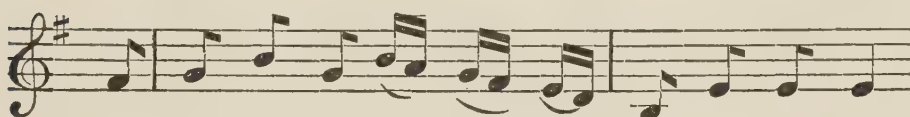
## SONG XVI.

**The Chevalier's Lament.**

MODERN.



The small birds rejoice on the green leaves re-turn-ing,



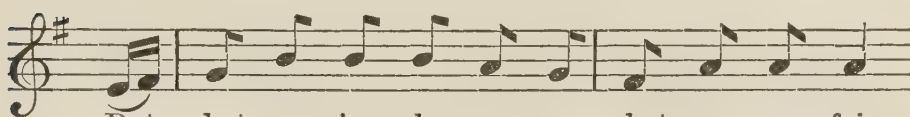
The mur-mur-ing stream-let winds clear thro' the vale,



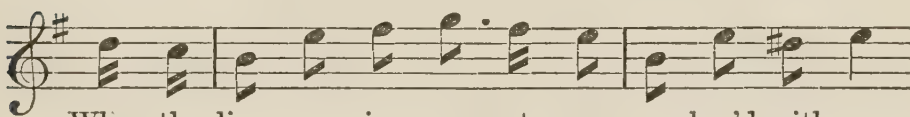
The prim-ro-ses blow in the dews of the morning.



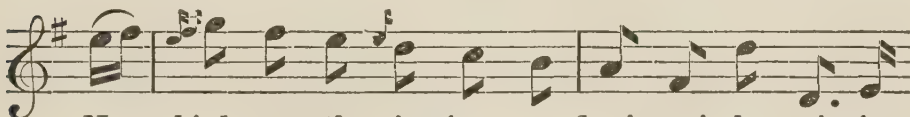
And wild scatter'd cow-slips be-deck the green dale.



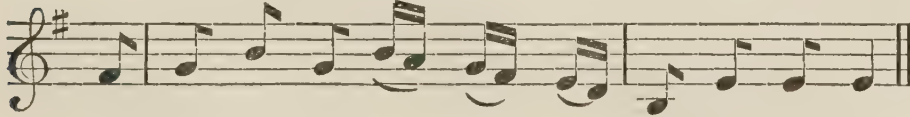
But what can give pleasure or what can seem fair,



When the lin-ger-ing moments are number'd with care.



Nor birds sweetly sing-ing, nor flow'rs gai-ly springing,



Can soothe the sad bo-som of joy-less despair.

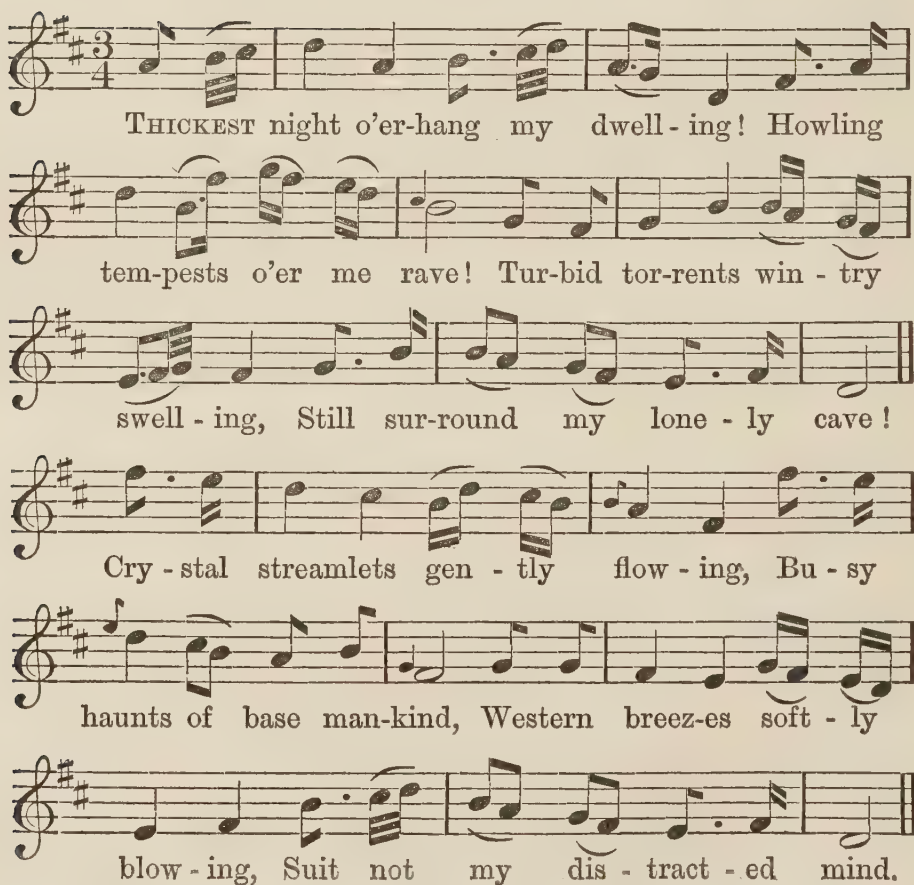


The deed that I dared could it merit their malice ?  
 A king and a father to place on his throne !  
 His right are these hills and his right are these vallies,  
 Where wild beasts find shelter, though I can find none !  
 But 'tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I mourn ;  
 Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,  
 Alas ! can I make it no better return.

## SONG XVII.

## Strathallan's Lament.

MODERN.



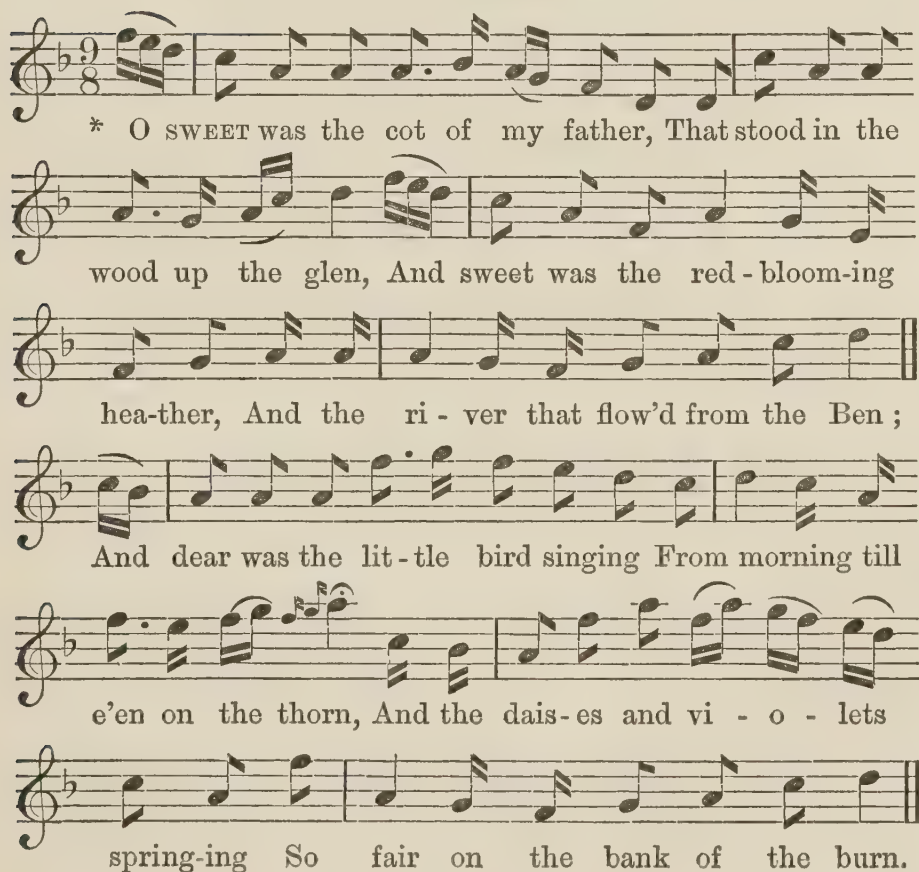
THICKEST night o'er-hang my dwell-ing! Howling  
 tem-pests o'er me rave! Tur-bid tor-rents win-try  
 swell-ing, Still sur-round my lone-ly cave!  
 Cry-stal streamlets gen-tly flow-ing, Bu-sy  
 haunts of base man-kind, Western breez-es soft-ly  
 blow-ing, Suit not my dis-tract-ed mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honour's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens denied success.  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend ;  
 The wide world is all before us,  
 But a world without a friend.

## SONG XVIII.

**The Song of M'Kimmion Glash.**

FROM THE GAELIC.



\* O SWEET was the cot of my father, That stood in the  
 wood up the glen, And sweet was the red-bloom-ing  
 hea-ther, And the ri-ver that flow'd from the Ben ;  
 And dear was the lit-tle bird singing From morning till  
 e'en on the thorn, And the dais-es and vi-o-lets  
 spring-ing So fair on the bank of the burn.

I rose at the dawn of the morning,  
And ranged through the woods at my will ;  
And often till evening's returning  
I loitered my time on the hill.  
Well known was each dell in the wild wood,  
Each flower spot, and green grassy lea ;  
O sweet were the days of my childhood,  
And dear the remembrance to me !

But sorrow came sudden and early,  
Such joys I may ne'er know again,  
I followed the gallant Prince Charlie,  
To fight for his rights and my ain.  
No home has he now to protect him  
From the bitterest tempest that blows ;  
No friend, save his God to direct him,  
While watched and surrounded by foes.

I have stood to the last with the heroes,  
That thought Scotland's rights to have saved ;  
No danger that threatened could fear us,  
But we fell 'neath the blast that we braved.  
My chief wanders lone and forsaken,  
'Mong the hills where his stay wont to be ;  
His clansmen are slaughtered or taken,  
For, like him, they all fought to be free.

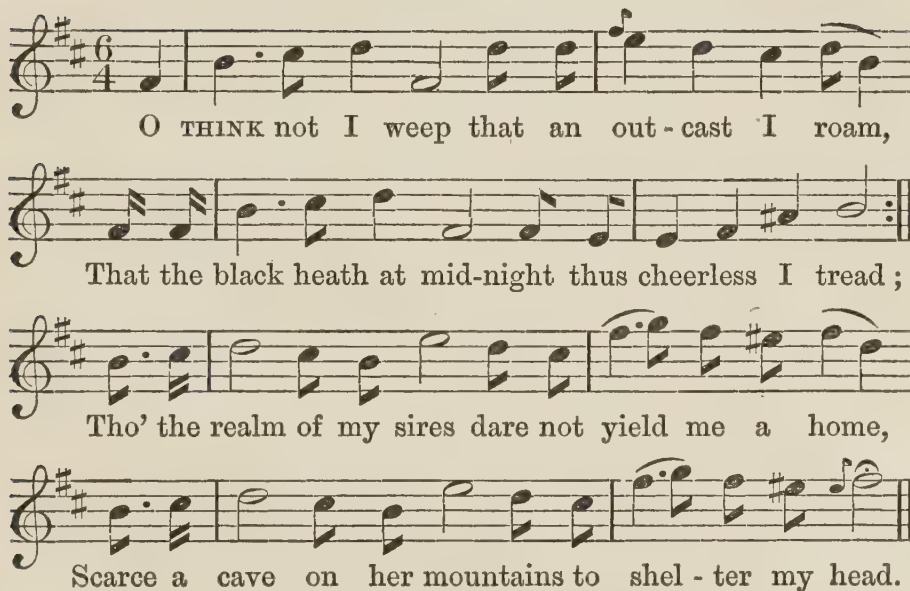
The sons of the mighty have perished,  
And freedom with them fled away ;  
The hopes that so long we have cherished,  
Have left us for ever and aye.  
As we hide on the brae 'mong the braken,  
We hear our hame crash as they burn.  
O God, when shall vengeance awaken,  
And the day of our glory return.

T. G.

## SONG XIX.

## Prince Charlie's Lament.

MODERN.



O THINK not I weep that an out-cast I roam,  
That the black heath at mid-night thus cheerless I tread;  
Tho' the realm of my sires dare not yield me a home,  
Scarce a cave on her mountains to shel-ter my head.

Though the day brings no comfort, the night no repose,  
Yet not for my own doth my spirit repine,  
But in anguish I weep for the sorrows of those,  
Whose eyes, and whose bosoms, have melted for mine.

The yell of the blood-hounds that hunt them by day,  
On my short startled slumber for ever attends,  
While the watch-fires that beacon my night-covered way,  
Are the flames that have burst from the roofs of my friends.

Though the blade, blood encrusted, hath sunk in the sheath,  
No time and no distance a refuge afford,  
But chased on the mountains, and tracked o'er the heath,  
The scaffold must end what was left by the sword.

Ye loyal, ye brave, and is this your reward?  
 With the meed of the traitor, the coward repaid,  
 While in peace ye had lived had your bosoms been bared,  
 On the prayer of your Prince, that implored you for aid.

Unpitied, unspared, let it sweep o'er my path,  
 On me be centered its fury, its force,  
 My rash lips have conjured this tempest of wrath,  
 But why should the sinless be scourged in its course?

If the fury of man but obey thy decree,  
 If so guilty, my God, be the deed I have dared,  
 Let thy curse, let thy vengeance, be poured upon me,  
 But, alas! let my friends, let my country be spared.  
M. L.

## SONG XX.

**The fate of Charlie.**

MODERN.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, my brave Lochiel, Be-ware o'  
 Cum-ber-land, my dear-ie! Cul-lo-den field this  
 day will seal The fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie.

The Highland clans nae mair are seen,  
 To fight for him wha ne'er was eerie,  
 They fallen are on yon red field,  
 An' trampled down for liking Charlie.



He was our Prince—nane dare say no,  
 The truth o' this we a' ken fairly ;  
 Then wha would no joined hand in hand,  
 To've kept frae skaith our ain Prince Charlie ?

Glenullen's bride stood at the yett,  
 Her lover's steed arrived right early ;  
 His rider's gane, his bridle's wet,  
 Wi' blude o' him wha fell for Charlie !

O weep, fair maids o' Scotia's isle,  
 Weep loud, fair lady o' sweet Airlie ;  
 Culloden reeks wi' purple gore,  
 O' those wha bled for Scotia's Charlie.

Repent, repent, black Murray's race,  
 Ye were the cause o' this foul ferlie,  
 An' shaw to George wha fills his shoon,  
 That ye'll no sell him like puir Charlie.

### SONG XXI.

#### **Bannocks o' Barley.**

For the Air, see Song XI. Vol. I.

\*BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.  
 Wha in a bruilzie will first cry "a parley ?"  
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Wha was it drew the gude claymore for Charlie ?  
 Wha was it cowed the English lowns rarely ?  
 An' clawed their backs at Falkirk fairly ?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Wha was't when hope was blasted fairly,  
 Stood in ruin wi' bonny Prince Charlie ?  
 An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed fu' sairly ?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

## SONG XXII.

*The Emigrant.*

MODERN.

MAY morning had shed her red streamers on high, O'er  
 Ca - na - da, frown-ing all pale on the sky :  
 Still daz-zing and white was the robe that she wore,  
 Ex - cept where the mountain-wave lash'd on the shore.

Far heaved the young sun, like a lamp on the wave,  
 And loud screamed the gull o'er his foam-beaten cave,  
 When an old lyart swain on a headland stood high,  
 With the staff in his hand, and the tear in his eye.

His old tartan plaid, and his bonnet so blue,  
 Declared from what country his lineage he drew ;  
 His visage so wan, and his accents so low,  
 Announced the companion of sorrow and woe.

“ Ah, welcome thou sun, to thy canopy grand,  
 And to me ! for thou com'st from my dear native land !  
 Again dost thou leave that sweet isle of the sea,  
 To beam on these winter-bound vallies and me ?

“How sweet in my own native valley to roam,  
Each face was a friend’s, and each house was a home ;  
To drag our live thousands from river or bay,  
Or chase the dun deer o’er the mountain so grey.

“Now forced from my home and my dark halls away,  
The son of the stranger has made them a prey ;  
My family and friends to extremity driven,  
Contending for life both with earth and with heaven.

“My country,” they said,—“but they told me a lie,  
Her vallies were barren, inclement her sky ;  
Even now in the glens, ’mong her mountains so blue,  
The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.

“How could she expel from those mountains of heath,  
The clans who maintained them in danger and death !  
Who ever were ready the broadsword to draw,  
In defence of her honour, her freedom, and law.

“We stood by our STUART, till one fatal blow  
Loosed ruin triumphant, and valour laid low.  
The lords whom we trusted and lived but to please,  
Then turned us a-drift to the storms and the seas.

“O gratitude ! where didst thou linger the while ?  
What region afar is illumed with thy smile ?  
That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,  
When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant’s grave !

### SONG XXIII.

#### *The Exile’s Return.*

For the Air, see Song LXXXVI. of this Vol.

MODERN.

WHEN silent time, wi’ lightly foot,  
Had trod on thirty years,  
My native land I sought again,  
Wi’ mony hopes an’ fears.  
“Wha kens,” thought I, “if friends I left,  
May still continue mine,  
Or gin I e’er again shall meet  
The joys I left langsyne.”

As I drew near my ancient pile,  
 My heart beat a' the way ;  
 Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak,  
 Of some dear former day.  
 Those days that followed me afar,  
 Those happy days of mine,  
 Which made me think the days at hand,  
 Were naething to langsyne.

My ivied towers now met my een,  
 Where minstrels used to blaw,  
 Nae friend stept out wi' open arms,  
 Nae weel kend face I saw,—  
 Till Donald tottered to the door,  
 Whom I left in his prime ;  
 An' grat to see the lad come hame,  
 He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka weel kend place,  
 In hopes to find friends there ;  
 I saw where mony a ane had sat,  
 I hung on mony a chair,  
 Till soft remembrance threw a veil,  
 Across these een o' mine ;  
 I shut the door, an' sobbed aloud,  
 To think on auld langsyne.

A knew sprung race o' motley kind,  
 Would now their welcome pay,  
 Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,  
 And wished my groves away.  
 "Cut down these gloomy trees," they cried,  
 "Lay low yon mournful pine."—  
 Ah, no ! my fathers' names are there,  
 Memorials o' langsyne.

To win me frae these waefu' thoughts,  
 They took me to the town,  
 Where soon in ilka weel kend face,  
 I missed the youthfu' bloom.  
 At balls they pointed to a nymph,  
 Whom all declared divine ;  
 But sure her mother's blushing face,  
 Was fairer far langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,  
 Forgive an auld man's spleen,  
 Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns,  
 The days he ance has seen.  
 When time is past, an' seasons fled,  
 Your hearts may feel like mine,  
 An' aye the sang will maist delight,  
 That minds you o' langsyne.

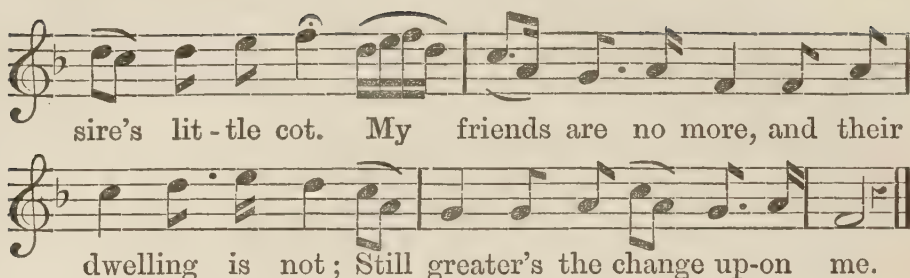
## SONG XXIV.

## Lament of old Duncan Skene, of Clan-Donochie.

FROM THE GAELIC.

\* O SCOTLAND, my country, far, far have I rang'd,  
 Since last I took farewell of thee! Thy beauties are  
 o - ver, how much art thou chang'd From what thou wert  
 once wont to be! This is the green val - ley, and  
 yonder's the spot, Where once rose the smoke from my





I was young, and my hopes and my courage were high.  
 For freedom I freely drew glaive;  
 But ruin soon came, and the spoiler was nigh;  
 No home there remained for the brave.  
 I have roamed on the world's wide wilderness cast,  
 Unfriended, exposed to the bitterest blast  
 Of misfortune, and now I have sought thee at last,  
 To sleep in my forefathers' grave.

As clear as before runs thy burn o'er its bed,  
 As sweet thy wild heath-flowerets grow;  
 But thy glory is past, and thy honours are fled,  
 Since freedom no more thou canst know:  
 Thy sons were disloyal, unmanly, unjust;  
 The heroes were few that stood firm to their trust;  
 Thy thistle's dishonoured and trampled in dust,  
 By the friends of thy deadliest foe.

The smoke of the cottage arose to the sky,  
 The babe dipt its finger in gore,  
 And smiled, for it knew not the bright crimson dye,  
 Was the life's blood of her that it bore.  
 Thy foes they were many, and ruthless their wrath,  
 Thy glens they defaced with ravage and death;  
 Thy children were hunted and slain on the heath,  
 And the best of thy sons are no more.

Thy hills are majestic, thy vallies are fair,  
 But ah, they're possessed by a foe;  
 Thy glens are the same, but a stranger is there;  
 There is none that will weep for thy woe.  
 On my thoughts hangs a heavy, a dark cheerless gloom,  
 And far from thee long have I mourned o'er thy doom;  
 And again I have sought thee to find me a tomb;  
 'Tis all thou hast now to bestow.

I'll wander away to that ill-fated heath,  
 Where Scotland for freedom last stood ;  
 Where fought the last remnant for glory or death,  
 And sealed the true cause with their blood.  
 And there will I mourn for the honour that's fled,  
 And dig a new grave 'mong the bones of the dead ;  
 Then proudly lay down my grey weary head,  
 With the last of the loyal and good.

T. G.

## SONG XXV.

**Though rugged and rough be the Land of my Birth.**

MODERN.

Tho' rug-ged and rough be the land of my birth,  
 To the eye of my heart 'tis the E-den of earth.  
 Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see,  
 Half so fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what though the days of her greatness be o'er,  
 Though her nobles be few, though her kings are no more,  
 Not a hope from her thralldom that time may deliver—  
 Though the sun of her glory hath left her for ever !

Dark, dark are the shades that encompass her round,  
But still 'mid those glooms may a radiance be found,  
As the flush through the clouds of the evening is seen,  
To tell what the blaze of the noontide had been.

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on her story,  
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory ;  
When nations contended her friendship to know,  
When tyrants were trembling to find her their foe.

Let him hear of that story, and where is the Scot,  
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of her lot ;  
Swell with pride for her power in the times that are o'er,  
And with grief that the days of her might are no more ?

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his tongue,  
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how she sung ;  
Ere her blood through black treason was swelling her rills,  
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her hills !

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,  
Who would lay the high name of a SCOTSMAN aside ;  
Would whisper his country with shame and with fear,  
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as they hear.

Go tell them, thou fool ! that the time erst hath been,  
When the Southrons would blench if a Scot were but seen ;  
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled,  
As the loud border echoes resounded his tread.

Shall thy name, O my country ! no longer be heard,  
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard ;  
Alas ! how the days of thy greatness are gone,  
For the name of proud England is echoed alone !

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame,  
To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim ;  
As the meed of their own, what thy children had won,  
And *their* deeds pass for deeds which the English have done.

Accursed be the lips that would sweep from the earth,  
The land of my fathers, the land of my birth ;  
No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen,  
Nor her name left to tell where her glory had been !

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,  
As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,  
Than the wealth of the world that thy children should boast,  
And the heart-thrilling name of old Scotia be lost.

O Scotia, my country, dear land of my birth,  
 Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth ;  
 Through the world have I sought, but no land could I see  
 Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me !

M. L.

### NOTICES.

ALL the songs in this Appendix that are marked with an asterisk are old songs, picked out of the various collections furnished me by my friends, merely to exhaust the subject that I had taken in hand. The airs to which they are sung are marked, and generally to be found in the course of the work.

Both the translations and the songs, having the signature T. G. at them, are anonymous ; and I can only express my thanks to my ingenious correspondent, until such time as he chooses to make himself known to me. Whoever he may be, whether Highlander or Lowlander, his songs have no ordinary degree of merit.

Song 6th is by the author of *Waverley*.

Song 9th is by R. Jamieson, Esq., the first verse and burden only being old. It alludes to the landing of the Prince in Moirdart, as thus hailed in the burden of a Gaelic song :—

Gu'n d'thanig an Rìgh air tìr i Mhuideart,  
 Tha d'ait ag cradhìn, tha d'ait ag cradhìn,  
 Gu'n d'thanig an Rìgh air tìr i Mhuideart,  
 Rìgh nan Gaidheal, Rìgh nan Gaidheal.

Song 11th is modern, and has been published ; but I do not know the author.

Song 13th is by the redoubted Willison Glass.

Song 14th is my own, and a little altered from the copy in "The Forest Minstrel."

Song 15th is by John Grieve, Esq. It is set to a beautiful Gaelic air. Lochiel got safe to France, and was there made a colonel of 1000 men, which he enjoyed till his death in 1748. Dr. Cameron, his brother, was wounded at Culloden by a musket bullet, which entered near the elbow, and went along the arm, and then out at the opposite shoulder. I am obliged, for the following anecdote of this latter gentleman, to my friend the celebrated David Wilkie, Esq., who says, "Dr. Spence, an esteemed friend of mine, whose memory carries him as far back as the



Forty-five, has frequently related to me, and nearly in the following words, an occurrence he witnessed in his early youth, strongly illustrative of the character of a distinguished sufferer in the cause of the house of Stuart :—

When a boy at Linlithgow school, some years after the rebellion, I remember Dr. Cameron, brother to the celebrated Lochiel, being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He wore a French light-coloured great-coat, and rode a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides ; but, considering his situation and prospects, looked remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail ; and well do I remember, as I remained with the crowd at the prison-door, overhearing the Doctor within singing to himself his native song of “ Farewell to Lochaber,”

“ We’ll maybe return to Lochaber no more.”

“ Knowing he had just been apprehended in the Highlands, whither he had returned from France, in the vain hope that his defection might be pardoned or forgotten, and that, when I saw him, he was on his way to London, where he suffered upon Tower-Hill, the remembrance has made a strong impression upon my mind, and I never since have heard the air of “ Lochaber,” without recalling the tone of voice, with all the circumstances of the unhappy situation and fate of Dr. Cameron.

“ The above, which has often been related to me with an impressive feeling by my respected friend, you will excuse me for thinking worthy of your attention. I value it as a strongly national trait, exhibiting that disinterested longing after *home* that, in whatever place or situation, never seems to forsake the ‘ *kindly Scot.* ’ ”

Songs 16th and 17th are both by Burns.

Song 19th, as well as the last song in this appendix, was sent me anonymously, with the signature here given ; and the answer directed to be left at the Post-Office. They are two beautiful songs, and the author ought not to be ashamed of owning them.

Song 20th is also by no less a man than Willison Glass, and is well entitled to a place here.

Song 22d was written by me many years ago, and published in “ The Forest Minstrel.”

Song 23d was written by the late ingenious Miss Blamire of Carlisle.

Those correspondents whom I have neglected in my confusion of Jacobite matter must excuse me. One peep into my repository would be worth a thousand apologies.



# APPENDIX.

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## PART II.

### Whig Songs.

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#### Nobody can deny.

ATTEND, and I'll tell you a story that's new,  
'Tis something that's strange, but yet it is true,  
To change a black hat for a bonnet that's blue,  
Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

A rogue of a Scot pretends to declare  
Against king and country a traitorous war ;  
A perjured false loon, and his name it is Mar,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This crooked disciple pretends he will bring  
A Popish Pretender, whom he calls a King,  
For which both himself and his master may swing,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

By oaths he did swear, and the sacrament took,  
His hands and his lips he did lay to the Book,  
And then he, like Judas, his master forsook,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But first like true heroes the rebels we'll bang,  
We've axes and halters to serve the whole gang ;  
And then, too, like Judas, himself he may hang,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

In tumults and treasons the Jacobites cry,  
The King's a Fanatic; I'll tell you for why,  
Because he is not of a Church they call High,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

What Church 'tis they mean, 'tis plain we can tell, '   
A Church that the Jacobites know very well,  
The true Church of Rome, that makes knaves to rebel,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

To prove this assertion, ye very well know,  
Three traitors that swung for't, and not long ago,  
One said he was High Church, but would not be low,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But when at Old Tyburn he came to the rope,  
He told 'em his Church did belong to the Pope,  
But still would be High Church, as long as there's hope,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A true Popish project, their scandal to shew,  
On a Protestant Church, with their High and their Low,  
But hang up such rogues, or the Church they'll o'erthrow ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For shepherds and wolves to be in one cause,  
Against our religion, our country, and laws ;  
When must the poor Church thus heal up her flaws ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

When Oxford, that eminent structure of study,  
In riots and treasons their heads are turned giddy,  
The stream must be foul, when the fountain is muddy ;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A Protestant King and a Protestant Prince,  
To three Protestant kingdoms invited long since,  
But now like old tricksters the matter they'd mince,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

King George and the Prince, about let it pass,  
The princess and issue, with all the whole race,  
To traitors and villains confusion of face,  
Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

## In vain are the Hopes of a Popish Pretender.

TUNE.—“The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter.”

In vain are the hopes of a Popish Pretender,  
 In vain are the schemes of a Jacobite crew,  
 True Britons their freedom will never surrender,  
 But still to themselves and their country be true ;  
 Alike they despise a bribe or a threat,  
 To raise their own fortunes, and ruin the State ;  
 The defence of King George is their aim alone,  
     And all the day long,  
     This, this is their song,  
 No Popish Pretender shall e'er wear our crown.

A Jacobite values not scandal or shame, Sirs ;  
 He's not a true Tory whom conscience controls,  
 All know that interest's their only aim, Sirs ;  
 How trivial their country, how powerful pistoles !  
 They'll asperse, trick, and lye, swear too, then disown ;  
 Persecution and pride is their chief religion.  
 Shall such then unpunished tempt our laws and our throne ?  
     No, all the day long,  
     This shall be our song,  
 No Popish Imposter shall e'er wear our crown.

Let Mar, and his villainous association,  
 Rebel, and pretend the Church is their care ;  
 Since great George protects our religion and nation,  
 We'll soon shew the world what vile rascals they are.  
 Were their numbers superior they know to their cost,  
 With vast odds on their sides, what at Blenheim they lost.  
 Both tyrants and slavery we've sworn to pull down.  
     And all the day long,  
     This, this is our song,  
 No Popish Imposter shall e'er wear our crown.

---

## The Jacobite's Downfall.

TUNE.—“The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter.”

A junto of knaves met at Paris together,  
 Lewd St. John, bloody Berwick, and several more,  
 With Frenchified Ormond, all birds of a feather,  
 Declaring for Perkin, that son of a ——

Each smiled and embraced, opinions exprest,  
And their loyalty thus to young Jemmy confest :—  
They swore the loved shamster to Britain they'd bring.

And all the day long,

This, this was their song,

“ Dear Jemmy, depend on't thou shalt be a King.”

“ Tho' Marlborough's with George, Sirs, tho' we are disbanded,  
Tho' our plots are discovered, our old schemes undone,  
If once more we get but our dear hero landed,

Great Britain shall yet be a province of Rome ;

Of the Church's great danger we'll loudly complain,

Fool the mob to believe it, or all is in vain ;

They swore the loved shamster to Britain they'd bring,

And all the day long,

This, this was their song,

“ Dear Jemmy, depend on't thou shalt be a King.”

But e'er this vile treason was brought to conclusion,

The senate the Jacobite rogues did detect,

Great George raised his troops to their utter confusion,

Resolved our religion and laws to protect.

Every day some new rebel to *Bar le* takes post,

While Bob in the cage swears the game is all lost ;

In vain they cry “ Help us, oh ! Lewis and Rome ! ”

And all the day long,

This, this is their song,

“ Dear Jemmy, a halter, a halter's our doom.”

### Perkin's Lament.

'Twas when the seas were roaring

With blasts of northern wind,

Poor Perkin lay deploring,

On warming-pan reclined ;

Wide o'er the foaming billows

He cast a dismal look,

And shivered like the willows,

That tremble o'er the brook.

Three weeks are gone and over,

And five long tedious days,

Since I, unhappy rover,

Did venture o'er the seas.

Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,  
And let young Perkin rest ;  
Ah, what's thy troubled motion,  
To that within my breast !

“ Mar, robbed of place and pension,  
Rebels through fortune's frown ;  
His loss deserves no mention,  
To the losing of my crown.  
Would he regain his pension,  
He need but cross the main ;  
But, ah me ! no invention,  
Can e'er my crown regain.

“ Why was it said that Tories,  
For me did try amain ?  
Why then are all the roaries,  
Why are they all in vain ?  
No eyes their use discover,  
They mobbed on bonfire night,  
To tempt me to come over,  
Then leave me in a fright.”

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wailed he for his crown,  
The poor young man was crying,  
And tears his cheeks ran down.  
Then mounting high church steeple,  
Argyle's approach he spied,  
And leaving Highland people,  
He fled to the sea-side.

Where, finding of some shipping,  
Which lately came from France,  
The first he met he slipt in,  
For fear of Highland clans.  
Leaving behind young Tinmouth,  
And divers friends beside,  
Crying, “ Devil take the hindmost,”  
And so away he hied.



### The Ablution.

SINCE Whigs are of late,  
 So brisk and elate,  
 And some of our side so uneasy,  
 At the news that are told,  
 I'll a secret unfold,  
 Which I am sure must encourage and please ye.

But first you must note,  
 When Jemmy took boat,  
 How Providence matters did guide,  
 Preserving him free,  
 From all dangers at sea,  
 For *two Proverbs* we know of his side.

The end of this story,  
 I now set before ye,  
 Is plain to all reason and sense,  
 That fate does design,  
 We shall have the *right line*,  
 Though many have been in *suspense*.

Though some have believed,  
 And some misconceived,  
 His courage, and been disappointed ;  
 Yet the sequel will show,  
 That he feared not his foe—  
 Who can hurt great St. Peter's anointed ?

Have you never been told,  
 How Achilles of old,  
 Was plunged in the river of Styx ?  
 The virtue of which water,  
 Preserved him thereafter,  
 From wounds by swords, arrows, or kicks.

This made him so stout,  
 His en'mies to rout,  
 That men were afraid to resist him ;  
 But at last he did feel,  
 A death-wound in the heel,  
 For there only the liquor had missed him.

Our young hero so,  
 That to war he might go,  
 And make without danger much slaughter,  
 His holiness prayed,  
 He secure might be made,  
 By the help of some sanctified water.

“For once, my good son,  
 This thing shall be done,”  
 Says the Father; “but first you must strip you;  
 And then, my dear squire,  
 We both will retire,  
 And in holy tub I will dip you.”

Then he gave a loud bawl,  
 And his servants did call,  
 To bring him a collar of gold;  
 And with it a rope,  
 Which our father the Pope,  
 When he ducked his son Jemmy, might hold.

Round the neck of this king,  
 With the rope in a ring,  
 St. Peter this collar did tie;  
 Then plunged him thrice  
 In this water most nice;  
 O, how our young monarch did sigh!

Now sure of success,  
 He straightway did dress,  
 Then thanking the head of the church,  
 Went to Scotland in speed,  
 To his friends in much need,  
 Who fear'd they'd been left in the lurch.

Now glad they did seem,  
 As if roused from a dream;  
 And when he the tale did disclose,  
 They returned an address,  
 On his joyful success,  
 For so happily beating his foes.

So sure they were on't,  
 As if they had done't,  
 And when they were told that Argyle

Was marching to Perth,  
 They said, with much mirth,  
 They were sure his designs they would spoil.

But one cloudy day,  
 As Mar chanced to stray  
 With his monarch a space from the rest,  
 Of a sudden he cried,  
 "An ill omen I've spied,  
 That foretells we shall sore be distressed.

"Round your royal neck quite,  
 There's a mark very white,  
 Which I fear from the water was kept.  
 Achilles just so,  
 Though 'twas farther below,  
 Was in danger of death"—then they wept.

At length they resolved,  
 Rather than be involved  
 In danger, betimes to retreat ;  
 Which when their friends knew,  
 They all also withdrew,  
 And this the Whigs call a defeat.

Now to those of our party,  
 Who still are so hearty,  
 I say, never fear we shall lose,  
 'Cause for a good reason,  
 Our king at that season,  
 But slipped his neck out of the noose.

But now, like Achilles,  
 The Chevalier's will is,  
 A sanctified army to get him ;  
 And then, Sir, not one,  
 With pistol or gun,  
 Can hurt him, though thousands beset him.

"My friends, then," says he,  
 "Of every degree,  
 Be ready to rise at my call,  
 For when I come o'er,  
 I will leave you no more,  
 But baffle our enemies all."

**The Karee-show.**

ALL loyal men, come zee my vine rary show,  
 Dat you voes vrom your vriends den you truly may know ;  
 In dis box is de vinest zight ever you zaw,  
 Vor it shows all de willains attainted by law.

Virst dere is valse St. John to de life to be zeen,  
 Who to make a base peace did advise de late Queen,  
 His country vor monies de knave did betray,  
 But vor veer ov an halter did zoon run away.  
 Dat woman vine drest he keeps vor his miss,  
 She vill give him de itch, vor de magnum ov bliss ;

Widout she zeems shaint, to cover her zin,  
 But oh ! de damn bish be all devil widin.  
 Zee dere be Shames Butler, who e'er ran in debt,  
 To make him in all his debauch'ries look great ;

Who de French would not vite, and dere, on my word,  
 You may zee how de padlock does hang on his sword.  
 Zee dere is de rebel we once called Mar,  
 Whose head, was it right should be on Temple Bar ;

Zee how like a wagabond Erskine does look,  
 And his vote now does curse, by bell, candle, and book.  
 Zee yonder is Nithsdale, who never was good,  
 What a igure he makes in his long riding-hood !  
 Dat vashion dat now is zo much here in vogue  
 Was de means ov preserving from Marvel a rogue.

Zee dere, zur, dat's Derwentwater, quite dead,  
 Zee under his arm he does carry his head,  
 Had dis traitor ven living but had any grace,  
 His joulter he still had kept on de right place.

Zee dere is anoder rebellious base peer,  
 Who died az he zed, a true Protestant here,  
 But vought vor de bastard, de devil, and Pope,  
 Vor which he deserved not an axe but a rope.

Zee dere de Pretender dat zon of a———,  
 Whom none but de mob and de strumpets adore,

Zee how he does zit with vinger in eye,  
 And would vor a kingdom not vite, zur, but cry.  
 Is not dis a knot of willains, I pray,  
 Who will not deir lawvul zovereign obey ?  
 But ven dey're all hanged, King George he zhall reign,  
 De dewices ov rebels zhall all prove in wain.

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### The Raree-show.

HERE be de var pratty zhow vrom Lorrain just brought over ;  
 'Tis bot tragick and comic de machine vill discover.

O raree zhow, &c.

Den vurst me present you vid von var pratty ting,  
 De bricklayer's zon personating ov de King.

O raree zhow, &c.

Now look on de left hand, and dat vill disclose,  
 His last brave campaign, and how he dealt vid his voes.

O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de Ormond and Mar dat attend him in ztate,  
 Who ven dey do crown him sall be made vary great.

O raree zhow, &c.

Here be all de rebels in Newgate and de Tower,  
 Staring von at denoder most damnably zour.

O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de tory, *incog.* stand trembling vor veear,  
 De rebels dat impeach make de treasons appear.

O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de shaints to be zeen who lately died martyrs,  
 And we zoon will have more made by Shack Ketch's garters.

O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de ten tousand tory, vor King George vid all deir heart,  
 Yet curse all who wish to his voes deir desert.

O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de cabal or de shesuits, taking var great pain,  
 To shtir up more vool to a shecond campaign.

O raree zhow, &c.



And here be de var pratty ting to crown deir endeavour,  
 A triangular trees, and a halters most clever.  
 O raree zhow, &c.

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### The right and true History of Perkin.

TUNE.—“O, London is a fine town.”

YE whigs, and eke ye tories, give ear to what I sing,  
 For it is about the Chevalier, that silly would-be king :  
 He boasts of his nobility, and when his race began,  
 Though his arms they are two trowels, and his crest a warming-pan.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 When first he came to Scotland, in our dear sister's reign,  
 He looked, but did not like the land, and so went home again.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 Soon after, our dear sister did make a peace with France,  
 And then the Perkinites did laugh to see the devil dance.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 And then to please the growling whigs, who could not Perkin brook,  
 The slim young man was sent to graze as far as *Bar-le-duc*.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 But yet when D'Aumont hither came, to tie the league full close,  
 Young Perkin tarried at Lorraine, or came to Som'rset-house.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 The Lords then did address the Queen to do what she denied,  
 Until St. Patrick and the prig were safe on t'other side.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 Then came a proclamation out to give five thousand pound,  
 To any one who Perkin took upon the English ground.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 Soon after *Semper Eadem* this mortal life departs,  
 Which thing almost broke Chevalier's and *bona fide*'s hearts.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 The royal George of Hanover to happy Britain comes,  
 With joyful noise upon the Thames of trumpets and of drums.

Ye whigs, &c.

The traitorous tory tools then did cringe to seek for grace,  
And swore to be most loyal lads if they were kept in place.

Ye whigs, &c.

But when the leaders found the King their treason did espy,  
Away with speed they fled to France, the traitor's sanctuary.

Ye whigs, &c.

This made the high-priest cry aloud the danger of the church,  
Because those pillars from her slipt, and left her in the lurch.

Ye whigs, &c.

Then Bungy and his gang harangued the senseless mob to win 'em,  
And roused 'em up to serve the Lord, as if the de'il was in 'em.

Ye whigs, &c.

The listed thieves, and jail-birds, and rogues of every town,  
The ladies chaste of Drury-Lane, and the whore of Babylon.

Ye whigs, &c.

Depending on this pious crew of non-resisting saints,  
They thought by plundering of the whigs to make up all their wants.

Ye whigs, &c.

Then to begin the show, Lord Mar, that never was upright,  
To summon all his bagpipe-men to Scotland took his flight.

Ye whigs, &c.

He sent his bailie jockey round, to summon all his clans,  
With a concert of bagpipes—it should've been warming-pans.

Ye whigs, &c.

He told 'em they might all for mighty honours look,  
For he that was before a lord was now become a duke.

Ye whigs, &c.

They all, he said, should great men be, which was the way to  
win 'em,

So he got a troop of captains all and scarce a soldier in 'em.

Ye whigs, &c.

And finding thus his numbers great, he sent a brigadier  
To join a band of fox-hunters that were near Lancashire.

Ye whigs, &c.

These marched into Preston town the women for to frighten,  
And there they showed their talent lay in marching not in fighting.

Ye whigs, &c.  
They challenged General Carpenter to run with them a race,  
And troth they beat him out and out, he could not keep 'em pace.

Ye whigs, &c.  
But Wills, with expeditious march, these footpads did surround,  
And then they looked like harmless sheep cooped up within a pound.

Ye whigs, &c.  
Then Forster got a posset, and gave his priest the tythe,  
But posset could not make the priest or general look blythe.

Ye whigs, &c.  
Then Forster and his perjured crew surrendered prisoners,  
And shewed they were no whigs, for they did not delight in wars.

Ye whigs, &c.  
Then as they marched to London, oh, 'twas a gallant show !  
The whigs bid the music play, "Traitors all a-row."

Ye whigs, &c.  
About this time the said Lord Mar, depending on his numbers,  
Marched up against the brave Argyle, and thought to bring him under.

Ye whigs, &c.  
But though he had full four to one, which you must say is odds,  
Of Highland loons dressed dreadfully, with bonnets, durks, and plaids ;

Ye whigs, &c.  
Yet bold Argyle, with Britons brave, engaged him near Dumblane,  
And soon with loss made him retire much faster than he came.

Ye whigs, &c.  
Then Mar, sent to the Chevalier, to hasten o'er to Scoon,  
And said, he should not want a crown, though alewives pawned their spoon.

Ye whigs, &c.  
But Mar's design was plainly, when next they went to fight,  
Only to show a dismal thing, which would like Death's head fright.

Ye whigs, &c.  
At length the pale-faced hero came, and like an owler lands,  
Indeed he had much reason, for the goods were contraband.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 As soon as he arrived, a Scottish ague took him,  
 And though he swallowed Jesuits' bark, good lady ! how it shook  
 him !

Ye whigs, &c.  
 The non-resisting damsels believed the omen bad,  
 When at first speech the baby cried, which made his council mad.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 But when he heard Argyle approached with army in array,  
 As Perkin came in like a thief, again he stole away.

Ye whigs, &c.  
 So there's an end of Perkin, and thus I end my lays,  
 With God preserve our glorious George and all his royal race.

### High Church Loyalty.

TUNE.—“Windsor Terrace.”

DONNA in qualms sent Abb her drab for ease,  
 And Hermodactyl knew the knack well,  
 Patient how to please :  
 “ Ah, Dame ! ” quoth he, “ I know where lies your grief ;  
 ’Tis knaves and fools, those Popish tools,  
 Must give your heart relief.”  
 Soon a pack was chose, all constitution’s foes,  
 Of quacks and squinnies, rakes and ninnies,  
 Green and grizled beaux ;  
 Straight this Gallic brood, with all the speed they could,  
 Tight Sunderland did first disband,  
 With all wise, brave, and good.  
 Ormond, put in for Marlborough the great,  
 Made us to dance a march of France,  
 To Ghent a base retreat.  
 Peace, crude and vile, by Plenipoes was made,  
 Gave up the gains of ten campaigns,  
 And all our friends betrayed :  
 Councils rough and raw, our constitution’s awe,  
 When tools a dozen, choice and chosen,  
 Villains screen from law.  
 George’s right they try to sap or set it by,  
 And to Pretender would surrender  
 Crown and property.

But Donna died ; when all these sparks of might,  
 With Trojans, came in for proclaiming  
 George's royal right.  
 Traitors and tools with Britons brave addrest ;  
 Dark Simon, and bold Harry Gamboll  
 Signed it with the rest.  
 Nature soon took place of loyalty and grace,  
 And every sorry Tory-rory  
 Shewed his native face.  
 Each way, far and near, rebellions soon appear ;  
 In mobs, disquiets, tumults, riots,  
 Treasons every where.

High Church they cry, but truth and peace despise,  
 Whereby 'tis plain they nothing mean  
 But treason in disguise.  
 What Church, but Rome's, did treason e'er advance,  
 By shams and lies, base calumnies,  
 Blind zeal and ignorance ?  
 Hal and Scamoney their false apostles be,  
 Who teach them faction, foul detraction,  
 Fraud and perjury.  
 Those who keep the road, such graceless guides have shewed,  
 May come to swing in hempen string,  
 And die as rebels should.

Britons, beware of wolves in shepherds' dress,  
 With indefeazible they tease  
 The pulpit and the press.  
 Loudly they bawl, " Hereditary right,"  
 Extend the weason to vent treason,  
 Hellish rage and spight.  
 Jesuit like they thus canting preach and pray,  
 For true submission teach sedition,  
 When they bear not sway,  
 Rank for monarchy, yet rightful kings defy,  
 With sword and pistol do resist all  
 Lawful majesty.

Tories, no more your passive doctrines teach ;  
 For still your practice plain in fact is,  
 Nothing what you teach.  
 Preston and Perth your loyalty have cleared,  
 And on the plain near to Dumblane,  
 Your will and skill appeared.



Forster was the man this perjured prank began,  
 And rebels come at beat of drum,  
     Which was a warming-pan.  
 Mar, that perjured loun, displayed his banner soon,  
 And doughty Gordon, durk and sword on,  
     Then commenced dragoon.

Soon Forster fled with all his coward crew,  
 Whilst Carpenter pursued them where-  
     Soe'er the wretches flew ;  
 O'er Tweed they past, and o'er again in haste,  
 By Wills we met and hard beset  
     In Preston proud at last.  
 Thus they flee the field, and then as basely yield,  
 And at discretion, pay submission,  
     Rather than be killed.  
 Thence to London some o' the chiefs in triumph come ;  
 Each with a centry made his entry,  
     Here to meet their doom.

Argyle advanced from Stirling towards Scoon,  
 But Perkin's rogues with plaids and brogues,  
     Ere he came nigh were gone.  
 Each mother's bairn on scampered to Montrose,  
 While bold Cadagon fast did jog on  
     At their heels close :  
 Mar and Chevalier, o'erwhelmed with panic fear,  
 Met there by chance a bark from France,  
     And they on board her steer.  
 Ordering every clan till Aberdeen to gang,  
 But how'll they'll like this parting trick,  
     You'se understand ere lang.

---

### The Battle of Dumblane.

At the battle of Dumblane,  
 Where ye know it was true,  
 That Mar had many men,  
     And the Duke had very few,  
 But the cause it was good,  
     And I tell you true,  
 Heaven fought for Argyle to a wonder.

O but the clans,  
 They were fierce and fell,  
 And O but their deeds,  
 Nae tongue can tell ;  
 But the brave Argyle,  
 He bore aye the bell,  
 Heaven fought for Argyle to a wonder.  
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**The Ape entrapped must not complain.**

THE ape entrapped must not complain,  
 Since he, forsooth, as king would reign ;  
 And why should Perkin then disdain  
 The ape's lot to inherit ?  
 A cap he may have from the Pope,  
 But from old England he must hope  
 For nought, unless it be a rope,  
 Which he does richly merit.

Well then, adieu, thou empty thing,  
 We have a rightful, gracious king,  
 Whose praises we will ever sing,  
 With mirth and glee unfeigned ;  
 A prince he is, of such renown,  
 His real worth deserves a crown,  
 For a greater hero ne'er was known,  
 Whose honour ha'n't been stained.

Our British annals speak at large,  
 Of wondrous things done by St. George,  
 In rescuing of a beauteous charge,  
 This, this we justly brag on ;  
 The valiant and illustrious knight  
 Did with undaunted courage fight,  
 Brought off the fair, and slew outright,  
 A huge, unwieldy dragon.

But th' dragon of a scarlet red,  
 With ten sharp horns and seven-fold head,  
 Whose fury potent princes dread,  
 Our glorious king shall conquer.  
 And then more truly we may say,  
 Our British George did bravely slay  
 The dragon famed for bloody prey,  
 Which for our lives did hanker.

Our monarch's praise by this shall roll,  
 More swift than shot from pole to pole ;  
 No earthly prince shall him control,  
     But beg his kind assistance,  
 Rome, long with fatal errors lost,  
 Shall find its curst designs all crost,  
 It never more shall us accost,  
     Or make the least resistance.

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### **In troth, friend Harry.**

In troth, friend Harry, I can't but be merry,  
     To see such chopping and changing of late,  
 If Whigs did teaze ye, came Tories to please ye.  
     And stop the holes had been made in the State.  
     But at the death of the Queen it was so tore,  
     They straight did patch it by twenty-four,  
     All able State menders as ever were known,  
 Who kept it still tight to the Hanover right,  
     And plac'd George on the British throne.

Now he's defender, we dread no pretender,  
     Our State is safe, and our Church out of fear.  
 If ought annoy us, King George will stand by us,  
     And make them know that he's master here :  
     Should Dr. Bungy but offer once more  
     To preach such stuff as he did before,  
     He'll have his deserts, and in halter shall swing  
 As high as his steeple, to show to the people,  
     We are ruled by a just good king.

Domestic traitors, and foreign abëttors,  
     Their empty tricks and their schemes may give o'er ;  
 We find, on trial, the nation is loyal,  
     Except some few whom we'll trust no more.  
     French gold shall cease to be sent to our isle,  
     And Gallic counsels no more shall beguile,  
     Our faithful allies will our happiness crown,  
 And join, when 'tis fitting, with every true Briton,  
     To pull the French regent down.

Whilst we have wealth let us drink the king's health,  
     His great wisdom soon will supply us with more ;  
 Our laws he'll nourish, our trade make to flourish,  
     And we hereafter shall never be poor :

Be long his reign, and attended with peace,  
 To monarch's glory and subjects' ease,  
 And when divine wisdom will have him resign,  
 May the hero his son rule as he had done,  
 And leave us a ne'er failing line.

### Perkin's Last Adventure: or, a Trip through the Back-Door.

TUNE—"Moll Peatly," or "Gillian of Croydon."

DECEMBER last in frosty weather,  
 A champion did to Scotland come,  
 He summoned all his wights together,  
 And taught 'em to move by beat of drum.  
 There was perjured Mar, at the head  
 Of many a Highland lad,  
 Resolved in fight to shew their bravery,  
 Full of knavery,  
 Ripe for slavery,  
*Jure divino* mad.

Each bonny lad must leave his mother,  
 And out with his sword and target go,  
 They needs must march to meet one another,  
 The Laird of the Manor would have it so ;  
 For Jemmy was coming o'er sea,  
 The King of Great Britain to be,  
 And all must fight that have any hope  
 Of a bull from the Pope,  
 Or reprieve from the rope,  
 Since Jemmy the King must be.

This news alarms the Lancashire witches,  
 And passive obedience fired their blood ;  
 Each honest Tory's finger itches  
 To fight for his King and his Country's good.  
 Accoutrements straight they provide,  
 Then to horse, and away they must ride,  
 For General Forster gave his opinion,  
 The King his dominion  
 Would surely win, and  
 That he'd be a saint that died.

The West, who loyalty ever pretended  
 To England's monarchy, Church and State,

In perfect allegiance now intended  
 To deprive the true heir of his just estate.  
 Will Wildfire in ambuscade  
 A combustible train had laid,  
 Whereby he might purge the constitution  
 From pollution,  
 Then to push on  
 The hereditary blade.

But while the weaker heads were plotting,  
 A wiser council secret sate ;  
 They found the brogues and rogues were jogging,  
 And sent Argyle to seal their fate ;  
 While he, without fear or dread,  
 Some thousands of loyalists led,  
 And attacked the sham general at Dumblane,  
 Where on the plain,  
 The cause was slain,  
 And all the party fled.

While mountebank like, who is going to tumble,  
 Turns back and laughs at the gaping fools ;  
 The puppet came over, did weep and grumble,  
 To find such a parcel of useless tools :  
 Quoth he, " I'll not stay on the shore,  
 My person is sacred all o'er,  
 I think, cousin Mar, 'tis best you and I  
 Should go off by the bye ;  
 What, if thousands die ?  
 We're safe, and we care for no more."

The General's gone, and the army is routed,  
 The injured subjects " Justice," cry ;  
 The throne is possessed by the heir undoubted,  
 Cadogan pursues, and the rebels fly.  
 Then, Britain, burst out with applause,  
 Of him that has carried the cause ;  
 And let your tuneful voices sing  
 To George our King,  
 And despise the Thing  
 That would have crept through our laws.

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### **The latter end of the Tories.**

SINCE the Tories could not fight,  
 And their master took his flight,  
 They labour to keep up their faction,



With a bough and a stick,  
And a stone and a brick,  
They equip their roaring crew for action.

Thus in battle array,  
At the close of the day,  
After wisely debating their grave plot,  
Upon windows and stall  
They courageously fall,  
And boast a great victory they have got.

But, alas ! silly boys,  
For all their mighty noise  
Of their " High Church," and " Ormond for ever !"  
A brave Whig with one hand,  
At George's command,  
Can make their mightiest hero to quiver.

For the Devil and Jack  
Do attend at their back,  
With a strong noose and a fiery fiend,  
To carry them away,  
As their own proper prey,  
And thus the Tory faction shall end.

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### A Trip to the Mountains.

UNABLE now the sword to wield,  
Or in fair fight to keep the field,  
False Mar is marching to Dunkeld.  
What means so many a barricade,  
Which to secure his flight is made,  
Since destiny has no blockade ?

His famished troops, I know, will pine,  
And look, ere long, like Pharaoh's kine,  
For all his mealy magazine.  
Dumblane has put him in distress ;  
His danger now is not the less,  
From Elgin and from Inverness.

Each rebel clan shall lose a head,  
In murder and in plunder bred,  
For Forfar's blood so basely shed,  
Whilst S——r in allegiance reels,  
Huntly and Seaforth take to heels,  
And Mar to the next seaport steals.

### Nobody can deny.

WHAT a pother is hear, what whining, what crying,  
 What bawling for mercy, what raving, what lying,  
 'Cause they had their deserts who spoke treason when dying ?  
     Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

But though they ne'er so much mischief intend,  
 The King out of mercy should have been their friend ;  
 Then his Protestant government soon would have end.  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

They mercy did merit, because they confessed  
 To rebel for a Popish imposter was best,  
 Which shews how sincere they repentance expressed.  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

This plainly discovers, that those who with art  
 The ministry censure by taking their part,  
 Have, under this mask, the same traitorous heart.  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

The seeds of this mischief, sent over from France,  
 Were louisdores, wine, brocades, and rich Nantz,  
 Which made Bungy trumpet, and High-Churchmen dance ;  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now a treaty's on foot, and peace, peace was the word,  
 What Marlborough had won was most kindly restored ;  
 And who but dear brother and sister, good Lord !  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

At last came D'Aumont, and, to shew his devoir,  
 Behind his state-coach placed the Queen in a chair,  
 And, to add to the jest, brought young Jemmy to see her.  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

This first happy interview had you but seen,  
 What joy and what grief was these great ones between,  
 You'd sure love the mem'ry of so gracious a Queen.  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

Thus merrily matters went on for a while,  
 But death, cruel death, all their hopes did beguile,  
 Which made 'em all sad, but made Protestants smile.  
     Which nobody can deny, &c.

What has happ'd this bless'd reign I need not here tell,  
 How villains for nothing at all did rebel,  
 And what ill fate poor Perkin and 's scoundrels befell.  
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Yet they still made a bawling without power or hope,  
 Being furnished with nonsense from priests of the Pope,  
 And ne'er will be quiet till stopped with a rope.  
 Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

### ❶ Brother Sandie, hear ye the News.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

O BROTHER Sandie, hear ye the news ?  
 Lillibulero, bullen a la,  
 An army's just coming without any shoes,  
 Lillibulero, bullen a la.  
 To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms ;  
 A true British cause for your courage doth ca' ;  
 Court, country, and city, against a banditti,  
 Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The Pope sends us over a bonnie young lad, &c.  
 Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid, &c.  
 To arms, &c.

A Protestant church from Rome doth advance,  
 And, what is more rare, brings freedom from France.  
 To arms, &c.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,  
 He brings Highland money to pay British debt.  
 To arms, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country affords,  
 Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad-swords.  
 To arms, &c.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,  
 Lillibulero, bullen a la.  
 For who once is thus paid will never want more,  
 Lillibulero, bullen a la.  
 To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms ;  
 A true British cause for your courage doth ca' ;  
 Court, country, and city, against a banditti,  
 Lillibulero, bullen a la.

**Ye Freeborn Hearts, that hold most dear.**

YE freeborn hearts, that hold most dear  
 Your rights source of content,  
 Of praise, in song, all cheerful rear  
 To George a monument ;  
 To George, of faithless France and Spain,  
 Our bitterest foes the dread ;  
 Of all who freedom's cause maintain,  
 Himself th' enlivening head.

What tho' some bear the glittering names  
 Of Great and Christian both ;  
 To Cath'lic others urge their claims,  
 Their claims of spurious growth.  
 What tho' they boast of wide domains,  
 Of boundless sway and might ;  
 They're senseless sounds where bondage reigns,  
 And joyless as the night.

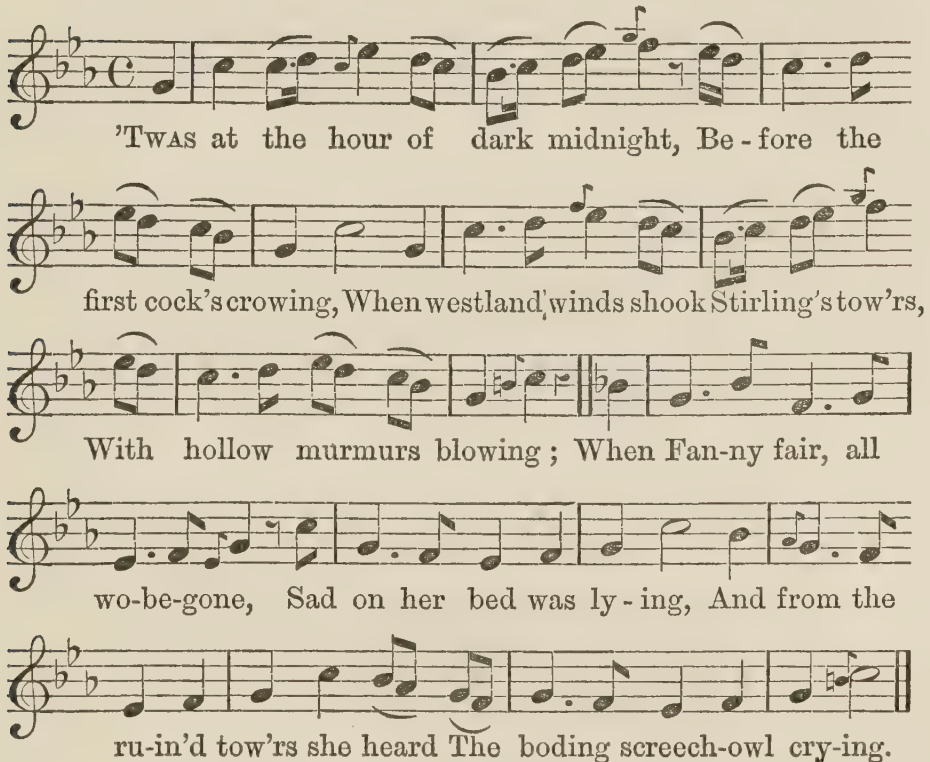
To George, whose soul disdains the thought  
 Of tyranny and wrong,  
 Whose actions are, with goodness fraught,  
 The theme of grateful song :  
 Bright reason's laws who first obeys,  
 Resistless rules our hearts ;  
 Our faith defends, his power displays,  
 To check ambition's arts.

'Tis he is great, has all the names  
 That vainly those betray ;  
 His due to boast of wide domains,  
 Of might and boundless sway.  
 While thus his reign no partial views,  
 His breast no rage disdains ;  
 Whilst his are all the claims that choose  
 Mild reason's easy chains.

On George may Heaven increase its smiles,  
 Success his labours crown ;  
 In peace may he possess these isles,  
 And hourly gain renown.  
 May sense of right, and solid bliss,  
 Move generous hearts to sing,  
 In duteous homage justly his,  
 God prosper George our King.

## 'Twas at the Hour of dark Midnight.

Written on the Death of COLONEL GARDINER at the Battle of Prestonpans, in 1745,  
by SIR GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto.



'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Be-fore the  
first cock's crowing, When westland' winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,  
With hollow murmurs blowing ; When Fan-ny fair, all  
wo-be-gone, Sad on her bed was ly-ing, And from the  
ru-in'd tow'rs she heard The boding screech-owl cry-ing.

“ O dismal night !” she said, and wept ;  
“ O night presaging sorrow !  
O dismal night !” she said, and wept,  
“ But more I dread to-morrow.  
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
Each host to Preston bending ;  
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,  
With deadly hate contending.

“ Even in the visions of the night,  
I saw fell death wide sweeping ;  
And all the matrons of the land,  
And all the virgins weeping.”



And now she heard the massy gates,  
 Harsh on their hinges turning ; -  
 And now through all the castle heard,  
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,  
 The fatal tidings dreading :—  
 “ O speak ! ” she cried, “ my father’s slain !  
 I see, I see him bleeding ! ”—  
 “ A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
 At morn, fair maid, I left him ;  
 Even at the threshold of his gate  
 The foe of life bereft him.

“ Bold in the battle’s front he fell,  
 With many a wound deformed ;—  
 A braver knight, nor better man,  
 This fair isle ne’er adorned.”—  
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid  
 A deadly swoon invaded ;  
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,  
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,  
 And sad was our complaining ;  
 But oh ! for thee, my native land,  
 What woes are still remaining !  
 But why complain ? the hero’s soul  
 Is high in heaven shining :  
 May providence defend our isle,  
 From all our foes designing.

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### **Haud awa frae me, Donald.**

HAUD awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald,  
 Your principles I do abhor ;  
 No Jacobites for me, Donald.  
 Passive obedience I do hate,  
 And tyranny I flee, Donald ;  
 Nor can I think to be a slave,  
 When now I can be free, Donald.

Your king, with all his right divine,  
 Claims you as property, Donald ;  
 And you, upon that very plan,  
 Will do the same by me, Donald ;  
 For all the promises you made,  
 I would not give a fig, Donald ;  
 For every woman, you must know,  
 Is at her heart a whig, Donald.

Even Highland Maggie, though she's bred  
 Up under tyranny, Donald,  
 No sooner you her rights invade,  
 Than she'll a rebel be, Donald.  
 For all that you can say or do,  
 I'll never change my mind, Donald ;  
 Your king takes so much of your heart,  
 To me you'll ne'er be kind, Donald.

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### **Fame, let thy Trumpet sound.**

For the Air, see Song XXIV. of this Vol.

FAME, let thy trumpet sound,  
 Tell all the world around,  
 Great George is king :  
 Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,  
 Britannia scorns their chain ;  
 All their vile arts are vain,  
 Great George is king.

May Heav'n his life defend,  
 And make his race extend  
 Wide as his fame.  
 Thy choicest blessings shed  
 On his most sacred head,  
 And make his foes to dread,  
 Great George's name.

He peace and plenty brings,  
 While Rome's deluded kings  
 Waste and destroy.  
 Then let his people sing,  
 Long live great George our king,  
 From whom such blessings spring,  
 Freedom and joy.

O, grant that Cumberland !  
 May, by God's mighty hand,  
     Make our foes fall.  
 From foreign slavery,  
 Priests and their knavery,  
 And Popish revery,  
     God save us all !

---

### Over the Hills and far away.

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

FROM barren Caledonian lands,  
 Where rapine uncontrouled commands,  
 The rebel clans in search of prey,  
 Came over the hills and far away.  
 Over the hills and far away,  
 Over the hills and far away,  
 The rebel clans, in search of prey,  
 Came over the hills and far away.

Regardless whether wrong or right,  
 For booty, not for fame, they fight ;  
 Banditti-like, they storm, they slay,  
 They plunder, rob, and run away.  
     Over the hills, &c.

With them a vain pretender came,  
 And perjured traitors, dupes to Rome,  
 Resolved all, without delay,  
 To conquer, die, or run away.  
     Over the hills, &c.

Though Popish priests among us rule,  
 Each weak, deceived, believing fool,  
 When justice shall her sword display,  
 She'll drive these locusts far away.  
     Over the hills, &c.

Let Britons, firm in freedom's cause,  
 Assist our rights, support our laws,  
 Defend our faith, our king obey,  
 And treason shall soon lose its sway.  
     Over the hills, &c.

Our sons of war, with martial flame,  
Shall bravely merit lasting fame ;  
Great George shall Britain's sceptre sway,  
Over the hills, &c.

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### **Stand round, my brave Boys.**

For the Air, see Song XLI. of Vol. I.

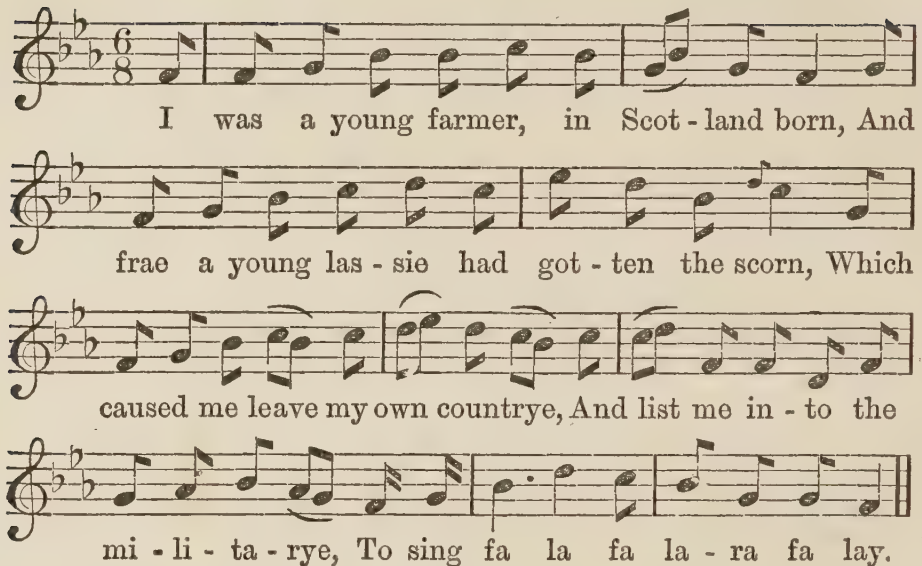
STAND round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,  
And all in full chorus agree ;  
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,  
And let the world know we'll be free.  
The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,  
And echo shall victory ring ;  
While secure from alarms, we will rest on our arms,  
And chorus it, "Long live the King."

With hearts firm and stout, we'll repel the bold rout,  
And follow fair liberty's call ;  
We'll rush on our foe, and deal death in each blow,  
Till conquest and honour crown all.  
The rebels shall fly, &c.

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our shore,  
And plenty and peace bless the isle ;  
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,  
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.  
The rebels shall fly, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,  
And melt us to softer alarms ;  
Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,  
And bless the brave youth in her arms.  
The rebels shall fly, &c.

### The Battle of Falkirk.



I was a young farmer, in Scot-land born, And  
 frae a young las-sie had got-ten the scorn, Which  
 caused me leave my own countrie, And list me in - to the  
 mi - li - ta - rye, To sing fa la fa la - ra fa lay.

There was an old serjeant from England came down,  
 To list on young rogues by the took of the drum ;  
 He proffered me gold, and away I did go  
 To fight with the French and the Spaniards also.  
 With my fa la fa lara fa lay.

And now to Scotland again I am come,  
 To fight with the rebel pretender of Rome,  
 And on Falkirk moor, in the time of a shower,  
 So hot an engagement I ne'er did endure,  
 With my fa la fa lara fa lay.

I believe that old Lucky was present there,  
 Or him that is called the Prince of the Air ;  
 For the wind and the rain against us arose  
 That moment we went to encounter our foes.  
 With our fa la fa lara fa lay.

Our horsemen they fired and turned their back,  
 The rebels they fired crack for crack,  
 But the Glasgow militia they gave a platoon,  
 Which made the bold rebels come tumbling down,  
 With their fa la fa lara fa lay.



Five platoons we gave in their face,  
Which beat the bravest out of his place ;  
If Hawley had rallied and come to his stance,  
We had beat our foes to death and to France,  
With their fa la fa lara fa lay.

To Edinburgh then we posted in haste,  
For fear that the rebels had gone to the east,  
And we in Falkirk, if they had gone there,  
We had been ashamed for evermair,  
With our fa la fa lara fa lay.

The Highlander hash cried " Victory" then,  
On Falkirk moor, while stripping the slain,  
Though many who were on the field can tell,  
How for one of our men two rebels there fell ;  
With their fa la fa lara fa lay.

Now I've been a soldier these years seventeen,  
A drop of my blood was there never yet seen ;  
I have beat the French by land and by sea,  
And I never have gotten a wound upon me.  
With my fa la fa lara fa lay.

## Our Glasses charge high, 'tis in brave William's Praise.

TUNE.—" Lillibulero."

FROM scourging rebellion, and baffling proud France,  
Crowned with laurels, behold British William advance !  
His triumph to grace, and distinguish the day,  
The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.  
Your glasses charge high, 'tis in brave William's praise,  
In praise, in praise, 'tis in brave William's praise ;  
To his glory your voices, to his glory your voices,  
To his glory your voices and instruments raise.

Whilst in pleasure's soft arms others courted repose,  
Our hero flew forth though the streams round him froze ;  
To shield us from rebels all dangers defied,  
And would conquer or die by famed liberty's side.  
Your glasses, &c.

In his train see sweet peace, fairest child of the sky,  
 Every bliss in her smile, every charm in her eye ;  
 Whilst the worst foe to man, that dire fiend civil war,  
 Gnashing horrid her teeth, comes fast bound to her car.  
 Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant, who, lured by false fame,  
 To satiate his pride, sets the world in a flame !  
 How glorious our king, whose beneficent mind  
 Makes true grandeur consist in protecting mankind !  
 Your glasses, &c.

Ye warriors, on whom we due honours bestow,  
 O think on the source whence our late evils flow'd,  
 Commanded by William, strike next at the Gaul,  
 And fix those in chains who would Britons enthrall.  
 Your glasses, &c.

### **Come, let the Toast go round.**

For the Air, see Song XXIV. of this Vol.

COME let the toast go round,  
 Let mirth and joy abound,  
 Let's drink and sing,  
 To George, whose gentle sway  
 Blessings bestows each day,  
 Whom brave and free obey,  
 Father and king.

To Fred'rick next we fill,  
 Humane and bountiful,  
 Peaceful and good ;  
 To William's glorious name,  
 From whom deliv'rance came,  
 Europe thy martial fame,  
 Proclaims aloud.

To Nassau's loved memory,  
 Sacred to liberty,  
 Great's thy desert ;  
 Holland, when sunk, thou saved,  
 Britain, when nigh enslaved,  
 Deep be thy fame engraved  
 On ev'ry heart.

To all our brave allies,  
 Freedom who justly prize,  
     Honour and laws ;  
 To friends at sea and land,  
 And the whole patriot band,  
 Who made a gallant stand  
     In Europe's cause.

Shame to our country's foes,  
 Frenchified fools and those  
     Who wish our thrall.  
 From France, and Jacobites,  
 Rome, and her Pagan rites,  
 Smooth knaves, and hypocrites,  
     God save us all !

### **Few good fellows when Willie's awa.**

TUNE.—“There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.”—See Song  
 XXXVIII. Vol I.

With masses and pardons for ages to come,  
 With thousands of crosses, the blessings of Rome,  
 With armies of promises, Gallic and stout,  
 Young Tartan, full-fraughted and cheery sets out.  
     How few good fellows when Willie's awa,  
     Owre few good fellows when Willie's awa,  
     For Cope, Wade, and Hawley, their share is but sma',  
     But Willie's the flower an' the wale o' them a'.

Then landing in Moidart, a favourite den,  
 By seven attended, no Greeks ye may ken ;  
 He nibbled at Britain, as did his papa,  
 But weel kend the mouse that the cat was awa.  
     How few good fellows, &c.

A herd of intractable savages rose,  
 Who yet by their chieftains are led by the nose,  
 Down by Corrieyarrack wi' Charlie they go,  
 Fit place for an early and finishing blow.  
     How few good fellows, &c.

But Cope's schemes, both here and at Preston decline,  
 By marching the circle, and not the straight line ;

The best were fatigued, and the rest were but raw,  
Great Gard'ner fell bravely while Will was awa.  
How few good fellows, &c.

Puffed up wi' this trifle, the youngster holds on,  
A crown or a coffin, th' extremes to be won ;  
But finding at Derby a dangerous mire,  
Without crown or coffin did bravely retire.  
How few good fellows, &c.

What hurry ! what running ! the terror so great,  
The royal youth's coming that wings the retreat,  
But Wade was—I know not what—deep was the snaw,  
An' but few good fellows, when Willie's awa.  
How few good fellows, &c.

Old Blackney proved hard for the young cavalier ;  
Thy conduct, bold Husk, at Falkirk did appear ;  
But there even Hawley's renown had its flaws,  
While Monro the true blue lost his life in the cause.  
How few good fellows, &c.

But lo ! our young hero, the soul of our isle,  
His approach blasts the weeds that cumber the soil ;  
Fair liberty smiles while the rout stands in awe,  
And Stirling's abandoned ere Willie they saw.  
How few good fellows, &c.

As great Nassau the Boyne, brave Cumberland's sword  
Has dinted Culloden in deathless record ;  
The fifteenth of April his birth graced our land,  
The rebels next day felt the weight of his hand.  
How few good fellows, &c.

Thus the pupil of Rome, and bugbear of France,  
And all his adherents have led a fine dance :  
Still so may they prosper that are at such pains  
To barter their freedom for slavery and chains.  
How few good fellows, &c.

## Ye Britons, ye Freemen.

For the Air, see Song XX. Vol. I.

YE Britons, ye freemen, ye Protestants come,  
And ponder a while on the kindness of Rome,  
So bent on converting this heretic nation,  
No plot is neglected may serve this occasion.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

In the days of Eliza you know 'twas their scope,  
With Armada, invincible dubbed by the Pope,  
With gibbets, priests, chains, beads, relics, and bulls,  
To shackle our hands, and enlighten our skulls.

Derry down, &c.

They fancied her successors slack in their cause,  
Tho' some thought he valued it more than his laws ;  
But, to shew they for none but staunch Catholics care,  
They plot king and peers to blow up in the air.

Derry down, &c.

In a series of monarchs who followed, 'tis known,  
How they strove to new-model the church and the throne ;  
How zealous was James, and how fierce his career,  
Who ventured his crown to set up Peter's chair.

Derry down, &c.

A Protestant reign from this era takes place,  
The rubbish removed, a tyrannical race ;  
Our freedom both corp'ral and mental begins,  
And Britons, 'tis thought, will now die in those sins.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas glorious King William this standard that raised,  
With annual delight be his memory praised ;  
And now Popish champions have nothing to hope,  
But their projects to crown with an ax or a rope.

Derry down, &c.

For proof, turn your thoughts back to *anno* fifteen,  
When Perkin must needs be for changing the scene ;  
But soon disappointed, from Scotland he banded,  
And his tools left behind, to be headed or hanged.

Derry down, &c.



The recent exploits of his Charlie make known,  
 Who vowed to achieve or a coffin or crown ;  
 But baulked of the last from the first see him flee,  
 That he leaves to his friends, with the scaffold and tree.  
     Derry down, &c.

Ye desp'rate adherers to Rome's triple crown,  
 To vex obstinate Britons we pray let alone ;  
 Your pains to convert and enslave you may spare,  
 For we think ourselves much better off as we are.  
     Derry down, down, down, derry down.

### Willie is a warlike Prince.

TUNE.—“Willie was a wanton wag.”

OUR Willie is a warlike prince,  
     The bravest hero e'er ye saw,  
 In martial fields he nobly dares,  
     And justly bears the gree awa.  
 His coat is of the scarlet red,  
     An' O but Willie he looks braw,  
 An' at his side he wears a sword,  
     An' briskly wields it best of a'.  
 An' isna Willie weel worth gowd,  
     For coming down to save us a' ?  
 The nation's praise is right bestowed,  
     When Willie he enjoys it a'.  
 He freed us from a foreign yoke,  
     An' rebel clans has chased awa,  
 Where Charlie thought to win a crown,  
     He's gi'en him a cauld coal to blaw.  
 Now he may gang hame to his dad,  
     An' tell his vict'ries ane an' a',  
 An' bravely boast when Willie came,  
     He turned his back an' ran awa.  
 In vain shall France and Rome attempt,  
     To send their tool to rule us a' ;  
 While Willie lives our troops to head,  
     They'll ay be sure to get a claw.

For he has baulked their black designs,  
 An' has our rights recovered a' ;  
 Lang may he thrive to be their scourge,  
 An' disappoint their projects a'.  
 Charlie may mourn Culloden muir,  
 Where a' his stoutest friends did fa' ;  
 An' he stood safely in the rear,  
 Among the first to rin awa.

Unlike our Willie, who in front  
 Of the first rank did boldly stand,  
 An' greatly risked his royal life,  
 To serve his king, an' save the land.  
 As lang as Scottish bards draw breath,  
 The British hero they shall sing ;  
 As lang as fame her trump can blaw,  
 His praise through distant lands shall ring.

### **Up an' waur them a', Willie.**

For the Air, see Song V. of this Vol.

Now tune your pipe, and dance your fill,  
 Wi' mirth an' meikle glee, laddie,  
 For Cumberland is now come down  
 Frae Rome to let us free, laddie.  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 Thou'st done thy best to come in haste,  
 To save us ane an' a', Willie.

That day I saw him pass the Tweed,  
 When ilk ane ran for joy, laddie,  
 With loud huzzas frae gratefu' hearts,  
 To greet the darling boy, laddie.  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 Fair fa' the lad that fears nae skaith  
 'Mang dales an' hills o' snaw, Willie.

Like as the glorious sun dispels  
 The mist an' morning dew, laddie,  
 As soon as Willie graced our land,  
 Then a' our fears withdrew, laddie.

Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 O lang may our deliv'rer live  
 To chase our faes awa, Willie.

Fame ran before an' told the clans,  
 That Cumberland drew nigh, laddie,  
 The rebel rout soon turned about,  
 An' tried wha best could fly, laddie.  
 Up an' them pursue, Willie,  
 Up an' them pursue, Willie,  
 Fie seize their waefu' tartan prince,  
 The foremost o' the crew, Willie.

When this the Jacobites did hear,  
 O wow but they looked down, Willie,  
 To think their prince was so disgraced,  
 An' you got sic renown, Willie.  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,  
 They're cross the Forth, straight to the north,  
 The deil gang wi' them a', Willie.

Our hero's come triumphant back,  
 He's banged the rebels a', laddie ;  
 Let's dance an' sing, an' bless the King  
 That sent him here awa, laddie.  
 Since thou hast waured them now, Willie,  
 Since thou hast waured them now, Willie,  
 We'll set the peat-stack in a low,  
 An' drink till we be fou, Willie.

Hence civil discord ne'er shall reign  
 'Mang folks sae blest as we, laddie,  
 But fierce contending parties join  
 In love an' unity, laddie.  
 O this is braw to see, Willie,  
 O this is braw to see, Willie,  
 An' a' our days we'll sing thy praise  
 That made us thus agree, Willie.

### A Health to the Constitution.

FILL up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
 Let's join a health without control,  
 To the pious mem'ry of the soul  
     That formed the revolution.  
 To all loyal lads, here's three in hand,  
 'Tis the king, and the church, and the laws of the land,  
 May the one by the other firmly stand,  
     And guard our constitution.

Let's all join hands and merry be,  
 Pledge you the right, let the left pledge me,  
 And in a health let's all agree,  
     To our king and constitution.  
 Through north and south to true Whigs all,  
 To Cumberland who gives the call,  
 By crushing our foes who loud did bawl  
     Against the revolution.

In flowing bowls let's friendly heal  
 The jars of State and commonweal,  
 The health we drink let not control,  
     To our great legislators.  
 May peace and plenty bless our seed,  
 Our fleet and armies still succeed,  
 King, Lords, and Commons all agreed,  
     In spite of conspirators.

### Anniversary of Culloden.

COME, Britons, in triumphant songs,  
     Your thankful voices raise ;  
 Come sound with thrice ten thousand tongues,  
     Your great deliv'rer's praise.  
 Ye Britons, then your voices raise,  
 To your Maker's glory, to his name's praise,  
 To him alone be glory, to him be praise ;  
 To him be all the glory, to him be the praise.

'Twas not our gen'ral's or their might,  
     Our strength or skill in arms ;  
 'Twas Heaven that put our foes to flight,  
     And hushed our dread alarms.  
     Ye Britons, &c.

Victorious do we sheath the sword,  
 And sing beneath our vine ;  
 Thine is the generous vintage, Lord,  
 The glorious conquest thine.  
 Ye Britons, &c.

Though Rome and France of bloody fame,  
 Were ready to devour,  
 Thine arm their sanguine hopes o'ercame,  
 And buried in an hour.  
 Ye Britons, &c.

O let our isle now rest secure,  
 Beneath thy shelt'ring hand,  
 Our blest tranquility restore,  
 And guard our peaceful land.  
 Ye Britons, &c.

Then vain pretenders shall repine,  
 And still be forced to own,  
 That Heaven itself, with arms divine,  
 Protects the British throne.  
 Ye Britons, &c.

### Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie.

For the Air, see Song CV. of this Volume.

WHEN you came over first frae France,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 You swore to lead our king a dance,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 And promised on your royal word,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 To make our duke dance o'er his sword,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

When he to you began to play,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 You quat the green, an' ran away,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 The dance thus turned into a chace,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 It must be owned you wan the race,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.



Your partners that came o'er frae France,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 They understood not a Scots dance,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Therefore, their complaisance to show,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Unto our Duke they bowed right low,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

If e'er you come to dance again,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 New dancers you maun bring frae Spain ;  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.  
 An' that all things may be secure,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.  
 See that your dancers be not poor,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

I think insurance you should make,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Lest dancing you should break your heel  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 For he that dances on the rope,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Should not trust all unto the Pope,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

For dancing you were never made,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Then while 'tis time leave off the trade,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 Be thankful for your last escape,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 An' like your brother, take a cap,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

---

### In Edina's fair City.

For the Air of this Song, see Song XX. Vol. I.

In Edina's fair city you have heard how of late  
 A club is erected, no offence to the State,  
 Of clergy and laymen, all Whigs stout and true  
 All willing to fight for old presbyt'ry blue.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

By some Jacobite worthies I know 'tis pretended,  
 From the high court of justice they're strictly descended ;  
 Some say they're from Babel, but it matters not where,  
 The toasts that they drank you shall candidly hear.

Derry down, &c.

First, to Nassau's great hero, who freed us from France,  
 From James and his bastard, I mean no offence ;  
 Who saved us from sinking to the whore's hated arms,  
 For our king was her pimp and preferment her charms.

Derry down, &c.

Next to George, who with gracious government sways  
 His sceptre o'er Britain, her lands and her seas ;  
 While the mountain-nymph Liberty blesses our plains,  
 We'll despise the slim youth and his Frenchified chains.

Derry down, &c.

Next Frederick, to thee a trophy we'll raise,  
 We'll bind it with olive, we'll crown it with bays ;  
 But to William we'll raise one of martial pomp,  
 Drums, trumpets, and cannon, the spoils of a camp.

Derry down, &c.

Next, to all honest Whigs who dwell in our city,  
 A Whig and not honest, the more is the pity ;  
 But let not my meaning in this be perverted,  
 I count them not such whom Culloden converted.

Derry down, &c.

Some say, but I doubt much the truth of the story,  
 The Pretender is coming with France in her glory ;  
 With France in her glory, my meaning is free,  
 Ropes, shackles, and halters, *a la Mode de Paris*.

Derry down, &c.

But softly, Sir Perkin, a word in your ear,  
 Remember Culloden field, tremble and fear ;  
 You're safer in Flanders I assure you by much,  
 You may come from your knows when you fight with the Dutch.

Derry down, &c.

But you think that your brother may try us upon it,  
 A cardinal's cap looks as fine as a bonnet,  
 But, Harry, beware, nay, prithee don't jest,  
 For we'll treat you as bad as the Swedes do a priest.

Derry down, &c.

The ladies, 'tis true, were not pleased with your brother ;  
 For this some say one thing and some say another.  
 I'll tell you what's certain, they'll please you as little,  
 So, pray stay at Rome, and enjoy your high title.  
     Derry down, &c.

And now, my good fellows, stand firm in a band ;  
 Here's mine to you, neighbour, come give me your hand ;  
 Take your glass with the other, and merrily sing,  
 " Here's a health to our country, a health to our King !"   
     Derry down, down, down, derry down.

---

### Bonny, bonny Beef.

TUNE—"The Broom of Cowdenknows."

How hard, O Sawnie, is thy lot,  
     Who was so blythe of late,  
 To see such meat as can't be got,  
     When hunger is so great.  
 O the beef, the bonny, bonny beef.  
     When roasted nice and brown,  
 I wish I had a slice of thee,  
     How sweet it wad gang down.

Ah Charlie ! hadst thou not been seen,  
     This ne'er had happed to me ;  
 I wish the deil had picked my een,  
     Ere I had gane wi' thee.  
 O the beef, &c.

---

### How happy are we.

How happy are we, just coming from sea,  
     Full bumpers, merrily bouzing !  
 Thus blest when ashore, the hardships we bore  
     At sea we forget in carousing.

Then bravely again we'll attempt the broad main,  
     Whenever the King and the nation  
 Command us on board, each heart, hand, and sword,  
     Is devoted to their preservation.

Did the Spaniards invade our int'rest and trade,  
 And often our merchant-men plunder ?  
 But we got command, their force to withstand,  
 And soon made the slaves truckle under.  
 Although France did ride on the ocean in pride,  
 Yet brave Hawke, Anson, and Warren,  
 Did cause them to know, that no insolent foe,  
 May touch on our shores though so barren.

Then fill every glass, round let the health pass,  
 To our King and each gallant commander,  
 May never a son of great Albion,  
 From allegiance be tempted to wander.

---

### Fragments.

#### I.

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

Up an' rin awa, Charlie,  
 Up an' rin awa, Charlie,  
 Up an' tak the hills again,  
 An' ower the seas an' a' Charlie.  
 For Geordie's Willie's coming down,  
 Wi' a' his sodgers braw, Charlie ;  
 'Tis time for her nainsel to rin,  
 She's owre lang here awa, Charlie.  
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

Up an' rin awa, Charlie,  
 Up an' rin awa, Charlie,  
 Cumberland is at your heels,  
 The bluff dragoons an' a', Charlie.  
 His muckle horse he wants the tail,  
 Her feet pe more than twa, Charlie,  
 If she come on her lug a chap,  
 She'll ding her head awa, Charlie.  
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### II.

AIR—"For a' that."

I SOCHTE my Tonalld and my Shohn,  
 Paith in ae morning creeting ;  
 I thochte she no pe unco teide,  
 Put only fa'en to sleeping.

Put my Tonald's head rowed owre te prae,  
 Him's nersh lay owre anither ;  
 I put my Tonald and my Shohn,  
 Paith in a hole thegither.

\* \* \* \* \*

## III.

AIR—"Cowdenknowes."

O THE fire, the fire and the smoke,  
 That frae our bauld British flew,  
 When we surrounded the rebels rude,  
 That waefu' Popish crew !  
 And O, the blude o' the rebels rude,  
 Alang the field that ran !  
 The hurdies bare we turned up there,  
 Of many a Highland clan.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

AIR—"Comin' through the Rye.

WHAT's come o' ye now, brave Charlie,  
 What's come o' ye now ?  
 Ye've got the cleek ye came to seek,  
 'Tis rueing time wi' you.  
 There was some who rused ye for your maike,  
 An' for your majesty,  
 There was some who said ye war our king,  
 An' other boudna be.  
 But what's come o' them now, brave Charlie,  
 What's come o' them now ?  
 There's some to head, an' some to hang,  
 An' some to flee wi' you.

\* \* \* \* \*

## V.

AIR—"The Tailor fell o'er the Bed, Needles an' a'."

AN' Donald's run ower the hill, tartans an' a',  
 An' Donald's run ower the hill, tartans an' a',  
 His sword it was rustit an' wadna well draw,  
 An' Donald grew dortit an' scampered awa.  
 Rich haddins or mailens poor Donald had nane,  
 Nor brose in the aumrie for Donald at hame,



An' down to the Lowlands, but havins or law,  
 Bauld Donald came skelpin to reave us of a'.  
 Now Donald's run o'er the hill, &c.

For Donald was grown sic a proud piper loun,  
 That nought wad him ser' but a brand new crown,  
 An' Donald he bragged that he wad mak us fain,  
 To gie him a crown an' a king o' his ain.  
 But Donald's run o'er the hill, &c.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## VI.

O dinna greet sae sair, poor wifie,  
 For hunger ye mauna die,  
 There's walth o' beef on Culloden moor,  
 To ser' baith you an' me.  
 An' ye maun gird your barrels weel,  
 An' fill them to the brim,  
 For there is a feast in fair Scotland,  
 Of the life blood an' the limb;  
 An' there is nought for thee, auld wifie,  
 An' your cursed rebel brood,  
 But to chew the banes your body bare,  
 An' drink your ain heart's blood.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

There are many more Whig Songs of this period, but I have given the best, as far as I could judge. They are altogether rather respectable, and some of the true Scottish ones very good. I am indebted for the best of them, principally to the unwearied exertions of my friend, Mr. David Laing, who has never let any old thing of that nature pass that came in his way, without letting me see it. I am not sure that the last fragment has not formed part of a Jacobite song.

## ERRATA.

In Song 109, p. 209, the air is wrong given, it being the popular tune to Burns's song, *The Banks of the Devon*, whereas this song has an original air of its own, and bearing the same name, under that title, *The Hill of Lochiel*: it is to be found in Captain Frazer's collection.

In page 434 it will be noted, that song 207, in the foregoing appendix, is given to Mr. Willison Glass. This is a mistake. It was written by William Nicholson, a Galloway packman, a most singular being, of considerable genius.

In the Notes, p. 266, there is a story of a Mr. Hepburn and his *Cameronians*. That term, throughout the page, should be *Covenanters*, as Mr. Hepburn's followers were professedly the one but not the other.

THE END.











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